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THE

WORKS

OF THE

BRITISH POETS;

INCLUDING THE MOST ESTEEMED

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

The Greek and Roman Authors.

COLLATED WITH THE BEST EDITIONS:

BY

THOMAS PARK, F.S.A.

VOL. XLIX.

CONTAINING

THE FIRST AND SECOND VOLUMES OF
GARTH'S VERSION OF
OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

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TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN,

BY

DR. GARTH, AND OTHERS.

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PREFACE.

THE method I propose in writing this Preface, is to take notice of some of the beauties of the Metamorphoses, and also of the faults and particular affectations. After which I shall proceed to hint at some rules for translation in general; and shall give a short account of the following version.

I shall not pretend to impose my opinion on others with the magisterial authority of a critic; but only take the liberty of discovering my own taste. I shall endeavour to show our poet's redundance of wit, justness of comparisons, elegance of descriptions, and peculiar delicacy in touching every circumstance relating to the passions and affections; and with the same impartiality and frankness, I shall confess the too frequent puerilities of his luxuriant fancy, and the too great negligence of his sometimes unlaboured versification.

I am not of an opinion, too common to translators, to think that one is under an obligation to extol every thing he finds in the author he undertakes: I am sure one is no more obliged to do so, than a painter is to make every face, that sits to him, handsome. It is enough if he sets the

best features he finds in their full and most advantageous light. But if the poet has private deformities, though good-breeding will not allow to expose him naked, yet surely there can be no reason to recommend him as the most finished model of harmony and proportion.

Whoever has this undistinguishing complaisance, will not fail to vitiate the taste of the readers; and misguide many of them in their judgment, where to approve, and where to censure.

It must be granted, that where there appears an infinite variety of inimitable excellencies, it would be too harsh and disingenuous to be severe on such faults, as have escaped rather through want of leisure and opportunity to correct, than through the erroneous turn of a depraved judgment. How sensible Ovid himself was of the uncorrectness of the Metamorphoses appears from these lines, prefixed before some of the editions by the care of his commentators.

Orba parente suo quicunque volumina tangis,
His saltem vestra detur in urbe locus.
Quoque magis faveas; non sunt hæc edita ab Illo,
Sed quasi de domini funere rapta sui.
Quicquid in his igitur vitii rude carmen habebit
Emendaturus, si licuisset, erat. Trist. El. vi.

Since therefore the readers are not solemnly invited to an entertainment, but come accidentally, they ought to be contented with what they find. And pray what have they to complain of, but too great variety? where, though some of the dishes be not served in the exactest order and politeness, but hashed up in haste, there are a

great many accommodated to every particular palate.

To like every thing, shows too little delicacy; and to like nothing, too much difficulty. So great is the variety of this poem, that the reader who is never pleased, will appear as monstrous as he that is always so. Here are the hurries of battles for the hero, tender emotions of soul for the lover, a search and penetration into nature for the philosopher; fluency of numbers, and most expressive figures for the poet; morals for the serious, and pleasantries for admirers of points of wit.

It is certain a poet is more to be suspected for saying too much than too little. To add is often hazardous; but to retrench, commonly judicious. If our author, instead of saying all he could, had only said all he should, Daphne had done well to fly from the god of wit, in order to crown his poet: thus Ovid had been more honoured in his exile than Augustus in his triumphs.

I shall now attempt to give some instances of the happiness, and vast extent, of our author's imagination. I shall not proceed according to the order of the poem, but rather transcribe some lines here and there, as my reflection shall suggest.

Nec circumfuso pendebat in aere tellus
Ponderibus librata suis——

Thus was the state of nature before the creation: and here it is obvious, that Ovid had a discerning notion of the gravitation of bodies. It is now demonstrated, that every part of matter tends to every part of matter with a force, which

is always in a direct simple proportion of the quantity of the matter, and an inverse duplicate proportion of the distance, which tendency or gravitating is constant and universal. This power, whatever it be, acting always proportionably to the solid content of bodies, and never in any proportion to their superficies, cannot be explained by any material impulse. For the laws of impulse are physically necessary: there can be no αὐτεξούσιον, or 'arbitrary principle,' in mere matter; its parts cannot move, unless they be moved; and cannot do otherwise, when pressed on by other parts in motion; and therefore it is evident from the following lines, that Ovid strictly adhered to the opinion of the most discerning philosophers, who taught that all things were formed by a wise and intelligent mind.

Jussit et extendi campos, subsidere valles,
Fronde tegi sylvas——

The *fiat* of the Hebrew lawgiver is not more sublime than the *jussit* of the Latin poet, who goes on in the same elevated and philosophical style:

His super impcsuit liquidum et gravitate carentem
Æthera——

Here the author spreads a thin veil of ether over his infant creation; and though his asserting the upper region to be void of gravitation may not, in a mathematical rigour, be true, yet it is found from the natural inquiries made since, (and especially from the learned Dr. Halley's Discourse on the Barometer) that if, on the surface of the

earth, an inch of quicksilver in the tube be equal to a cylinder of air of 300 foot, it will be at a mile's height equal to a cylinder of air of 2,700,000; and therefore the air at so great a distance from the earth must be rarified to so great a degree, that the space it fills must bear a very small proportion to that which is entirely void of matter.

I think we may be confident from what already appears, as well as from what our author has writ on the Roman feasts, that he could not be totally ignorant of astronomy. Some of the critics would insinuate from the following lines, that he mistook the annual motion of the sun for the diurnal.

Sectus in obliquum—— Met. B. ii.

Though the sun be always in one or other of the signs of the zodiac, and never goes by either motion more northward or southward than is here described, yet Phaëton, being designed to drive the chariot but one day, ought to have been directed in the equator, or a circle parallel to it, and not round the other oblique one of the ecliptic: a degree of which, and that by a motion contrary to the diurnal, he was obliged to go in that length of time.

I am inclined to think, that Ovid had so great an attention to poetical embellishments, that he voluntarily declined a strict observance of any astronomical system. For though that science was far from being neglected in former ages, yet the progress which was made in it by no means equalled that of our present time.

Lucretius, though in other things most pene-

trating, describes the sun scarce bigger than he appears to the eye:

Nec nimio solis major rota, nec minor ardor
Esse potest, nostris quam sensibus esse videtur.

And Homer, imagining the seats of the gods above the fixed stars, represents the falling of Vulcan from thence to the isle of Lemnos, to continue during a whole day:

Πᾶν δ' ἦμαρ φερόμην ἅμα δ' ἠελίῳ καταδύντι
Κάππεσον ἐν Λήμνῳ—— Il. Lib. i.

The Greek poet aims here to give a surprising idea of the height of the celestial mansions; but if the computation of a modern astronomer be true, they are at so much a greater distance, that Vulcan would have been more years in falling than he was minutes.

But lest I should exceed the usual length of a preface, I shall now give some instances of the propriety of our author's similes and epithets, the perspicuity of his allegories, the instructive excellence of the morals, the peculiar happy turn of his fancy, and shall begin with the elegance of his descriptions:

—— *Madidis Notus evolat alis,*
Terribilem picea tectus caligine vultum.
Barba gravis nimbis, canis fluit unda capillis,
Fronte sedent nubulæ, rorant pennæque, sinusque.
.....
Sternuntur segetes, et deplorata coloni
Vota jacent, longique labor perit irritus anni.
Met. B. i.

These lines introduce those of the Deluge, which are also very poetical, and worthy to be compared with the next, concerning the golden age:

——— *Sine militis usu*
Mollia securæ peragebant otia gentes.
Ipsa quoque immunis rastroque intacta, nec ullis
Saucia vomeribus, per se dabat omnia tellus.
Contentique cibis, nullo cogente, creatis,
Arbuteos fœtus, montanaque fraga legebant,
Et quæ deciderant patula Jovis arbore glandes.
Ver erat æternum, placidique tepentibus auris
Mulcebant Zephyri natos sine semine flores.

Virgil has also touched upon the same subject in the end of the second Georgic:

Aureus hanc vitam in terris Saturnus agebat,
Nec dum etiam audierant inflari classica, nec dum
Impositos duris crepitare incudibus enses.

And again:

Primus ab æthereo venit Saturnus Olympo
.....
Aurea, quæ perhibent, illo sub rege fuerunt
Sæcula: sic placida populos in pace regebat.

Æn. B. viii. l. 319.

Some of the lines, a little foreign to the present subject, are omitted; but I shall make the most admirable author amends by transcribing at length his next description. It is of a stag, which gave the first occasion to the war betwixt the Trojans and the Rutulians. I choose this, because my design is to have these two great poets seen together, where the subject happens to be almost the same, though the nature of the poems be very different:

Cervus erat forma præstanti, et cornibus ingens,
Tyrrheidæ pueri, quem matris ab ubere raptum
Nutribant, Tyrrheusque pater, cui regia parent
Armenta, et late custodia credita campi.
Assuetum imperiis soror omni Sylvia cura
Mollibus intexens ornabat cornua sertis:
Pectebatque ferum, puroque in fonte lavabat.
Ille manum patiens, mensæque assuetus herili
Errabat sylvis ——— Æn. B. vii. l. 483.

The image which Ovid gives of the favourite stag, slain accidentally by Cyparissus, seems not of less dignity:

Ingens cervus erat, lateque patentibus altas
Ipso suo capiti præbebat cornibus umbras:
Cornua fulgebant auro, demissaque in armos
Pendebant tereti gemmata monilia collo.
Bulla super frontem parvis argentea loris
Vincta movebatur: parilique ex ære nitebant
Auribus in geminis circum cava tempora baccæ.
Isque metu vacuus naturalique pavore
Deposito, celebrare domos, mulcendaque colla
Quamlibet ignotis manibus præbere solebat.
Gratus erat, Cyparisse, tibi. Tu pabula cervum
Ad nova, tu liquidi ducebas fontis ad undam.
.....
Tu modo texebas varios per cornua flores:
Nunc, eques in tergo residens, huc latus et illuc
Mollia purpureis frænabas ora capistris.

In the following lines, Ovid describes the watry court of the river Peneus, which the reader may compare with Virgil's subterranean grot of Cyrene the Naiad, mother to Aristæus:

Est nemus Hæmoniæ, prærupta quod undique claudit
Silva; vocant Tempe: per quæ Peneus ab imo
Effusus Pindo spumosis volvitur undis:
Dejectuque gravi tenues agitantia fumos

Nubila conducit, summasque aspergine sylvas
Impluit; et sonitu plus quam vicina fatigat.
Hæc domus, hæc sedes, hæc sunt penetralia magni
Amnis: in hoc residens facto de cautibus antro.
Undis jura dabat, Nymphisque colentibus undas.
Conveniunt illuc popularia flumina primum;
Nescia gratentur, consolenturve parentem,
Populifer Sperchcos, et irrequietus Enipeus,
Apidanusque senex, lenisque Amphrysos, et Æas;
Moxque amnes alii, qui, qua tulit impetus illos,
In mare deducunt fessas erroribus undas.

Met. B. i.

Tristis Aristæus Penei genitoris ad undam
Stat lacrymans ——

. . . . . .

Jamque domum mirans genetricis, et humida regna,
Speluncisque lacus clausos, lucosque sonantes,
Ibat; et ingenti motu stupefactus aquarum,
Omnia sub magna labentia flumine terra
Spectabat diversa locis, Phasimque, Lycumque,
Et caput, unde altus primum se erumpit Enipeus,
Unde pater Tiberinus, et unde Aniena fluenta,
Et gemina auratus taurino cornua vultu
Eridanus; quo non alius per pinguia culta
In mare purpureum violentior influit amnis.

Georg. B. iv.

The divine poet goes on in pomp of numbers, and easy magnificence of words, till he introduces the story of Orpheus and Eurydice; in the narration of which he is as much superior to Ovid, as the reeds of his own Mantuan shepherds are less musical than the lyre of Orpheus.

That I may not be too long on this article, I shall recommend to the reader, Ovid's admirable description of sleep:

—— *Est prope Cimmerios* —— Met. B. xi.

That of hunger:

—— *Est locus extremis Scythiæ* —— B. viii.

That of the plague:

——— *Dira lues* ——— B. vii.

That of fame:

——— *Orbe locus medio est* ——— B. xii.

Virgil has also touched on the two last; in the one he had Lucretius in view; in the other Homer: and I think it will not be to the disadvantage of our author to appear at the same time.

There are many other descriptions scattered in the Metamorphoses, which for just expression of nature, and majestic modulation of words, are only inferior to those already transcribed, as they are shorter; which makes the objection, that his diction is commonly loitering into prose, a great deal too severe.

The Metamorphoses must be considered (as is observed before) very uncorrect, and Virgil's works as finished; though his own modesty would not allow the Æneids to be so. It seems it was harder for him to please himself than his readers. His judgment was certainly great, nor was his vivacity of imagination less; for the first without the last is too heavy, and like a dress without fancy; and the last without the first is too gay, and but all trimming.

Our author's similitudes are next to be considered; which are always remarkably short, and convey some pleasing idea to the imagination. It is in this branch of the poem, that he has discovered as just a judgment as any of the classics whatever. Poets, to give a loose to a warm fancy, are generally too apt, not only to expatiate in their similies, but introduce them too frequently; by

doing the first, they detain the attention too long from the principal narration; and by the latter, they make too frequent breaches in the unity of the poem.

These two errors Ovid has most discerningly avoided. How short and significant are generally his comparisons! He fails not in these to keep a stiff rein on a high-mettled Pegasus; and takes care not to surfeit here, as he had done on other heads, by an erroneous abundance.

His similies are thicker sown by much in the fable of Salmacis and Hermaphroditus, than in any other book; but always short.

The nymph clasps the youth close to her breast, and both insensibly grow one:

——— *Velut si quis conducto cortice ramos*
Crescendo jungi, pariterque adolescere cernat.
Met. B. iv.

Again, as Atalanta reddens in the race with Hippomenes:

Inque puellari corpus candore ruborem
Traxerat: haud aliter quam cum super atria velum
Candida purpureum simulatas inficit umbras.
Met. B. x.

Philomela's tongue seemed to move, after it was cut out by Tereus:

Utque salire solet mutilatæ cauda colubræ,
Palpitat ——————— Met. B. vi.

Cadmus sows the dragon's teeth, and the sons of the earth rise gradually:

Inde, fide majus, glebæ cœpere moveri;
Primaque de sulcis acies apparuit hastæ;
Tegmina mox capitum picto nutantia cono;

Mox humeri, pectusque——
Sic, ubi tolluntur festis aulæa theatris
Surgere signa solent; primumque ostendere vultum;
Cætera paulatim, placidoque educta tenore
Tota patent; imuque pedes in margine ponunt.
Met. B. iii.

The objection to Ovid, that he never knows when to give over, is too manifest. Though he frequently expatiates on the same thought, in different words: yet in his similies that exuberance is avoided. There is in them all a simplicity, and a confinement to the present object; always a fecundity of fancy, but rarely an intemperance: nor do I remember he has erred above once by an ill-judged superfluity. After he has described the labyrinth built by Dædalus, he compares it thus:

Non secus ac liquidus Phrygiis Mæandros in arvis
Ludit, et ambiguo lapsu refluitque, fluitque;
Et nunc ad fontes, nunc ad mare versus apertum
Incertas exercet aquas——— Met. B. viii.

He should have ended at the close of the second line, as Virgil should have done at the end of the fourth, in his noble simile where Dido proceeds to the temple with her court about her:

Qualis in Eurotæ ripis, aut per juga Cynthi
Exercet Diana choros, quam mille secutæ
Hinc, atque hinc glomerantur Oreades, illa pharetram
Fert humero, gradiensque Deas supereminet omnes:
Latonæ tacitum pertentant gaudia pectus. Æn. B. iv.

I see no reason for the last line. Though the poet be justly celebrated for a most consummate judgment, yet by an endeavour to imitate Homer's similies, he is not only very long, but, by introducing several circumstances, he fails of an applicable

relation betwixt the principal subject and his new ideas. He sometimes thinks fit to work into the piece some differing embroidery, which, though very rich, yet makes at best but glorious patch-work. I really believe his excellent poem had not been the less so, if, in this article, he had thought fit to have walked on in his own regular and majestic grace, rather than have been hurried forward through broken by-ways by his blind guide.

I shall transcribe one of his similies, which is not culled out, but exactly of the same texture with all the rest in the four last books of the Æneids.

Turnus leaps in fury from his chariot:

Ac veluti montis saxum de vertice præceps
Cum ruit avulsum vento, seu turbidus imber
Proluit, aut annis solvit sublapsa vetustas,
Fertur in abruptum magno mons improbus actu,
Exultatque solo, sylvas, armenta, virosque
Involvens secum ——— Æn. B. xii. l. 684.

It does not seem to be at all material, whether the rock was blown or washed down by wind or rain, or undermined by time.

But to return to Ovid; the reader may take notice how unforced his compliments, and how natural his transitions generally are. With how much ease does he slide into some new circumstance, without any violation of the unity of the story! The texture is so artful, that it may be compared to the work of his own Arachne; where the shade dies so gradually, and the light revives so imperceptibly, that it is hard to tell where the one ceases, and the other begins.

When he is going off from the story of Apollo

and Daphne, how happily does he introduce a compliment to the Roman conquerors!

——— Et conjux quoniam mea non potes esse,
Arbor eris certe ———
Tu ducibus Latiis aderis, cum læta triumphum
Vox canet; et longæ visent Capitolia pompæ.
Postibus Augustis eadem fidissima custos
Ante fores stabis; mediamque tuebere quercum.
Met. B. i.

He compliments Augustus upon the assignation of Julius; and, by way of simile, takes the opportunity from the horror that the barbarity of Lycaon gave:

——— Sic cum manus impia sævit
Sanguine Cæsareo Romanum extinguere nomen, &c.

Julius is deified, and looks down on his adopted son,

——— Natique videns benefacta, fatetur
Esse suis majora, et vinci gaudet ab illo. Met. B. xv.

And immediately follows,

Hic sua præferri quanquam vetat acta paternis;
Libera fama tamen, nullisque obnoxia jussis
Invitum præfert ———

The author, in the two first lines, shows the affectionate condescension of the father; in the three last, the pious gratitude of the son.

The compliments to Augustus are very frequent in the last book of the Metamorphoses; as those to the same emperor are in the Georgics of Virgil, which also strike the imagination by their agreeable flattery:

Hæc super arvorum cultu, pecorumque canebam,
Et super arboribus; Cæsar dum magnus ad altum
Fulminat Euphratem bello, victorque volentes
Per populos dat jura, viamque affectat Olympo.
Georg. i.

Again on Julius:

Imperium Oceano, famam qui terminet astris
Julius —— Æn. B. i.

The compliments have a great sublimity, and are worthy of the grandeur of the heroes, and the wit of the poet.

Ovid as much deserves praise for saying a great deal in a little, as censure for saying a little in a great deal. None of the classic poets had the talent of expressing himself with more force and perspicuity.

Phaëton desires some pledge of his father's tenderness, and asks to be trusted with his chariot. He answers:

Pignora certa petis; do pignora certa timendo.
Met. B. ii.

However, the latter complies with his importunity; the consequence is fatal, the world is set on fire; even the rivers feel the force of the conflagration. The Tagus boils,

—— *Fluit ignibus aurum.*

The Nile retreats,

Occuluitque caput, quod adhuc latet ——

Xanthus is parched up,

Arsurusque iterum Xanthus ——

The poet's fancy is here full of energy, as well as in the following lines. Apollo courts Daphne, and promises himself success, but is disappointed:

Quodque cupit, sperat; suaque illum Oracula fallunt.

And again, the river Achelous combats Hercules,

and assumes several shapes in vain, then puts on at last that of a snake; the hero smiles in contempt:

Cunarum labor est angues superare mearum.

Ovid never excels himself so much, as when he takes occasion to touch upon the passion of love; all hearts are in a manner sensible of the same emotions; and, like instruments tuned unisons, if a string of any one of them be struck, the rest by consent vibrate.

Procris is jealous of Cephalus; she endeavours to be confirmed in her fears, but hopes the contrary:

——— *Speratque miserrima falli.*

The next is not less natural:

——— *Sed cuncta timemus amantes.*

Byblis is in love with Caunus. The struggle is betwixt her unlawful flame and her honour.

She is all confusion at the thoughts of discovering her passion:

——— *miserere fatentis amorem.*

She attempts to write:

Incipit et dubitat: scribit, damnatque tabellas,
Et notat, et delet: mutat, culpatque, probatque.

In the end, inclination (as it does always) gets the better of discretion.

This last fable shows how touchingly the poet argues in love-affairs, as well as those of Medea and Scylla. The two last are left by their heroes, and their reflections are very natural and affecting. Ovid seemed here to have had Virgil's passion of Dido in his eye, but with this difference; the one had conversed much with ladies, and knew they

loved to talk a great deal: the other considered no less, what was natural for them to say, than what became them to say.

Virgil has, through the whole management of this rencounter, discovered a most finished judgment. Æneas, like other men, likes for convenience; and leaves for greater. Dido, like other ladies, resents the neglect, enumerates the obligations the lover is under, upbraids him with ingratitude, threatens him with revenge; then by and by submits, begs for compassion, and has recourse to tears.

It appears from this piece, that Virgil was a discerning master in the passion of love; and they that consider the spirit and turn of that inimitable line,

Qui Bavium non odit——

cannot doubt but he had an equal talent for satire.

Nor does the genius of Ovid more exert on the subject of love than on all others. In the contention of Ajax, Ulysses's elocution is most nervous and persuading. Where he endeavours to dissuade mankind from indulging carnivorous appetites in his Pythagorean philosophy, how emphatical is his reasoning!

Quid meruere boves, animal sine fraude, dolisque,
Innocuum, simplex, natum tolerare labores?
Immemor est demum, nec frugum munere dignus,
Qui potuit curvi dempto modo pondere aratri,
Ruricolam mactare suum —— Met. B. xv.

I think *Agricolam* had been stronger; but the authority of manuscripts does not warrant that emendation.

Through the whole texture of this work, Ovid

discovers the highest humanity, and a most exceeding good nature. The virtuous in distress are always his concern; and his wit contrives to give them an immortality with himself.

He seems to have taken the most pains in the first and second book of the Metamorphoses, though the thirteenth abounds with sentiments most moving, and with calamitous incidents introduced with great art. The poet had here in view the tragedy of Hecuba in Euripides; and it is a wonder it has never been attempted in our own tongue. The house of Priam is destroyed, his royal daughter a sacrifice to the manes of him that occasioned it. She is forced from the arms of her unhappy friends, and hurried to the altar; where she behaves herself with a decency becoming her sex, and a magnanimity equal to her blood, and so very affecting that even the priest wept.

——— *Ipse etiam flens, invitusque sacerdos*, &c.

She shows no concern at approaching death, but on the account of her old, unfortunate mother:

Mors tantum vellem matrem mea fallere possit.
Mater obest, minuitque necis mea gaudia; quamvis
Non mea mors illi verum sua vita gemenda est.

Then begs her body may be delivered to her without ransom:

——— *Genetrici corpus inemptum*
Reddite; neve, auro redimat jus triste sepulchri,
Sed lacrymis: tunc, cum poterat, redimebat et auro.

The unhappy queen laments she is not able to give her daughter royal burial:

Non hæc est fortuna domus ———

Then takes the body in her decrepit arms, and halts to the sea to wash off the blood:

——— *Ad littus passu processit anili,*
Albentes laniata comas.

The animated thoughts and lively images of this poem are numerous. None ever painted more to the life than our author, though several grotesque figures are now and then seen in the same group. The most plentiful season that gives birth to the finest flowers, produces also the rankest weeds. Ovid has shown in one line the brightest fancy sometimes, and in the next the poorest affectation.

Venus makes court to Adonis:

———— *Et ecce!*
Opportuna sua blanditur Populus umbra;
Et requievit humo; pressitque et gramen et ipsum.
Met. B. x i. 556.

Phœbus requests Phæton to desist from his request:

——— *Consiliis, non curribus utere nostris.*

Cæneus, in the battle of the Centaurs, wounds Latreus in several places:

——— *Vulnusque in vulnere fecit.*

These are some of our poet's boyisms. There is another affectation, called by Quintilian Ὀξύμωρον, or 'a witty folly;' which would not have appeared quite so trifling, had it been less frequent.

Medea persuades the daughters of Pelias to kill their father, in order to have his youth renewed. She that loves him best gives the first wound.

Et, ne sit scelerata, facit scelus ——— Met B. vii.

Althea is enraged at her son Meleager, and, to do justice to the manes of his brothers, destroys him:

Impietate pia est ——

Envy enters Athens, and beholds the flourishing condition of the city:

Virque tenet lacrymas, quia nil lacrymabile cernit.

Ovid was much too fond of such witticisms, which are more to be wondered at, because they were not the fashion of that age, as puns and quibbles are of this. Virgil, as I remember, is not found trifling in this manner above once or twice:

Deucalion vacuum lapides jactavit in orbem,
Unde homines nati, durum genus —— Georg. B. i. l. 63.

Juno is in indignation at Æneas upon his arrival in Italy:

Num capti potuere capi? num incensa cremavit
Troja viros? —— Æn. vii. l. 295.

The poet is so far from affecting this sort of wit, that he rarely ventures on so spirited a turn of fancy, as in these following instances.

Juno upbraids Venus and Cupid, ironically, that two deities could be able to get the better of one weak woman:

—— *Memorabile nomen,*
Una dolo Divum, si fœmina victa duorum est.
Æn. B. iv. l. 95.

Euryalus, going upon an enterprise, expresses his concern for his surviving mother, if he should fall, and recommends her to the care of Ascanius; who answers,

Namque erit ista mihi genitrix, nomenque Creusæ
Solum defuerit ——

Venus is importunate in her solicitations to Vulcan, to make armour for her son; he answers,

——— *Absiste precando*
Viribus indubitare tuis ——— Æn. B. 7.

At the first kindling of Dido's passion, he has this most natural thought:

—— *Illum absens absentem auditque, videtque.*

But to return to Ovid; though I cannot vindicate him for his points, I shall endeavour to mollify his critics, when they give him no quarter for his diction, and attack him so inflexibly for ending his lines with monosyllables, as—*si quis*, *si non*, &c. and as I think he cannot be excused more advantageously than by affirming, that where he has done it once, Virgil has twenty times.

—— *et cum.* Georg. i.
—— *si quis.* Georg. ii.
—— *nec dum.* Georg. ii.
—— *si quam* Æn. i.
—— *si quis.* Æn. vii.
—— *jam bos.* Æn. xii.
—— *nunc nunc* —&c.

There are a great many endings of lines in this manner, and more indeed than seems consistent with the majesty of heroic verse. When lines are designed to be *sermoni propiores*, this liberty may be allowable, but not so when the subject requires more sonorous numbers. Virgil seems to endeavour to keep up his versification to an harmonious dignity; and therefore, when fit words do not offer with some ease, he will rather break off in an hemistic, than that the line should be lazy and languid. He well knew how essential it was in poetry to flatter the ear; and at the same time

was sensible, that this organ grows tired by a constant attention to the same harmony; and therefore he endeavoured now and then to relieve it by a cadence of pauses, and a variation of measures:

Amphion Dircæus in Actæo Aracyntho. Ecl. ii.

This line seems not tuneful at the first hearing; but, by repetition, it reconciles itself, and has the same effect with some compositions of music, which are at the first performance tiresome, and afterward entertaining.

The commentators and critics are of opinion, that whenever Virgil is less musical, it is where he endeavours at an agreement of the sound with the sense, as,

——— *Procumbit humi bos.*

It would show as much singularity to deny this, as it does a fanciful facility to affirm it; because it is obvious in many places he had no such view.

——— *Inventa sub ilicibus sus.* Æn. iii. l. 390.
——— *Dentesque Subellicus exacuit sus.* Georg. iii. l. 255.
——— *Jam setis obsita, jam bos.* Æn. vii. l. 791.
——— *Furor additus, inde lupi ceu,* &c. Æn. xi. l. 355.

The places which favour most the first opinion are:

Saxa per et scopulos, et depressas convalles.
Georg. iii. l. 275.
——— *Sæpe exiguus mus.*
Omnia sub magna labentia flumina terra. Georg. iv.

The last line is the only instance, I remember, (except one in Ecl. ii.) where the words terminate in the same vowel, and seem to represent the constant and uniform sound of a sliding stream.

Those that are most conversant in classic poetry, must be sensible that Virgil has been much more

solicitous than Ovid to keep up his lines to an easy and a musical flow; but though the critics charge the latter with breaking through prosody and grammar, and allowing himself too often the licence of Græcisms, I take this censure to be only an arrogant pedantry in the grammarians, and groundless in itself; but though it were true, I dare be confident it is full as just upon Virgil:

— *Curru subjungere Tigres* — Ecl. v. l. 29.

for *currui*, according to the grammarians.

Often adjectives for adverbs, and the contrary.

— *Pinguia culta* — Georg. i.

An adjective for a substantive.

— *Denso distinguere pingui* —

The same.

— *Seu languentis Hyacinthi* — Æn. xi. l. 69.

First foot of the dactyl short.

— *Tulerunt fastidia menses* — Æn. iv.

The penultima of the verb short.

Opstupui steteruntque comæ.

The same.

So Lucretius, *prodiderunt*, *reciderunt*, &c.

— *Pampineo gravidus autumno.* Georg. ii. l. 5.

An iambic for a spondee.

Fluviorum rex Eridanus camposque per omnes.

An anapest for a dactyl, or a spondee.

Nec Clytio genitore minor nec fratre Mnestheo.
Æn. x. l. 29.

A trochee, unless the two consonants *m n* of the following word be allowed.

Ferrere, non illa quisquam —— Georg. i. l. 456.

The penultima commonly short with Virgil; so *fulgere, stridere, &c.*

—— *Sine me furere ante furorem* —— Æn. xii. l. 680.

A Græcism.

—— *Imponere Pelio Ossam.* Georg. i. l. 281.

A Græcism where there is no elision, but the long vowel before another made short.

The learned and reverend Dr. Clarke has observed, (as he tells me) that though there be several short vowels made long in Homer, yet there is no instance, on the contrary, of any long vowel (such as the first syllable of τιμή, ψυχή, νίκη, and the like) ever made short, where no vowel follows: which shows that there is no such thing as a *poetica licentia*, properly so called.

Certainly no body can imagine but these two celebrated authors understood their own tongue better than the scrupulous grammarians of after-ages, who are too dogmatical and self-sufficient, when they presume to censure either of them for not attending strictly enough to syntax and the measure of verse. The Latin tongue is a dead language, and none can decide with confidence on the harmony or dissonance of the numbers of these times, unless they were thoroughly acquainted with their pauses and cadence. They may indeed pronounce with much more assurance on their diction; and distinguish where they have been negligent, and where more finished. There are certainly many lines in Ovid where he has been

downright lazy, and where he might have avoided the appearance of being obviously so, by a very little application. In recording the succession of the Alban kings thus:

Epitus ex illo est, post hunc Capetusque, Capysque,
Sed Capys ante fuit ——

There are also several lines in Virgil, which are not altogether tunable to a modern ear, and which appear unfinished:

Scilicet omnibus est labor impendendus, et omnes
Cogendæ in fulcum —— Georg. ii. l. 61.

Præsertim si tempestas a vertice sylvis
Incubuit —— Georg. ii. l. 310.

Quasve referre parem? sed nunc, est omnia quando
Iste animas supra —— Æn. xi. l. 509.

Ista quidem quia nota mihi tua, magne, voluntas,
Jupiter —— Æn. xii. l. 108.

But the sun has its spots; and if, amongst thousands of inimitable lines, there should be some found of an unequal dignity with the rest, nothing can be said for their vindication more, than, if they be faults, they are the faults of Virgil.

As I ought to be on this occasion an advocate for Ovid, who I think is too much run down at present by the critical spirit of this nation, I dare say I cannot be more effectually so, than by comparing him in many places with his admired contemporary Virgil; and though the last certainly deserves the palm, I shall make use of Ovid's own lines, in the trial of strength betwixt Acheloüs and Hercules, to show how much he is honoured by the contention.

——— *Non tam*
Turpe fuit vinci, quam contendisse decorum.
Met. B. ix.

I shall finish my remarks on our author, by taking notice of the justness and perspicuity of his allegories, which are either physical or natural, moral or historical. Of the first kind is the fable of Apollo, or Python; in the explanation of this all the mythologists agree; exhalations and mists, being the constant effects of inundations, are here dissipated by the rays of the sun.

Of the second kind, are Actæon torn to pieces by his own pack of dogs, and Erisicthon starved by the disease of hunger. These two allegories seem to signify, that extravagance and luxury end in want.

Of the third, is the story of the rape of Europa. History says she was daughter to Agenor, and carried by the Candians in a galley, bearing a bull in the stern, in order to be married to one of their kings, named Jupiter.

This explanation gives an occasion for a digression, which is not altogether foreign to the present purpose; because it will be of use to justify Ovid on some other occasions, where he is censured for being too free with the characters of the gods. I was once representing the Metamorphoses as an excellent system of morality; but an illustrious lady (whose least advantage above her sex, is that of being one of the greatest princesses[1] in Europe)

[1] This probably was the Princess of Wales, consort of George II. to whom Garth inscribed his version of Ovid, in 1717.

objected, that the loose and immodest sallies of Jupiter did by no means confirm my assertion.

One must consider, that what appeared an absurdity in Ovid, is not so much his own fault as that of the times before him. The characters of the gods of the old heroic age represented them unjust in their actions, mutable in their designs, partial in their favours, ignorant of events, scurrilous in their language; some of the superior hierarchy treating one another with injurious brutalities; and are often guilty of such indecencies and misbehaviour, as the lowest of mortals would blush to own. Juno calls Diana, the goddess of chastity, κυνὸν ἀδδεὲς, brazenfaced bitch; Hom. Il. B. xxii. l. 481. Jupiter insults his daughter, the goddess of wisdom, for rashness and folly; bids Iris tell her, he will maul her coach-horses for her, like a surly bitch as she is; ἀιγοτάτη κύον: Il. B. viii. from line 400 to line 425, then threatens in another place to beat his wife, that divine vixen, the immortal partner of the empyreal throne, καί σε πλαγῆσιν ἰμάσσω. Il. B. xv. l. 17.

The commentators may endeavour to hide those absurdities under the veil of allegories; but the reader that considers the whole texture of the Iliad will find, that the author's meaning, and their interpretation, are often as unlike as the imaginary heroes of his time are to the real ones of ours.

Allegories should be obvious, and not like meteors in the air, which represent a different figure to every different eye. Now they are armies of soldiers; now flocks of sheep; and by and by nothing.

Perhaps the critics of a more exalted taste

may discover such beauties in the ancient poetry, as may escape the comprehension of us pigmies of a more limited genius. They may be able to fathom the divine sense of the pagan theology, whilst we aim at no more than to judge of a little common sense.

It is, and ever will be, a rule to a great many, to applaud and condemn with the general vogue, though never so ill grounded. The most are afraid of being particular; and, rather than strive against the stream, are proud of being in the wrong with the many, rather than desirous of being in the right with the few: and though they be convinced of the reasonableness of dissenting from the common cry, yet, out of a poor fear of censure, they contribute to establish it, and thus become an authority against others, who in reality are but of their own opinion.

Ovid was so far from paying a blind deference to the venerable name of his Grecian predecessor, in the character of his gods, that when Jupiter punishes Andromeda for the crimes of her mother, he calls him *injustus* Ammon, (Met. B. iv.) and takes commonly an honourable care of the decorum of the godhead, when their actions are consistent with the divinity of their character. His allegories include some religious or instructive moral, wrapped up in a peculiar perspicuity. The fable of Proserpina, being sometimes in hell and sometimes with Ceres her mother, can scarce mean any thing else than the sowing and coming up of corn. The various dresses that Vertumnus, the god of seasons, puts on, in his courtship of Pomona the garden-goddess, seem plainly to express the

different and most proper times for digging, planting, pruning, and gathering the increase. I shall be shorter on this head, because our countryman Mr. Sandys has, by a laborious search amongst the mythologists, been very full. He has annexed his explanations to the end of each book, which deserve to be recommended to those that are curious in this figurative learning.

The reader cannot fail of observing, how many excellent lessons of morality Ovid has given us in the course of his fables.

The story of Deucalion and Pyrrha teaches, that piety and innocence cannot miss of the divine protection; and that the only loss irreparable is that of our probity and justice.

That of Phæton; how the too great tenderness of the parent proves a cruelty to the child; and that he, who would climb to the seat of Jupiter, generally meets with his bolt by the way.

The tale of Baucis and Philemon is most inimitably told. He omits not the minutest circumstance of a cottage-life; and is much fuller than Virgil, where he brings in his contented old man Corycius, Georg. iv. Ovid represents a good old couple, happy and satisfied in a cleanly poverty; hospitable, and free of the few things that fortune had given them; moderate in desires; affectionate in their conjugal relation; so religious in life, that when they observed their homely cabin rising to a temple, all the bounty they asked of the gods they had entertained was, that they might do the office of priesthood there, and at their death not survive one another.

The stories of Lycaon and Pentheus, not only

deter from infidelity, and irreverence to the gods; but the last also shows, that too great zeal produces the same effects as none at all, and that enthusiasm is often more cruel than atheism.

The story of Minos and Scylla represents the infamy of selling our country; and teaches, that even they who love the crime, abhor the criminal.

In Cippus we find a noble magnanimity, and heavenly self-denial; he preferred the good of the republic to his own private grandeur; and chose, with an exemplary generosity, rather to live a private freeman out of Rome, than to command numbers of slaves in it.

From the story of Hercules we learn, that glory is a lady, who (like many others) loves to have her admirers suffer a great deal for her. The poet enumerates the labours of the hero; shows how he conquered every thing for others, but nothing for himself; then does him the poetical justice of an apotheosis, thinking it most fit that one who had borne the celestial orbs on his shoulders, should have a mansion amongst them.

From the assumption of Romulus; that when war is at an end, the chief business of peace should be the enacting good laws; that after a people are preserved from the enemy, the next care should be to preserve them from themselves; and therefore the best legislators deserve a place amongst heroes and deities.

From Ariadne being inhumanly deserted by Theseus, and generously received by Bacchus, we find, that as there is nothing we can be sure of, so there is nothing we ought to despair of.

From Althea burning the brand; that we should

take care lest, under the notion of justice, we should do a cruelty; for they that are set upon revenge, only endeavour to imitate the injury.

From Polyphemus making love to Galatea; one may observe, that the most deformed can find something to like in their own person. He examines his face in the stream, combs his rueful locks with a rake, grows more exact and studious of his dress, and discovers the first sign of being in love, by endeavouring at a more than usual care to please.

The fable of Cephalus and Procris confirms, that every trifle contributes to heighten the disease of jealousy; and that the most convincing proofs can scarce cure it.

From that of Hippomenes and Atalanta we may discover, that a generous present helps to persuade, as well as an agreeable person.

From Medea's flying from Pelias's court; that the offered favours of the impious should be always suspected; and that they, who design to make every one fear them, are afraid of every one.

From Myrrha; that shame is sometimes hard to be overcome; but if the sex once gets the better of it, it gives them afterwards no more trouble.

From Cenis; that effeminacy in youth may change to valour in manhood, and that as fame perishes, so does censure.

From Tereus; that one crime lays the foundation of many; and that the same person, who begins with lust, may conclude with murder.

From Midas; that no body can punish a covetous man worse than he punishes himself; that scarce

any thing would sometimes prove more fatal to us, than the completion of our own wishes; and that he who has the most desires, will certainly meet with the most disappointments.

From the Pythagorean philosophy, it may be observed, that man is the only animal who kills his fellow-creature without being angry.

From Proteus we have this lesson, that a statesman can put on any shape; can be a spaniel to the lion, and a lion to the spaniel; and that he knows not to be an enemy who knows not how to seem a friend; that if all crowns should change their ministry as often as they please, though they may be called other ministers, they are still the same men.

The legend of Æsculapius's voyage to Rome in form of a snake, seems to express the necessary sagacity required in professors of that art, for the readier insight into distempers; this reptile being celebrated by the ancient naturalists for a quick sight.

Cur in amicorum vitium tam cernis acutum,
Quam aut aquila, aut serpens Epidaurius?
Hor. Sat. iii. l. 26.

The venerable Epidaurian assumed the figure of an animal, without hands to take fees; and therefore grateful posterity honoured him with a temple. In this manner should wealthy physicians, upon proper occasions, practise, and thus their surviving patients reward.

If the Metamorphoses be attended to with a just application, and without prepossession, one

will be the less surprised at the author's prophetic spirit, relating to the duration and success of the work:

Jamque opus exegi, &c.

This prediction has so far proved true, that this poem has been, ever since, the magazine which has furnished the greatest poets of the following ages with fancy and allusions; and the most celebrated painters with subjects and designs. Nor have his poetical predecessors and contemporaries paid less regard to their own performances:

Insignemque meo capiti petere inde coronam,
Unde prius nulli velarint tempora Musæ.
Lucr. B. i.

Nemo me lacrumeis decoret, nec funera fletu
Faxit; quur volito vivu' per ora virum.
Enn. Frag.

—— *Tentanda via est, qua me quoque possim*
Tollere humo, victorque virum volitare per ora.
Virg. Georg. iii.

Me doctarum hederæ præmia frontium
Diis miscent superis—— Hor. Od. i.

Again,

Exegi monumentum ære perennius,
Regalique situ Pyramidum altius,
Quod non imber edax, non Aquilo impotens
Possit diruere, aut innumerabilis
Annorum series, et fuga temporum.
Non omnis moriar.—— Hor. B. iii. Od. xxx.

The whole Ode is in a manner a continued compliment to his own writings: nor, in imitation of this celebrated author, want we poets of our present age, who have been pleased to rank themselves amongst their own admirers.

I have done with the original; and shall make no excuse for the length of the Preface, because it is in the power of the reader to make it as short as he pleases. I shall now conclude with a word or two about the version.

Translation is commonly either verbal, or paraphrase, or imitation: of the first is Mr. Sandys's, which I think the Metamorphoses can by no means allow of. It is agreed that the author left it unfinished; if it had undergone his last hand, it is more than probable that many superfluities had been retrenched. Where a poem is perfectly finished, the translation, with regard to particular idioms, cannot be too exact: by doing this, the sense of the author is more entirely his own, and the cast of the periods more faithfully preserved: but where a poem is tedious through exuberance, or dark through a hasty brevity, I think the translator may be excused for doing what the author, upon revising, would have done himself.

If Mr. Sandys had been of this opinion, perhaps other translations of the Metamorphoses had not been attempted.

A critic has observed, that in his version of this book he has scrupulously confined the number of his lines to those of the original. It is fit I should take the sum upon content, and be better bred than to count after him.

The manner that seems most suited for this present undertaking, is, neither to follow the author too close, out of a critical timorousness; nor abandon him too wantonly, through a poetic boldness. The original should always be kept in view, without too apparent a deviation from the sense.

Where it is otherwise, it is not a version, but an imitation. The translator ought to be as intent to keep up the gracefulness of the poem, as artful to hide its imperfections; to copy its beauties, and to throw a shade over its blemishes; to be faithful to an idolatry, where the author excels; and to take the license of a little paraphrase, where penury of fancy or dryness of expression seem to ask for it.

The ingenious gentlemen concerned in this undertaking seem to be of this opinion; and therefore they have not only consulted the reputation of the author, but their own also. There is one of them has no other share in this compliment, than by being the occasion of engaging them that have, in obliging the public. He has also been so just to the memory and reputation of Mr. Dryden, as to give his incomparable lines the advantage of appearing so near his own.

I cannot pass by that admirable English poet, without endeavouring to make his country sensible of the obligations they have to his muse. Whether they consider the flowing grace of his versification; the vigorous sallies of his fancy, or the peculiar delicacy of his periods; they will discover excellencies never to be enough admired. If they trace him from the first productions of his youth to the last performances of his age, they will find, that as the tyranny of rhyme never imposed on the perspicuity of the sense, so a languid sense never wanted to be set off by the harmony of rhyme. And as his earlier works wanted no maturity; so this latter wanted no force or

spirit. The falling off of his hair had no other consequence than to make his laurels be seen the more.

As a translator he was just; as an inventor he was rich. His versions of some parts of Lucretius, Horace, Homer, and Virgil throughout, gave him a just pretence to that compliment which was made to Monsieur d'Ablancourt, a celebrated French translator: 'It is uncertain who have the greatest obligations to him, the dead or the living.'

With all these wondrous talents, he was libelled in his lifetime by the very men, who had no other excellencies, but as they were his imitators. Where he was allowed to have sentiments superior to all others, they charged him with theft. But how did he steal? no otherwise than like those that steal beggars' children, only to clothe them the better.

It is to be lamented, that gentlemen still continue this unfair behaviour, and treat one another every day with most injurious libels. The Muses should be ladies of a chaste and fair behaviour: when they are otherwise, they are furies. It is certain that Parnassus is at best but a barren mountain, and its inhabitants contrive to make it more so by their unneighbourly deportment; the authors are the only corporation that endeavour at the ruin of their own society. Every day may convince them, how much a rich fool is respected above a poor wit. The only talents in esteem at present are those of Exchange-alley: one tally is worth a grove of bays; and it is of much more

consequence to be well read in the tables of interest, and the rise and fall of stocks, than in the revolutions of empires.

Mr. Dryden is still a sad and shameful instance of this truth: the man that could make kings immortal, and raise triumphant arches to heroes, now wants a poor square foot of stone, to show where the ashes of one of the greatest poets, that ever was upon earth, are deposited [2].'

[2] From Dryden's death in 1700, there was no memorial placed over his remains in Westminster-abbey till the year 1720, when the present simple monument was erected by Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham. Dr. Garth had pronounced a Latin oration over the poet's body.

See Mr. W. Scott's Edition of Dryden's Works, 8vo. 1808.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK I.

TRANSLATED BY DRYDEN.

Of bodies chang'd to various forms I sing:
Ye gods, from whom these miracles did spring,
Inspire my numbers with celestial heat,
Till I my long laborious work complete;
And add perpetual tenour to my rhymes,
Deduc'd from nature's birth to Cæsar's times.
  Before the seas and this terrestrial ball,
And heaven's high canopy that covers all,
One was the face of nature; if a face;
Rather a rude and indigested mass:
A lifeless lump, unfashion'd and unfram'd,
Of jarring seeds, and justly Chaos nam'd.
No sun was lighted up, the world to view;
No moon did yet her blunted horns renew;
Nor yet was earth suspended in the sky;
Nor, pois'd, did on her own foundations lie;
Nor seas about the shores their arms had thrown;
But earth, and air, and water, were in one.
Thus air was void of light, and earth unstable,
And water's dark abyss unnavigable.

No certain form on any was impress'd;
All were confus'd, and each disturb'd the rest.
For hot and cold were in one body fix'd;
And soft with hard, and light with heavy mix'd.
But god or nature, while they thus contend,
To these intestine discords put an end;
Then earth from air, and seas from earth were driv'n,
And grosser air sunk from ethereal heav'n.
Thus disembroil'd, they take their proper place;
The next of kin contiguously embrace;
And foes are sunder'd, by a larger space.
The force of fire ascended first on high,
And took its dwelling in the vaulted sky:
Then air succeeds, in lightness next to fire;
Whose atoms from unactive earth retire.
Earth sinks beneath, and draws a numerous throng
Of pond'rous, thick, unwieldy seeds along:
About her coasts unruly waters roar;
And, rising on a ridge, insult the shore.
Thus when the god, whatever god was he,
Had form'd the whole, and made the parts agree,
That no unequal portions might be found,
He moulded earth into a spacious round:
Then with a breath, he gave the winds to blow;
And bad the congregated waters flow.
He adds the running springs, and standing lakes,
And bounding banks for winding rivers makes.
Some part in earth are swallow'd up, the most
In ample oceans, disembogu'd, are lost.
He shades the woods, the valleys he restrains
With rocky mountains, and extends the plains.
And as five zones the' ethereal regions bind,
Five, correspondent, are to earth assign'd:
The sun with rays, directly darting down,
Fires all beneath, and fires the middle zone:

The two beneath the distant poles complain
Of endless winter, and perpetual rain.
Betwixt the' extremes, two happier climates hold
The temper that partakes of hot and cold.
The fields of liquid air, inclosing all,
Surround the compass of this earthly ball:
The lighter parts lie next the fires above,
The grosser near the watry surface move:
Thick clouds are spread, and storms engender there,
And thunder's voice, which wretched mortals fear,
And winds that on their wings cold winter bear.
Nor were those blustering brethren left at large,
On seas and shores, their fury to discharge:
Bound as they are, and circumscrib'd in place,
They rend the world, resistless where they pass;
And mighty marks of mischief leave behind;
Such is the rage of their tempestuous kind.
First Eurus to the rising morn is sent,
(The regions of the balmy continent;)
And eastern realms, where early Persians run,
To greet the bless'd appearance of the sun.
Westward, the wanton Zephyr wings his flight,
Pleas'd with the remnants of departing light;
Fierce Boreas, with his offspring, issues forth
To' invade the frozen waggon of the north;
While frowning Auster seeks the southern sphere,
And rots with endless rain the' unwholesome year.
High o'er the clouds, and empty realms of wind,
The god a clearer space for heaven design'd;
Where fields of light and liquid ether flow,
Purg'd from the pondrous dregs of earth below.
Scarce had the power distinguish'd these, when straight
The stars, no longer overlaid with weight,

Exert their heads, from underneath the mass;
And upward shoot, and kindle as they pass,
And with diffusive light adorn their heavenly place.
Then, every void of nature to supply,
With forms of gods he fills the vacant sky:
New herds of beasts he sends, the plains to share;
New colonies of birds, to people air;
And to their oozy beds the finny fish repair.
A creature of a more exalted kind
Was wanting yet, and then was man design'd:
Conscious of thought, of more capacious breast,
For empire form'd, and fit to rule the rest:
Whether with particles of heavenly fire
The god of nature did his soul inspire,
Or earth, but new divided from the sky,
And pliant, still retain'd the' ethereal energy;
Which wise Prometheus temper'd into paste,
And, mix'd with living streams, the godlike image cast.
Thus, while the mute creation downward bend
Their sight, and to their earthly mother tend,
Man looks aloft; and with erected eyes
Beholds his own hereditary skies.
From such rude principles our form began;
And earth was metamorphos'd into man.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

The golden age was first; when man, yet new,
No rule but uncorrupted reason knew,
And, with a native bent, did good pursue.
Unforc'd by punishment, unaw'd by fear,
His words were simple, and his soul sincere;
Needless was written law, where none oppress'd:
The law of man was written in his breast!

No suppliant crowds before the judge appear'd,
No court erected yet, nor cause was heard;
But all was safe, for conscience was their guard.
The mountain-trees in distant prospect please,
Ere yet the pine descended to the seas;
Ere sails were spread, new oceans to explore;
And happy mortals, unconcern'd for more,
Confin'd their wishes to their native shore.
No walls were yet; nor fence, nor mote, nor mound,
Nor drum was heard, nor trumpet's angry sound:
Nor swords were forg'd; but, void of care and crime,
The soft creation slept away their time.
The teeming earth, yet guiltless of the plough,
And unprovok'd, did fruitful stores allow:
Content with food, which nature freely bred,
On wildings and on strawberries they fed;
Cornels and bramble-berries gave the rest,
And falling acorns furnish'd out a feast.
The flowers, unsown, in fields and meadows reign'd;
And western winds immortal spring main'ain'd.
In following years, the bearded corn ensu'd
From earth unask'd, nor was that earth renew'd.
From veins of valleys, milk and nectar broke;
And honey sweating through the pores of oak.

THE SILVER AGE.

But when good Saturn, banish'd from above,
Was driven to hell, the world was under Jove.
Succeeding times a silver age behold,
Excelling brass, but more excell'd by gold.
Then summer, autumn, winter, did appear;
And spring was but a season of the year.
The sun his annual course obliquely made,
Good days contracted, and enlarg'd the bad.

Then air with sultry heats began to glow;
The wings of winds were clog'd with ice and snow;
And shivering mortals, into houses driven,
Sought shelter from the' inclemency of heav'n.
Those houses then were caves, or homely sheds,
With twining osiers fenc'd; and moss their beds.
Then ploughs, for seed, the fruitful furrows broke,
And oxen labour'd first beneath the yoke.

THE BRAZEN AGE.

To this came next in course the brazen age:
A warlike offspring, prompt to bloody rage,
Not impious yet——

THE IRON AGE.

——Hard steel succeeded then;
And stubborn as the metal were the men.
Truth, modesty, and shame, the world forsook;
Fraud, avarice, and force, their places took.
Then sails were spread to every wind that blew,
Raw were the sailors, and the depths were new;
Trees, rudely hollow'd, did the waves sustain,
Ere ships in triumph plough'd the watry plain.
Then landmarks limited to each his right;
For all before was common as the light.
Nor was the ground alone requir'd to bear
Her annual income to the crooked share;
But greedy mortals, rummaging her store,
Dig'd from her entrails first the precious ore,
Which next to hell the prudent gods had laid,
And that alluring ill to sight display'd.
Thus cursed steel, and more accursed gold,
Gave mischief birth, and made that mischief bold:

And double death did wretched man invade,
By steel assaulted, and by gold betray'd.
Now (brandish'd weapons glittering in their hands)
Mankind is broken loose from moral bands;
No rights of hospitality remain:
The guest, by him who harbour'd him, is slain;
The son-in-law pursues the father's life;
The wife her husband murders; he, the wife.
The step-dame poison for the son prepares;
The son inquires into his father's years.
Faith flies, and piety in exile mourns;
And justice, here oppress'd, to heaven returns.

THE GIANT'S WAR.

Nor were the gods themselves more safe above;
Against beleaguer'd heaven the giants move.
Hills pil'd on hills, on mountains mountains lie,
To make their mad approaches to the sky:
Till Jove, no longer patient, took his time
To' avenge with thunder their audacious crime:
Red lightning play'd along the firmament,
And their demolish'd works to pieces rent.
Sing'd with the flames, and with the bolts transfix'd,
With native earth their blood the monsters mix'd.
The blood, indued with animating heat,
Did in the' impregnant earth new sons beget:
They, like the seed from which they sprung, accurs'd,
Against the gods immortal hatred nurs'd;
An impious, arrogant, and cruel brood,
Expressing their original from blood.
Which when the king of gods beheld from high
(Withal revolving in his memory,
What he himself had found on earth of late,
Lycaön's guilt, and his inhuman treat),

He sigh'd; nor longer with his pity strove;
But kindled to a wrath becoming Jove:—
Then call'd a general council of the gods;
Who, summon'd, issue from their bless'd abodes,
And fill the' assembly with a shining train.
A way there is, in heaven's expanded plain,
Which, when the skies are clear, is seen below,
And mortals by the name of milky know.
The groundwork is of stars; through which the road
Lies open to the thunderer's abode;
The gods of greater nations dwell around,
And, on the right and left, the palace bound;
The commons where they can; the nobler sort
With winding doors wide open, front the court.
This place, as far as earth with heaven may vie,
I dare to call the Louvre of the sky.
When all were plac'd, in seats distinctly known,
And he, their father, had assum'd the throne,
Upon his ivory sceptre first he leant,
Then shook his head, that shook the firmament:
Air, earth, and seas, obey'd the' almighty nod,
And with a general fear confess'd the god.
At length, with indignation, thus he broke
His awful silence, and the powers bespoke.
'I was not more concern'd in that debate
Of empire, when our universal state
Was put to hazard, and the giant-race
Our captive skies were ready to embrace:
For though the foe was fierce, the seeds of all
Rebellion sprung from one original;
Now wheresoever ambient waters glide,
All are corrupt, and all must be destroy'd.
Let me this holy protestation make,
By hell, and hell's inviolable lake,

I try'd whatever in the godhead lay;
But gangren'd members must be lop'd away
Before the nobler parts are tainted to decay.
There dwells below a race of demi-gods,
Of nymphs in waters, and of fawns in woods,
Who, though not worthy yet in heaven to live,
Let 'em, at least, enjoy that earth we give.
Can these be thought securely lodg'd below,
When I myself, who no superior know,
I, who have heaven and earth at my command,
Have been attempted by Lycaön's hand?'
At this a murmur through the synod went,
And with one voice they vote his punishment.
Thus, when conspiring traitors dar'd to doom
The fall of Cæsar, and in him of Rome,
The nations trembled with a pious fear,
All anxious for their earthly thunderer;
Nor was their care, O Cæsar! less esteem'd
By thee, than that of heaven for Jove was deem'd:
Who with his hand, and voice, did first restrain
Their murmurs, then resum'd his speech again.
The gods to silence were compos'd, and sate
With reverence due to his superior state.
'Cancel your pious cares; already he
Has paid his debt to justice and to me.
Yet what his crimes, and what my judgments were,
Remains for me thus briefly to declare.
The clamours of this vile degenerate age,
The cries of orphans, and the' oppressor's rage,
Had reach'd the stars; I will descend, said I,
In hope to prove this loud complaint a lie.
Disguis'd in human shape, I travell'd round
The world, and more than what I heard, I found.

O'er Mænalus I took my steepy way,
By caverns infamous for beasts of prey;
Then cross'd Cyllené, and the piny shade
More infamous, by curs'd Lycaön made.
Dark night had cover'd heaven and earth, before
I enter'd his unhospitable door:
Just at my entrance, I display'd the sign
That somewhat was approaching of divine.
The prostrate people pray; the tyrant grins;
And, adding profanation to his sins,
"I'll try," said he, "and if a god appear,
To prove his deity shall cost him dear."
'Twas late; the graceless wretch my death prepares,
When I should soundly sleep, oppress'd with cares;
This dire experiment he chose, to prove
If I were mortal, or undoubted Jove.
But first he had resolv'd to taste my pow'r;
Not long before, but in a luckless hour,
Some legates, sent from the Molossian state,
Were on a peaceful errand come to treat:
Of these he murders one, he boils the flesh,
And lays the mangled morsels in a dish:
Some part he roasts; then serves it up, so dress'd,
And bids me welcome to this human feast.
Mov'd with disdain, the table I o'erturn'd,
And with avenging flames the palace burn'd:
The tyrant, in a fright, for shelter gains
The neighbouring fields, and scours along the plains.
Howling he fled, and fain he would have spoke;
But human voice his brutal tongue forsook.
About his lips the gather'd foam he churns,
And, breathing slaughters, still with rage he burns;
But on the bleating flock his fury turns.

His mantle, now his hide, with rugged hairs
Cleaves to his back; a famish'd face he bears;
His arms descend, his shoulders sink away
To multiply his legs for chase of prey.
He grows a wolf, his hoariness remains,
And the same rage in other members reigns.
His eyes still sparkle in a narrower space;
His jaws retain the grin and violence of his face.
'This was a single ruin, but not one
Deserves so just a punishment alone.
Mankind's a monster, and the' ungod'ly times,
Confederate into guilt, are sworn to crimes.
All are alike involv'd in ill; and all
Must by the same relentless fury fall.'
Thus ended he; the greater gods assent;
By clamour urging his severe intent;
The less fill up the cry for punishment.
Yet still with pity they remember man,
And mourn as much as heavenly spirits can.
They ask, 'when those were lost of human birth,
What he would do with all this waste of earth?
If his dispeopled world he would resign
To beasts, a mute and more ignoble line;
Neglected altars must no longer smoke,
If none were left to worship and invoke.'
To whom the father of the gods replied —
'Lay that unnecessary fear aside;
Mine be the care new people to provide.
I will from wondrous principles ordain
A race unlike the first, and try my skill again.'
Already had he toss'd the flaming brand,
And roll'd the thunder in his spacious hand,
Preparing to discharge on seas and land;

But stop'd, for fear, thus violently driv'n,
The sparks should catch the axle-tree of heav'n.
Remembring in the fates, a time when fire
Should to the battlements of heaven aspire,
And all his blazing worlds above should burn;
And all the' inferior globe to cinders turn.
His dire artillery thus dismiss'd, he bent
His thoughts to some securer punishment:
Concludes to pour a watry deluge down;
And what he durst not burn, resolves to drown.
The northern breath, that freezes floods, he binds,
With all the race of cloud-dispelling winds;
The south he loos'd, who night and horror brings;
And frogs are shaken from his flaggy wings.
From his divided beard two streams he pours,
His head and rheumy eyes distil in show'rs.
With rain his robe and heavy mantle flow,
And lazy mists are lowring on his brow;
Still as he swept along, with his clench'd fist
He squeez'd the clouds, the' imprison'd clouds resist:
The skies, from pole to pole, with peals resound;
And showers inlarg'd, come pouring on the ground.
Then, clad in colours of a various dye,
Junonian Iris breeds a new supply
To feed the clouds: impetuous rain descends;
The bearded corn beneath the burden bends;
Defrauded clowns deplore their perish'd grain;
And the long labours of the year are vain.
Nor from his patrimonial heaven alone
Is Jove content to pour his vengeance down;
Aid from his brother of the seas he craves,
To help him with auxiliary waves.
The watry tyrant calls his brooks and floods,
Who roll from mossy caves (their moist abodes),

And with perpetual urns his palace fill:
To whom, in brief, he thus imparts his will.
'Small exhortation needs; your powers employ;
And this bad world, so Jove requires, destroy.
Let loose the reins to all your watry store:
Bear down the dams, and open every door.'
The floods, by nature enemies to land,
And proudly swelling with their new command,
Remove the living stones that stop'd their way;
And, gushing from their source, augment the sea.
Then, with his mace, their monarch struck the ground;
With inward trembling, earth receiv'd the wound;
And rising streams a ready passage found.
The' expanded waters gather on the plain:
They float the fields, and over-top the grain;
Then rushing onwards, with a sweepy sway,
Bear flocks and folds and labouring hinds away.
Nor safe their dwellings were; for, sap'd by floods,
Their houses fell upon their household gods.
The solid piles, too strongly built to fall,
High o'er their heads behold a watry wall:
Now seas and earth were in confusion lost;
A world of waters, and without a coast.
One climbs a cliff; one in his boat is borne,
And ploughs above, where late he sow'd his corn;
Others o'er chimney-tops and turrets row,
And drop their anchors on the meads below;
Or, downward driv'n, they bruise the tender vine,
Or, toss'd aloft, are knock'd against a pine.
And where of late the kids had crop'd the grass,
The monsters of the deep now take their place.
Insulting Nereids on the cities ride,
And wondering dolphins o'er the palace glide.

On leaves, and masts of mighty oaks, they brouse;
And their broad fins entangle in the boughs.
The frighted wolf now swims amongst the sheep;
The yellow lion wanders in the deep;
His rapid force no longer helps the boar;
The stag swims faster than he ran before.
The fowls, long beating on their wings in vain,
Despair of land, and drop into the main.
Now hills and vales no more distinction know;
And levell'd nature lies oppress'd below.
The most of mortals perish in the flood:
The small remainder dies for want of food.
A mountain of stupendous height there stands
Betwixt the' Athenian and Bœotian lands,
The bound offruitful fields, while fields they were;
But then a field of waters did appear:
Parnassus is its name; whose forky rise
Mounts through the clouds, and mates the lofty skies.
High on the summit of this dubious cliff,
Deucalion wafting, moor'd his little skiff.
He with his wife were only left behind
Of perish'd man; they two were human kind.
The mountain nymphs and Themis they adore,
And from her oracles relief implore.
The most upright of mortal men was he;
The most sincere, and holy woman, she.
When Jupiter, surveying earth from high,
Beheld it in a lake of water lie,
That where so many millions lately liv'd,
But two, the best of either sex, surviv'd;
He loos'd the northern wind; fierce Boreas flies
To puff away the clouds, and purge the skies:
Serenely, while he blows, the vapours driv'n,
Discover heaven to earth, and earth to heaven.

The billows fall, while Neptune lays his mace
On the rough sea, and smooths its furrow'd face.
Already Triton, at his call, appears
Above the waves; a Tyrian robe he wears;
And in his hand a crooked trumpet bears.
The sovereign bids him peaceful sounds inspire,
And give the waves the signal to retire.
His writhen shell he takes; whose narrow vent
Grows by degrees into a large extent;
Then gives it breath; the blast, with doubling sound,
Runs the wide circuit of the world around.
The sun first heard it, in his early east,
And met the rattling echoes in the west.
The waters, listening to the trumpet's roar,
Obey the summons, and forsake the shore.
A thin circumference of land appears;
And earth, but not at once, her visage rears,
And peeps upon the seas from upper grounds;
The streams, but just contain'd within their bounds,
By slow degrees into their channels crawl;
And earth increases as the waters fall.
In longer time the tops of trees appear,
Which mud on their dishonour'd branches bear.
At length the world was all restor'd to view;
But desolate, and of a sickly hue:
Nature beheld herself, and stood aghast,
A dismal desart, and a silent waste.
Which when Deucalion, with a piteous look
Beheld, he wept, and thus to Pyrrha spoke:
'Oh wife, oh sister, oh! of all thy kind
The best and only creature left behind;
By kindred, love, and now by dangers join'd;
Of multitudes, who breath'd the common air,
We two remain: a species in a pair:

The rest the seas have swallow'd; nor have we
Ev'n of this wretched life a certainty.
The clouds are still above; and while I speak,
A second deluge o'er our heads may break.
Should I be snatch'd from hence, and thou remain,
Without relief, or partner of thy pain,
How couldst thou such a wretched life sustain?
Should I be left, and thou be lost, the sea
That buried her I lov'd should bury me.
Oh, could our father his old arts inspire,
And make me heir of his informing fire,
That so I might abolish'd man retrieve,
And perish'd people in new souls might live!
But heaven is pleas'd, (nor ought we to complain)
That we, the' examples of mankind, remain.'
He said: the careful couple join their tears,
And then invoke the gods with pious prayers.
Thus, in devotion having eas'd their grief,
From sacred oracles they seek relief,
And to Cephisus' brook their way pursue:
The stream was troubled, but the ford they knew;
With living waters in the fountain bred,
They sprinkle first their garments and their head,
Then took the way which to the temple led.
The roofs were all defil'd with moss and mire,
The desart altars void of solemn fire.
Before the gradual, prostrate they ador'd;
The pavement kiss'd, and thus the saint implor'd.
'O righteous Themis! if the powers above
By prayers are bent to pity and to love;
If human miseries can move their mind;
If yet they can forgive and yet be kind;
Tell how we may restore, by second birth,
Mankind, and people desolated earth.'

Then thus the gracious goddess, nodding, said:
'Depart, and with your vestments veil your head;
And stooping lowly down, with loosen'd zones,
Throw each behind your backs your mighty mother's bones.'
Amaz'd the pair and mute with wonder stand,
Till Pyrrha first refus'd the dire command.
'Forbid it heaven!' said she, 'that I should tear
Those holy relics from the sepulchre.'
They ponder'd the mysterious words again,
For some new sense; and long they sought in vain:
At length Deucalion clear'd his cloudy brow,
And said: 'The dark enigma will allow
A meaning, which if well I understand,
From sacrilege will free the god's command.
This earth our mighty mother is, the stones
In her capacious body are her bones;
These we must cast behind.' With hope and fear,
The woman did the new solution hear:
The man diffides in his own augury,
And doubts the gods; yet both resolve to try.
Descending from the mount, they first unbind
Their vests; and, veil'd, they cast the stones behind:
The stones (a miracle to mortal view,
But long tradition makes it pass for true)
Did first the rigour of their kind expel,
And suppled into softness as they fell;
Then swell'd; and, swelling, by degrees grew warm,
And took the rudiments of human form.
Imperfect shapes: in marble such are seen,
When the rude chisel does the man begin;
While yet the roughness of the stone remains,
Without the rising muscles and the veins.

The sappy parts, and next resembling juice,
Were turn'd to moisture, for the body's use,
Supplying humours, blood, and nourishment;
The rest, too solid to receive a bent,
Converts to bones; and what was once a vein,
Its former name and nature did retain.
By help of power divine, in little space
What the man threw assum'd a manly face;
And what the wife, renew'd the female race.
Hence we derive our nature, born to bear
Laborious life, and harden'd into care.
The rest of animals, from teeming earth
Produc'd, in various forms receiv'd their birth.
The native moisture, in its close retreat,
Digested by the sun's ethereal heat,
As in a kindly womb, began to breed,
Then swell'd, and quicken'd by the vital seed:
And some in less, and some in longer space,
Were ripen'd into form, and took a several face.
Thus when the Nile from Pharian fields is fled,
And seeks, with ebbing tides, his ancient bed,
The fat manure with heavenly fire is warm'd,
And crusted creatures, as in wombs, are form'd;
These, when they turn the glebe, the peasants find;
Some rude, and yet unfinish'd in their kind:
Short of their limbs, a lame imperfect birth;
One half alive, and one of lifeless earth.
For heat and moisture, when in bodies join'd,
The temper that results from either kind
Conception makes; and fighting till they mix,
Their mingled atoms in each other fix.
Thus nature's hand the genial bed prepares
With friendly discord, and with fruitful wars.

From hence the surface of the ground with mud
And slime besmear'd, (the fæces of the flood)
Receiv'd the rays of heaven, and, sucking in
The seeds of heat, new creatures did begin:
Some were of several sorts produc'd before,
But of new monsters, earth created more.
Unwillingly, but yet she brought to light
Thee, Python, too, the wondering world to fright,
And the new nations, with so dire a sight:
So monstrous was his bulk, so large a space
Did his vast body and long train embrace.
Whom Phœbus basking on a bank espy'd;
Ere now the god his arrows had not try'd,
But on the trembling deer, or mountain goat;
At this new quarry he prepares to shoot.
Though every shaft took place, he spent the store
Of his full quiver; and 'twas long before
The' expiring serpent wallow'd in his gore.
Then, to preserve the fame of such a deed,
For Python slain, he Pythian games decreed;
Where noble youths for mastership should strive,
To quoit, to run, and steeds and chariots drive.
The prize was fame: in witness of renown
An oaken garland did the victor crown.
The laurel was not yet for triumphs born;
But every green alike by Phœbus worn, [adorn.
Did, with promiscuous grace, his flowing locks

THE TRANSFORMATION OF DAPHNE INTO A LAUREL.

The first and fairest of his loves was she
Whom not blind fortune, but the dire decree
Of angry Cupid, forc'd him to desire:
Daphne her name, and Peneus was her sire.

Swell'd with the pride that new success attends,
He sees the stripling while his bow he bends,
And thus insults him: 'Thou lascivious boy,
Are arms like these for children to employ?
Know, such achievements are my proper claim,
Due to my vigour, and unerring aim:
Resistless are my shafts, and Python late
In such a feather'd death has found his fate.
Take up thy torch, (and lay my weapons by)
With that the feeble souls of lovers fry.'
To whom the son of Venus thus reply'd:
'Phœbus, thy shafts are sure on all beside,
But mine on Phœbus; mine the fame shall be
Of all thy conquests, when I conquer thee.'
He said; and, soaring, swiftly wing'd his flight,
Nor stop'd but on Parnassus' airy height.
Two different shafts he from his quiver draws;
One to repel desire, and one to cause.
One shaft is pointed with refulgent gold;
To bribe the love, and make the lover bold:
One blunt, and tip'd with lead, whose base allay
Provokes disdain, and drives desire away.
The blunted bolt against the nymph he dress'd;
But with the sharp transfix'd Apollo's breast.
The' enamour'd deity pursues the chase;
The scornful damsel shuns his loath'd embrace:
In hunting beasts of prey her youth employs,
And Phœbe rivals in her rural joys.
With naked neck she goes, and shoulders bare;
And with a fillet binds her flowing hair.
By many suitors sought, she mocks their pains,
And still her vow'd virginity maintains.
Impatient of a yoke, the name of bride
She shuns, and hates the joys she never try'd.

On wilds and woods she fixes her desire,
Nor knows what youth and kindly love inspire.
Her father chides her oft: 'Thou ow'st,' says he,
'A husband to thyself, a son to me.'
She like a crime abhors the nuptial bed;
She glows with blushes, and she hangs her head;
Then casting round his neck her tender arms,
Soothes him with blandishments, and filial charms:
'Give me, my lord,' said she, 'to live and die
A spotless maid, without the marriage-tie.
'Tis but a small request; I beg no more
Than what Diana's father gave before.'
The good old sire was soften'd to consent;
But said her wish would prove her punishment:
For so much youth and so much beauty join'd,
Oppos'd the state which her desires design'd.
The god of light, aspiring to her bed,
Hopes what he seeks, with flattering fancies fed,
And is by his own oracles misled.
And as in empty fields the stubble burns,
Or nightly travellers, when day returns,
Their useless torches on dry hedges throw,
That catch the flames, and kindle all the row,
So burns the god, consuming in desire,
And feeding in his breast a fruitless fire.
Her well-turn'd neck he view'd, (her neck was bare)
And on her shoulders her dishevell'd hair:
'Oh, were it comb'd,' said he, 'with what a grace
Would every waving curl become her face!'
He view'd her eyes, like heavenly lamps that shone;
He view'd her lips, too sweet to view alone;
Her taper fingers, and her panting breast;
He praises all he sees, and for the rest
Believes the beauties yet unseen are best:

Swift as the wind, the damsel fled away,
Nor did for these alluring speeches stay:
'Stay, nymph,' he cried, 'I follow, not a foe.
Thus from the lion trips the trembling doe;
Thus from the wolf the frighten'd lamb removes;
And, from pursuing falcons, fearful doves;
Thou shunn'st a god, and shunn'st a god that loves.
Ah, lest some thorn should pierce thy tender foot,
Or thou shouldst fall in flying my pursuit!
To sharp uneven ways thy steps decline;
Abate thy speed, and I will bate of mine.
Yet think from whom thou dost so rashly fly;
Nor basely born, nor shepherd's swain am I.
Perhaps thou know'st not my superior state;
And from that ignorance proceeds thy hate.
Me Claros, Delphos, Tenedos, obey;
These hands the Patareian sceptre sway.
The king of gods begot me: what shall be,
Or is, or ever was, in fate, I see.
Mine is the' invention of the charming lyre;
Sweet notes, and heavenly numbers, I inspire.
Sure is my bow, unerring is my dart;
But ah! more deadly his who pierc'd my heart.
Med'cine is mine; what herbs and simples grow
In fields and forests, all their powers I know;
And am the great physician call'd, below.
Alas, that fields and forests can afford
No remedies to heal their love-sick lord!
To cure the pains of love no plant avails;
And his own physic the physician fails.'
She heard not half, so furiously she flies;
And on her ear the' imperfect accent dies.
Fear gave her wings; and as she fled, the wind
Increasing, spread her flowing hair behind;

And left her legs and thighs expos'd to view,
Which made the god more eager to pursue.
The god was young, and was too hotly bent
To lose his time in empty compliment;
But led by love, and fir'd with such a sight,
Impetuously pursued his near delight.
As when the' impatient greyhound slip'd from far,
Bounds o'er the glebe to course the fearful hare,
She in her speed does all her safety lay,
And he with double speed pursues the prey;
O'erruns her at the sitting turn, and licks
His chaps in vain, and blows upon the flix:
She'scapes, and for the neighbouring covert strives,
And, gaining shelter, doubts if yet she lives:
If little things with great we may compare,
Such was the god, and such the flying fair;
She, urg'd by fear, her feet did swiftly move,
But he more swiftly who was urg'd by love.
He gathers ground upon her in the chase,
Now breathes upon her hair, with nearer pace;
And just is fastening on the wish'd embrace.
The nymph grew pale, and in a mortal fright,
Spent with the labour of so long a flight,
And now despairing, cast a mournful look
Upon the streams of her paternal brook;
'Oh help,' she cried, 'in this extremest need!
If water-gods are deities indeed:
Gape earth, and this unhappy wretch intomb;
Or change my form, whence all my sorrows come.'
Scarce had she finish'd, when her feet she found
Benumb'd with cold, and fasten'd to the ground;
A filmy rind about her body grows;
Her hair to leaves, her arms extend to boughs:

The nymph is all into a laurel gone;
The smoothness of her skin remains alone.
Yet Phœbus loves her still, and casting round
Her bole his arms, some little warmth he found.
The tree still panted in the' unfinish'd part,
Not wholly vegetive, and heav'd her heart.
He fix'd his lips upon the trembling rind;
It swerv'd aside, and his embrace declin'd.
To whom the god: 'Because thou canst not be
My mistress, I espouse thee for my tree:
Be thou the prize of honour and renown,
The deathless poet, and the poem crown.
Thou shalt the Roman festivals adorn,
And, after poets, be by victors worn.
Thou shalt returning Cæsar's triumph grace,
When pomps shall in a long procession pass;
Wreath'd on the post before his palace wait,
And be the sacred guardian of the gate.
Secure from thunder, and unharm'd by Jove,
Unfading as th' immortal powers above;
And as the locks of Phœbus are unshorn,
So shall perpetual green thy boughs adorn.'
The grateful tree was pleas'd with what he said;
And shook the shady honours of her head.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF IÖ INTO A HEIFER.

An ancient forest in Thessalia grows,
Which Tempe's pleasing valley does inclose;
Through this the rapid Peneus takes his course,
From Pindus rolling with impetuous force;
Mists from the river's mighty fall arise,
And deadly damps inclose the cloudy skies:
Perpetual fogs are hanging o'er the wood,
And sounds of waters deaf the neighbourhood.

Deep, in a rocky cave, he makes abode,
(A mansion proper for a mourning god).
Here he gives audience; issuing out decrees
To rivers, his dependent deities.
On this occasion hither they resort,
To pay their homage, and to make their court.
All doubtful, whether to congratulate
His daughter's honour, or lament her fate.
Sperchæus, crown'd with poplar, first appears;
Then old Apidanus came crown'd with years:
Enipeus turbulent, Amphrysos tame;
And Æas last, with lagging waters came.
Then, of his kindred brooks, a numerous throng
Condole his loss, and bring their urns along.
Not one was wanting of the watery train,
That fill'd his flood, or mingled with the main,
But Inachus, who in his cave, alone,
Wept not another's losses, but his own:
For his dear Iö, whether stray'd or dead,
To him uncertain, doubtful tears he shed.
He sought her through the world; but sought in vain:
And no where finding, rather fear'd her slain.
Her, just returning from her father's brook,
Jove had beheld with a desiring look;
And, 'Oh fair daughter of the flood!' he said,
Worthy alone of Jove's imperial bed,
Happy whoever shall those charms possess;
The king of gods (nor is thy lover less)
Invites thee to yon cooler shades; to shun
The scorching rays of the meridian sun.
Nor shalt thou tempt the dangers of the grove
Alone, without a guide; thy guide is Jove;
No puny power, but he whose high command
Is unconfin'd; who rules the seas and land;
And tempers thunder in his awful hand.

Oh, fly not!'—for she fled from his embrace
O'er Lerna's pastures; he pursued the chase
Along the shades of the Lyrcæan plain:
At length the god, who never asks in vain,
Involv'd with vapours, imitating night,
Both air and earth; and then suppress'd her flight,
And, mingling force with love, enjoy'd the full delight.
Meantime the jealous Juno, from on high,
Survey'd the fruitful fields of Arcady;
And wonder'd that the mist should overrun
The face of daylight, and obscure the sun.
No natural cause she found, from brooks or bogs,
Or marshy lowlands, to produce the fogs:
Then round the skies she sought for Jupiter,
Her faithless husband; but no Jove was there.
Suspecting now the worst, 'Or I,' she said,
'Am much mistaken, or am much betray'd.'
With fury she precipitates her flight;
Dispels the shadows of dissembled night;
And to the day restores his native light.
The' almighty lecher, careful to prevent
The consequence, foreseeing her descent,
Transforms his mistress in a trice; and now
In Iö's place appears a lovely cow.
So sleek her skin, so faultless was her make,
Ev'n Juno did unwilling pleasure take
To see so fair a rival of her love;
And what she was, and whence, inquir'd of Jove?
Of what fair herd, and from what pedigree?
The god, half caught, was forc'd upon a lie;
And said, she sprung from earth. She took the word,
And beg'd the beauteous heifer of her lord.
What should he do? 'twas equal shame to Jove
Or to relinquish, or betray his love:

Yet to refuse so slight a gift would be
But more t' increase his consort's jealousy;
Thus fear and love, by turns, his heart assail'd;
And stronger love had sure, at length, prevail'd:
But some faint hope remain'd, his jealous queen
Had not the mistress through the heifer seen.
The cautious goddess, of her gift possess'd,
Yet harbour'd anxious thoughts within her breast;
As she who knew the falsehood of her Jove,
And justly fear'd some new relapse of love;
Which to prevent, and to secure her care,
To trusty Argus she commits the fair.

The head of Argus (as with stars the skies)
Was compass'd round, and wore an hundred eyes;
But two by turns their lids in slumber steep,
The rest on duty still their station keep;
Nor could the total constellation sleep.
Thus, ever present to his eyes and mind,
His charge was still before him, though behind.
In fields he suffer'd her to feed by day;
But when the setting sun to night gave way,
The captive cow he summon'd with a call,
And drove her back, and tied her to the stall.
On leaves of trees and bitter herbs she fed,
Heaven was her canopy, bare earth her bed:
So hardly lodg'd, and to digest her food,
She drank from troubled streams defil'd with mud.
Her woeful story fain she would have told,
With hands upheld, but had no hands to hold.
Her head to her ungentle keeper bow'd,
She strove to speak; she spoke not, but she low'd:
Affrighted with the noise, she look'd around,
And seem'd to' inquire the author of the sound.

Once on the banks where often she had play'd,
(Her father's banks) she came, and there survey'd
Her alter'd visage, and her branching head,
And, starting, from herself she would have fled.
Her fellow nymphs, familiar to her eyes,
Beheld, but knew her not in this disguise.
Ev'n Inachus himself was ignorant,
And in his daughter did his daughter want.
She follow'd where her fellows went, as she
Were still a partner of the company:
They stroke her neck; the gentle heifer stands,
And her neck offers to their stroking hands.
Her father gave her grass; the grass she took,
And lick'd his palms, and cast a piteous look;
And in the language of her eyes she spoke.
She would have told her name, and ask'd relief,
But, wanting words, in tears she tells her grief;
Which with her foot she makes him understand,
And prints the name of Iö in the sand.
'Ah, wretched me!' her mournful father cried;
She, with a sigh, to wretched me replied:
About her milk-white neck his arms he threw,
And wept, and then these tender words ensue:
'And art thou she, whom I have sought around
The world, and have at length so sadly found?
So found, is worse than lost: with mutual words
Thou answer'st not, no voice thy tongue affords;
But sighs are deeply drawn from out thy breast,
And speech denied, by lowing is express'd.
Unknowing, I prepar'd the bridal bed,
With empty hopes of happy issue fed;
But now the husband of a herd must be
Thy mate, and bellowing sons thy progeny.

Oh, were I mortal, death might bring relief;
But now my godhead but extends my grief;
Prolongs my woes, of which no end I see,
And makes me curse my immortality!'
More had he said, but, fearful of her stay,
The starry guardian drove his charge away
To some fresh pasture; on a hilly height
He sat himself, and kept her still in sight.

THE EYES OF ARGUS TRANSFORMED INTO A PEACOCK'S TRAIN.

Now Jove no longer could her sufferings bear;
But call'd in haste his airy messenger,
The son of Maïa, with severe decree
To kill the keeper, and to set her free.
With all his harness soon the god was sped,
His flying hat was fastened on his head;
Wings on his heels were hung, and in his hand
He holds the virtue of the snaky wand.
The liquid air his moving pinions wound,
And, in the moment, shoot him on the ground.
Before he came in sight, the crafty god
His wings dismiss'd, but still retain'd his rod:
That sleep-procuring wand wise Hermes took,
But made it seem to sight a shepherd's hook.
With this, he did a herd of goats control,
Which by the way he met, and slily stole.
Clad like a country swain, he pip'd and sung,
And, playing, drove his jolly troop along.
With pleasure, Argus the musician heeds;
But wonders much at those new vocal reeds.
'And whosoe'er thou art, my friend,' said he,
'Up hither drive thy goats, and play by me:
This hill has browse for them, and shade for thee.'

The god, who was with ease induc'd to climb,
Began discourse to pass away the time;
And still betwixt his tuneful pipe he plies,
And watch'd his hour to close the keeper's eyes.
With much ado he partly kept awake,
Not suffering all his eyes repose to take;
And ask'd the stranger, who did reeds invent,
And whence began so rare an instrument?

THE TRANSFORMATION OF SYRINX INTO REEDS.

Then Hermes thus: 'A nymph of late there was,
Whose heavenly form her fellows did surpass,
The pride and joy of fair Arcadia's plains,
Belov'd by deities, ador'd by swains:
Syrinx her name, by Sylvans oft pursued,
As oft she did the lustful gods delude:
The rural and the woodland powers disdain'd;
With Cynthia hunted, and her rights maintain'd:
Like Phœbe clad, even Phœbe's self she seems;
So tall, so straight, such well-proportion'd limbs:
The nicest eye did no distinction know,
But that the goddess bore a golden bow:
Distinguish'd thus, the sight she cheated too.
Descending from Lycæus, Pan admires
The matchless nymph, and burns with new desires:
A crown of pine upon his head he wore,
And thus began her pity to implore;
But ere he thus began, she took her flight
So swift, she was already out of sight:
Nor stay'd to hear the courtship of the god;
But bent her course to Ladon's gentle flood:
There by the river stop'd, and, tir'd before,
Relief from water-nymphs her prayers implore

'Now while the lustful god, with speedy pace,
Just thought to strain her in a strict embrace,
He fills his arms with reeds, new-rising on the place:
And while he sighs, his ill success to find,
The tender canes were shaken by the wind,
And breath'd a mournful air, unheard before,
That much surprising Pan, yet pleas'd him more.
Admiring this new music, "Thou," he said,
"Who canst not be the partner of my bed,
At least shalt be the consort of my mind,
And often, often to my lips be join'd."
He form'd the reeds, proportion'd as they are,
Unequal in their length, and wax'd with care,
They still retain the name of his ungrateful fair.'

While Hermes pip'd, and sung, and told his tale,
The keeper's winking eyes began to fail,
And drowsy slumber on the lids to creep,
Till all the watchman was at length asleep.
Then soon the god his voice and song suppress'd,
And with his powerful rod confirm'd his rest:
Without delay his crooked falchion drew,
And at one fatal stroke the keeper slew.
Down from the rock fell the dissever'd head,
Opening its eyes in death; and, falling, bled,
And mark'd the passage with a crimson trail:
Thus Argus lies in pieces, cold and pale;
And all his hundred eyes, with all their light,
Are clos'd, at once, in one perpetual night.
These Juno takes, that they no more may fail,
And spreads them in her peacock's gaudy tail.

Impatient to revenge her injur'd bed,
She wreaks her anger on her rival's head;

With furies frights her from her native home;
And drives her gadding, round the world to roam:
Nor ceas'd her madness, and her flight before
She touch'd the limits of the Pharian shore.
At length, arriving on the banks of Nile,
Wearied with length of ways, and worn with toil,
She laid her down; and, leaning on her knees,
Invok'd the cause of all her miseries;
And cast her languishing regards above,
For help from heaven, and her ungrateful Jove.
She sigh'd, she wept, she low'd; 'twas all she could;
And with unkindness seem'd to tax the god.
Last, with an humble prayer, she beg'd repose,
Or death at least, to finish all her woes.
Jove heard her vows, and with a flattering look
In her behalf to jealous Juno spoke.
He cast his arms about her neck, and said,
'Dame, rest secure; no more thy nuptial bed
This nymph shall violate; by Styx I swear,
And every oath that binds the Thunderer.'
The goddess was appeas'd; and at the word
Was Iö to her former shape restor'd:
The rugged hair began to fall away;
The sweetness of her eyes did only stay,
Though not so large; her crooked horns decrease;
The wideness of her jaws and nostrils cease:
Her hoofs to hands return, in little space;
The five long taper fingers take their place,
And nothing of the heifer now is seen,
Beside the native whiteness of the skin.
Erected on her feet she walks again;
And two the duty of the four sustain.
She tries her tongue; her silence softly breaks,
And fears her former lowings when she speaks:

A goddess now, through all the' Egyptian state;
And serv'd by priests, who in white linen wait.
Her son was Epaphus, at length believ'd
The son of Jove, and as a god receiv'd;
With sacrifice ador'd, and public pray'rs,
He common temples with his mother shares.
Equal in years, and rival in renown
With Epaphus, the youthful Phaëton
Like honour claims and boasts his sire the Sun.
His haughty looks, and his assuming air,
The son of Isis could no longer bear:
'Thou tak'st thy mother's word too far,' said he,
'And hast usurp'd thy boasted pedigree.
Go, base pretender to a borrow'd name.'
Thus tax'd, he blush'd with anger and with shame;
But shame repress'd his rage: the daunted youth
Soon seeks his mother, and inquires the truth.
'Mother,' said he, 'this infamy was thrown
'By Epaphus on you, and me your son.
He spoke in public, told it to my face;
Nor durst I vindicate the dire disgrace:
Even I, the bold, the sensible of wrong,
Restrain'd by shame, was forc'd to hold my tongue.
To hear an open slander is a curse;
But not to find an answer is a worse.
If I am heaven-begot, assert your son
By some sure sign; and make my father known,
To right my honour, and redeem your own.'
He said, and saying cast his arms about
Her neck, and beg'd her to resolve the doubt.
'Tis hard to judge if Clymenè were mov'd
More by his prayer, whom she so dearly lov'd,
Or more with fury fir'd; to find her name
Traduc'd, and made the sport of common fame.

She stretch'd her arms to heaven, and fix'd her eyes
On that fair planet that adorns the skies:
'Now by those beams,' said she, 'whose holy fires
Consume my breast, and kindle my desires;
By him who sees us both, and cheers our sight,
By him, the public minister of light,
I swear that Sun begot thee: if I lie,
Let him his cheerful influence deny:
Let him no more this perjur'd creature see,
And shine on all the world but only me.
If still you doubt your mother's innocence,
His eastern mansion is not far from hence;
With little pains you to his levee go,
And from himself your parentage may know.'
With joy the' ambitious youth his mother heard,
And eager for the journey soon prepar'd.
He longs the world beneath him to survey;
To guide the chariot, and to give the day.
From Mero's burning sands he bends his course,
Nor less in India feels his father's force;
His travel urging till he came in sight,
And saw the palace by the purple light.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK II.

TRANSLATED BY ADDISON.

THE STORY OF PHAETON.

The Sun's bright palace, on high columns rais'd,
With burnish'd gold and flaming jewels blaz'd;
The folding gates diffus'd a silver light,
And with a milder gleam refresh'd the sight;
Of polish'd ivory was the covering wrought:
The matter vied not with the sculptor's thought:
For in the portal was display'd on high
(The work of Vulcan) a fictitious sky;
A waving sea the' inferior earth embrac'd,
And gods and goddesses the waters grac'd.
Ægeon here a mighty whale bestrode;
Triton, and Proteus, (the deceiving god)
With Doris here were carv'd, and all her train;
Some loosely swimming in the figur'd main,
While some on rocks their drooping hair divide,
And some on fishes through the waters glide:
Though various features did the sisters grace,
A sister's likeness was in every face.
On earth a different landscape courts the eyes;
Men, towns, and beasts, in distant prospects rise,
And nymphs, and streams, and woods, and rural deities.

O'er all the heaven's refulgent image shines;
On either gate were six engraven signs.
Here Phaëton, still gaining on the' ascent,
To his suspected father's palace went;
Till pressing forward through the bright abode,
He saw at distance the illustrious god:
He saw at distance, or the dazzling light
Had flash'd too strongly on his aching sight.
The god sits high, exalted on a throne
Of blazing gems, with purple garments on;
The Hours, in order rang'd on either hand,
And Days, and Months, and Years, and Ages stand.
Here Spring appears with flowery chaplets bound;
Here Summer in her wheaten garland crown'd;
Here Autumn the rich trodden grapes besmear;
And hoary Winter shivers in the rear.
Phœbus beheld the youth from off his throne;
That eye, which looks on all, was fix'd in one.
He saw the boy's confusion in his face,
Surpris'd at all the wonders of the place;
And cries aloud, 'What wants my son? for know
My son thou art, and I must call thee so.'
'Light of the world! (the trembling youth replies)
Illustrious parent! since you don't despise
The parent's name, some certain token give,
That I may Clymenè's proud boast believe,
Nor longer under false reproaches grieve.'
The tender sire was touch'd with what he said,
And flung the blaze of glories from his head;
And bid the youth advance: 'My son,' said he,
'Come to thy father's arms! for Clymenè
Has told thee true: a parent's name I own,
And deem thee worthy to be call'd my son.

As a sure proof, make some request, and I,
Whate'er it be, with that request comply;
By Styx I swear, whose waves are hid in night,
And roll impervious to my piercing sight.'
The youth transported asks, without delay,
To guide the sun's bright chariot for a day.
The god repented of the oath he took,
For anguish thrice his radiant head he shook:
'My son,' says he, 'some other proof require,
Rash was my promise, rash is thy desire.
I'd fain deny this wish which thou hast made,
Or, what I can't deny, would fain dissuade.
Too vast and hazardous the task appears,
Nor suited to thy strength, nor to thy years.
Thy lot is mortal, but thy wishes fly
Beyond the province of mortality:
There is not one of all the gods that dares
(However skill'd in other great affairs)
To mount the burning axle-tree but I;
Not Jove himself, the ruler of the sky,
That hurls the three-fork'd thunder from above,
Dares try his strength: yet who so strong as Jove?
The steeds climb up the first ascent with pain,
And when the middle firmament they gain,
If downward from the heavens my head I bow,
And see the earth and ocean hang below,
Ev'n I am seiz'd with horror and affright,
And my own heart misgives me at the sight.
A mighty downfal steeps the evening stage,
And steady reins must curb the horses' rage.
Tethys herself has fear'd to see me driv'n
Down headlong from the precipice of heav'n.
Besides, consider what impetuous force
Turns stars and planets in a different course.

I steer against their motions; nor am I
Borne back by all the current of the sky.
But how could *you* resist the orbs that roll
In adverse whirls, and stem the rapid pole?
But you, perhaps, may hope for pleasing woods,
And stately domes, and cities fill'd with gods;
While through a thousand snares your progress lies,
Where forms of starry monsters stock the skies:
For, should you hit the doubtful way aright,
The Bull with stooping horns stands opposite;
Next him the bright Hæmonian Bow is strung,
And next, the Lion's grinning visage hung:
The Scorpion's claws here clasp a wide extent;
And here the Crab's in lesser clasps are bent.
Nor would you find it easy to compose
The mettled steeds, when from their nostrils flows
The scorching fire that in their entrails glows.
Ev'n I their headstrong fury scarce restrain,
When they grow warm and restive to the rein.
Let not my son a fatal gift require;
But, oh! in time recal your rash desire.
You ask a gift that may your parent tell,
Let these my fears your parentage reveal,
And learn a father from a father's care:
Look on my face; or if my heart lay bare,
Could you but look you'd read the father there.
Choose out a gift from seas, or earth, or skies,
For open to your wish all nature lies;
Only decline this one unequal task,
For 'tis a mischief, not a gift, you ask.
You ask a real mischief, Phaëton!
Nay hang not thus about my neck, my son:
I grant your wish, and Styx has heard my voice;
Choose what you will, but make a wiser choice.'

Thus did the god the' unwary youth advise,
But he still longs to travel through the skies:
When the fond father, (for in vain he pleads)
At length to the Vulcanian chariot leads;
A golden axle did the work uphold,
Gold was the beam, the wheels were orb'd with gold.
The spokes in rows of silver pleas'd the sight,
The seat with party-colour'd gems was bright;
Apollo shin'd amid the glare of light.
The youth with secret joy the work surveys,
When now the moon disclos'd her purple rays:
The stars were fled; for Lucifer had chas'd
The stars away, and fled himself at last.
Soon as the father saw the rosy morn,
And the moon shining with a blunter horn,
He bid the nimble Hours, without delay,
Bring forth the steeds; the nimble Hours obey:
From their full racks the generous steeds retire,
Dropping ambrosial foams, and snorting fire.
Still anxious for his son, the god of day,
To make him proof against the burning ray,
His temples with celestial ointment wet,
Of sovereign virtue to repel the heat;
Then fix'd the beamy circle on his head,
And fetch'd a deep foreboding sigh, and said,
'Take this at least, this last advice, my son;
Keep a stiff rein, and move but gently on:
The coursers of themselves will run too fast,
Your art must be, to moderate their haste.
Drive 'em not on directly through the skies;
But where the zodiac's winding circle lies,
Along the midmost zone; but sally forth
Nor to the distant south, nor stormy north.

The horses' hoofs a beaten track will show,
But neither mount too high, nor sink too low,
That no new fires, or heaven, or earth infest;
Keep the midway, the middle way is best.
Nor where in radiant folds the serpent twines,
Direct your course, nor where the altar shines.
Shun both extremes; the rest let fortune guide,
And better for thee than thyself provide!
See, while I speak, the shades disperse away,
Aurora gives the promise of a day;
I'm call'd, nor can I make a longer stay.
Snatch up the reins; or still the' attempt forsake,
And not my chariot, but my counsel take,
While yet securely on the earth you stand;
Nor touch the horses with too rash a hand.
Let me alone to light the world, while you
Enjoy those beams which you may safely view.'
He spoke in vain; the youth with active heat
And sprightly vigour vaults into the seat;
And joys to hold the reins, and fondly gives
Those thanks his father with remorse receives.
Meanwhile the restless horses neigh'd aloud,
Breathing out fire, and pawing where they stood.
Tethys, not knowing what had past, gave way,
And all the waste of heaven before 'em lay.
They spring together out, and swiftly bear
The flying youth through clouds and yielding air;
With wingy speed outstrip the eastern wind,
And leave the breezes of the morn behind.
The youth was light, nor could he fill the seat,
Or poise the chariot with its wonted weight:
But as at sea the' unballass'd vessel rides,
Cast to and fro, the sport of winds and tides;

So in the bounding chariot toss'd on high,
The youth is hurried headlong through the sky.
Soon as the steeds perceive it, they forsake
Their stated course, and leave the beaten track.
The youth was in amaze, nor did he know
Which way to turn the reins, or where to go;
Nor would the horses, had he known, obey.
Then the seven stars first felt Apollo's ray,
And wish'd to dip in the forbidden sea.
The folded serpent next the frozen pole,
Stiff and benumb'd before, began to roll,
And rag'd with inward heat, and threaten'd war,
And shot a redder light from every star;
Nay, and 'tis said, Boötes too, that fain [wain.
Thou wouldst have fled, though cumber'd with thy
The' unhappy youth then, bending down his head,
Saw earth and ocean far beneath him spread:
His colour chang'd, he startled at the sight,
And his eyes darken'd by too great a light.
Now could he wish the fiery steeds untried,
His birth obscure, and his request deny'd;
Now would he Merops for his father own,
And quit his boasted kindred to the Sun.
So fares the pilot, when his ship is tost
In troubled seas, and all its steerage lost;
He gives her to the winds, and in despair
Seeks his last refuge in the gods and pray'r.
What could he do? his eyes if backward cast,
Find a long path he had already past;
If forward, still a longer path they find;
Both he compares, and measures in his mind;
And sometimes casts an eye upon the east,
And sometimes looks on the forbidden west.

The horses' names he knew not in the fright,
Nor would he loose the reins, nor could he hold 'em right.
Now all the horrors of the heavens he spies,
And monstrous shadows of prodigious size,
That, deck'd with stars, lie scatter'd o'er the skies.
There is a place above, where Scorpio bent
In tail and arms surrounds a vast extent;
In a wide circuit of the heavens he shines,
And fills the space of two celestial signs.
Soon as the youth beheld him, vex'd with heat,
Brandish his sting, and in his poison sweat,
Half-dead with sudden fear he drop'd the reins;
The horses felt 'em loose upon their manes,
And, flying out through all the plains above,
Ran uncontroll'd where'er their fury drove;
Rush'd on the stars, and through a pathless way
Of unknown regions hurried on the day:
And now above, and now below they flew,
And near the earth the burning chariot drew.
The clouds disperse in fumes; the wandering moon
Beholds her brother's steeds beneath her own;
The highlands smoke, cleft by the piercing rays,
Or clad with woods, in their own fuel blaze.
Next o'er the plains, where ripen'd harvests grow,
The running conflagration spreads below.
But these are trivial ills: whole cities burn,
And peopled kingdoms into ashes turn.
The mountains kindle as the car draws near,
Athos and Tmolus red with fires appear;
Œagrian Hæmus, (then a single name)
And virgin Helicon increase the flame;
Taurus and Œtè glare amid the sky,
And Ida, spite of all her fountains, dry:

Eryx, and Othrys, and Cithæron, glow,
And Rhodopè, no longer cloth'd in snow;
High Pindus, Mimas, and Parnassus sweat,
And Ætna rages with redoubled heat.
Ev'n Scythia, through her hoary regions warm'd,
In vain with all her native frost was arm'd.
Cover'd with flames the towering Apennine,
And Caucasus, and proud Olympus, shine;
And, where the long-extended Alps aspire,
Now stands a huge continued range of fire.
The' astonish'd youth, where'er his eyes could turn,
Beheld the universe around him burn:
The world was in a blaze; nor could he bear
The sultry vapours and the scorching air,
Which from below, as from a furnace, flow'd;
And now the axle-tree beneath him glow'd:
Lost in the whirling clouds that round him broke,
And white with ashes, hovering in the smoke,
He flew where'er the horses drove; nor knew
Whither the horses drove, or where he flew.
'Twas then, they say, the swarthy Moor begun
To change his hue, and blacken in the sun.
Then Libya first, of all her moisture drain'd,
Became a barren waste, a wild of sand.
The water-nymphs lament their empty urns,
Bœotia, robb'd of silver Dirce, mourns,
Corinth Pyrene's wasted spring bewails,
And Argos grieves whilst Amymonè fails.
The floods are drain'd from every distant coa
Ev'n Tanais, though fix'd in ice, was lost.
Enrag'd Caïcus and Lycormas roar,
And Xanthus, fated to be burn'd once more.

The fam'd Mæander, that unwearied strays
Through mazy windings, smokes in every maze.
From his lov'd Babylon Euphrates flies;
The big-swoln Ganges and the Danube rise
In thickening fumes, and darken half the skies.
In flames Ismenos and the Phasis roll'd,
And Tagus, floating in his melted gold.
The swans, that on Cäyster often tried
Their tuneful songs, now sung their last and died.
The frighted Nile ran off, and under ground
Conceal'd his head, nor can it yet be found:
His seven divided currents all are dry,
And where they row'd, seven gaping trenches lie:
No more the Rhine or Rhone their course maintain,
Nor Tiber, of his promis'd empire vain.

The ground, deep-cleft, admits the dazzling ray,
And startles Pluto with the flash of day.
The seas shrink in, and to the sight disclose
Wide naked plains, where once their billows rose;
Their rocks are all discover'd, and increase
The number of the scatter'd Cyclades.
The fish in shoals about the bottom creep,
Nor longer dares the crooked dolphin leap:
Gasping for breath, the' unshapen Phocæ die,
And on the boiling wave extended lie.
Nereus and Doris, with her virgin train,
Seek out the last recesses of the main;
Beneath unfathomable depths they faint,
And secret in their gloomy caverns pant.
Stern Neptune thrice above the waves upheld
His face, and thrice was by the flames repell'd.

The Earth at length, on every side embrac'd
With scalding seas that floated round her waist,

When now she felt the springs and rivers come,
And crowd within the hollow of her womb,
Up-lifted to the heavens her blasted head,
And clap'd her hand upon her brows, and said;
(But first, impatient of the sultry heat,
Sunk deeper down, and sought a cooler seat:)
'If you, great king of gods, my death approve,
And I deserve it, let me die by Jove;
If I must perish by the force of fire,
Let me transfix'd with thunderbolts expire.
See, whilst I speak, my breath the vapours choke;'
(For now her face lay wrapt in clouds of smoke.)
'See my sing'd hair, behold my faded eye,
And wither'd face, where heaps of cinders lie!
And does the plough for this my body tear?
This the reward for all the fruits I bear,
Tortur'd with rakes, and harass'd all the year?
That herbs for cattle daily I renew,
And food for man, and frankincense for you?
But grant me guilty; what has Neptune done?
Why are his waters boiling in the sun?
The wavy empire, which by lot was giv'n,
Why does it waste, and further shrink from heav'n?
If I, nor he, your pity can provoke,
See your own heavens; the heavens begin to smoke!
Should once the sparkles catch those bright abodes,
Destruction seizes on the heavens and gods;
Atlas becomes unequal to his freight,
And almost faints beneath the glowing weight.
If heaven, and earth, and sea, together burn,
All must again into their chaos turn.
Apply some speedy cure, prevent our fate,
And succour nature, ere it be too late.'

She ceas'd; for, chok'd with vapours round her spread,
Down to the deepest shades she sunk her head.
Jove call'd to witness every power above,
And ev'n the god whose son the chariot drove,
That what he acts he is compell'd to do,
Or universal ruin must ensue.
Straight he ascends the high ethereal throne,
From whence he us'd to dart his thunder down,
From whence his showers and storms he us'd to pour,
But now could meet with neither storm nor show'r;
Then, aiming at the youth, with lifted hand,
Full at his head he hurl'd the forky brand,
In dreadful thunderings. Thus, the' almighty sire
Suppress'd the raging of the fires with fire.
At once from life and from the chariot driv'n,
The' ambitious boy fell thunderstruck from heav'n.
The horses started with a sudden bound,
And flung the reins and chariot to the ground:
The studded harness from their necks they broke,
Here fell a wheel, and here a silver spoke;
Here were the beam and axle torn away; [lay.
And scatter'd o'er the earth the shining fragments
The breathless Phaëton, with flaming hair,
Shot from the chariot like a falling star,
That in a summer's evening from the top
Of heaven drops down, or seems at least to drop;
Till on the Po his blasted corpse was hurl'd,
Far from his country, in the western world.

PHAETON'S SISTERS TRANSFORMED INTO TREES.

The Latian nymphs came round him, and, amaz'd,
On the dead youth transfix'd with thunder gaz'd,

And, whilst yet smoking from the bolt he lay,
His shatter'd body to a tomb convey,
And o'er the tomb an epitaph devise:
'Here he, who drove the sun's bright chariot, lies;
His father's fiery steeds he could not guide,
But in the glorious enterprise he died.'
Apollo hid his face and pin'd for grief;
And, if the story may deserve belief,
The space of one whole day is said to run,
From morn to wonted even, without a sun:
The burning ruins, with a fainter ray,
Supply the sun, and counterfeit a day;
A day that still did nature's face disclose:
This comfort from the mighty mischief rose.
But Clymenè, enrag'd with grief, laments,
And as her grief inspires, her passion vents:
Wild for her son, and frantic in her woes,
With hair dishevel'd round the world she goes,
To seek where'er his body might be cast;
Till, on the borders of the Po at last
The name inscrib'd on the new tomb appears:
The dear dear name she bathes in flowing tears;
Hangs o'er the tomb, unable to depart,
And hugs the marble to her throbbing heart.
Her daughters too lament, and sigh, and mourn,
(A fruitless tribute to their brother's urn)
And beat their naked bosoms, and complain,
And call aloud for Phaëton in vain:
All the long night their mournful watch they keep,
And all the day stand round the tomb and weep.
Four times revolving, the full moon return'd;
So long the mother and the daughters mourn'd:
When now the eldest, Phaëthusa, strove
To rest her weary limbs, but could not move;

Lampetia would have help'd her, but she found
Herself withheld, and rooted to the ground;
A third in wild affliction, as she grieves,
Would rend her hair, but fills her hands with leaves;
One sees her thighs transform'd, another views
Her arms shot out, and branching into boughs.
And now their legs, and breasts, and bodies, stood
Crusted with bark, and hardening into wood;
But still above were female heads display'd,
And mouths, that call'd the mother to their aid.
What could, alas! the weeping mother do?
From this to that with eager haste she flew,
And kiss'd her sprouting daughters as they grew.
She tears the bark that to each body cleaves,
And from their verdant fingers strips the leaves:
The blood came trickling, where she tore away
The leaves and bark: the maids were heard to say,
'Forbear, mistaken parent, oh! forbear;
A wounded daughter in each tree you tear;
Farewell for ever.' Here the bark increas'd,
Clos'd on their faces, and their words suppress'd.
The new-made trees in tears of amber run,
Which, harden'd into value by the sun,
Distil for ever on the streams below:
The limpid streams their radiant treasure show,
Mix'd in the sand; whence the rich drops convey'd,
Shine in the dress of the bright Latian maid.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF CYCNUS INTO A SWAN.

Cycnus beheld the nymphs transform'd, allied
To their dead brother, on the mortal side,
In friendship and affection nearer bound:
He left the cities and the realms he own'd,

Through pathless fields and lonely shores to range,
And woods made thicker by the sisters' change.
Whilst here, within the dismal gloom, alone,
The melancholy monarch made his moan;
His voice was lessen'd as he tried to speak,
And issued through a long-extended neck;
His hair transforms to down, his fingers meet
In skinny films, and shape his oary feet;
From both his sides the wings and feathers break,
And from his mouth proceeds a blunted beak;
All Cycnus now into a swan was turn'd,
Who, still remembring how his kinsman burn'd,
To solitary pools and lakes retires,
And loves the waters as oppos'd to fires.

Meanwhile, Apollo in a gloomy shade
(The native lustre of his brows decay'd)
Indulging sorrow, sickens at the sight
Of his own sunshine, and abhors the light;
The hidden griefs, that in his bosom rise,
Sadden his looks, and overcast his eyes:
As when some dusky orb obstructs his ray,
And sullies in a dim eclipse the day.

Now secretly with inward griefs he pin'd,
Now warm resentments to his griefs he join'd,
And now renounc'd his office to mankind.
'E'er since the birth of time,' said he, 'I've borne
A long ungrateful toil, without return:
Let now some other manage, if he dare,
The fiery steeds, and mount the burning car;
Or, if none else, let Jove his fortune try,
And learn to lay his murdering thunder by;
Then will he own, perhaps, but own too late,
My son deserv'd not so severe a fate.'

The gods stand round him, as he mourns, and pray
He would resume the conduct of the day,
Nor let the world be lost in endless night:
Jove too himself, descending from his height,
Excuses what had happen'd, and entreats;
Majestically mixing prayers and threats.
Prevail'd upon at length, again he took
The harness'd steeds, that still with horror shook,
And plies 'em with the lash, and whips 'em on,
And, as he whips, upbraids 'em with his son.

THE STORY OF CALISTO.

The day was settled in its course, and Jove
Walk'd the wide circuit of the heavens above,
To search if any cracks or flaws were made;
But all was safe. The earth he then survey'd,
And cast an eye on every different coast,
And every land; but on Arcadia most.
Her fields he cloth'd, and cheer'd her blasted face
With running fountains, and with springing grass.
No tracks of heaven's destructive fire remain,
The fields and woods revive, and nature smiles again.
But as the god walk'd to and fro the earth,
And rais'd the plants, and gave the spring its birth,
By chance a fair Arcadian nymph he view'd,
And felt the lovely charmer in his blood.
The nymph nor spun, nor dress'd with artful pride;
Her vest was gather'd up, her hair was tied;
Now in her hand a slender spear she bore,
Now a light quiver on her shoulders wore;
To chaste Diana from her youth inclin'd,
The sprightly warriors of the wood she join'd.
Diana too the gentle huntress lov'd,
Nor was there one of all the nymphs that rov'd

O'er Mænalus amid the maiden throng,
More favour'd once, but favour lasts not long.
The sun now shone in all its strength, and drove
The heated virgin panting to the grove;
The grove around a grateful shadow cast;
She drop'd her arrows, and her bow unbrac'd;
She flung herself on the cool grassy bed,
And on the painted quiver rais'd her head.
Jove saw the charming huntress unprepar'd,
Stretch'd on the verdant turf, without a guard.
'Here I am safe,' he cries, 'from Juno's eye;
Or should my jealous queen the theft descry,
Yet would I venture on a theft like this;
And stand her rage for such, for such a bliss!'
Diana's shape and habit straight he took,
Soften'd his brows, and smooth'd his awful look,
And mildly in a female accent spoke:
'How fares my girl? How went the morning chase?'
To whom the virgin, starting from the grass,
'All hail, bright deity, whom I prefer
To Jove himself, though Jove himself were here.'
The god was nearer than she thought, and heard,
Well pleas'd, himself before himself prefer'd.
He then salutes her with a warm embrace;
And, ere she half had told the morning chase,
With love inflam'd, and eager on his bliss,
Smother'd her words, and stop'd her with a kiss.
His kisses with unwonted ardour glow'd,
Nor could Diana's shape conceal the god.
The virgin did whate'er a virgin cou'd;
(Sure Juno must have pardon'd, had she view'd)
With all her might against his force she strove;
But how can mortal maids contend with Jove?

Possess'd at length of what his heart desir'd,
Back to his heavens the' exulting god retir'd.
The lovely huntress, rising from the grass,
With downcast eyes, and with a blushing face,
By shame confounded, and by fear dismay'd,
Flew from the covert of the guilty shade;
And almost, in the tumult of her mind,
Left her forgotten bow and shafts behind.
But now Diana, with a sprightly train
Of quiver'd virgins, bounding o'er the plain,
Call'd to the nymph; the nymph began to fear
A second fraud, a Jove disguis'd in her;
But, when she saw the sister-nymphs, suppress'd
Her rising fears, and mingled with the rest.
How in the look does conscious guilt appear!
Slowly she mov'd, and loiter'd in the rear;
Nor lightly trip'd, nor by the goddess ran,
As once she us'd, the foremost of the train.
Her looks were flush'd, and sullen was her mien,
That sure the virgin-goddess (had she been
Aught but a virgin) must the guilt have seen.
'Tis said the nymphs saw all, and guess'd aright:
And now the moon had nine times lost her light,
When Dian, fainting in the mid-day beams,
Found a cool covert, and refreshing streams,
That in soft murmurs through the forest flow'd,
And a smooth bed of shining gravel show'd.
A covert so obscure, and streams so clear,
The goddess prais'd: 'And now no spies are near,
Let's strip, my gentle maids, and wash;' she cries.
Pleas'd with the motion, every maid complies;
Only the blushing huntress stood confus'd,
And form'd delays, and her delays excus'd;

In vain excus'd: her fellows round her press'd,
And the reluctant nymph by force undress'd.
The naked huntress all her shame reveal'd,
In vain her hands the pregnant womb conceal'd;
'Begone!' the goddess cries with stern disdain,
'Begone! nor dare the hallow'd stream to stain:'
She fled, for ever banish'd from the train.

This Juno heard, who long had watch'd her time
To punish the detested rival's crime;
The time was come; for, to enrage her more,
A lovely boy the teeming rival bore.

The goddess cast a furious look, and cried,
'It is enough! I'm fully satisfied!
This boy shall stand a living mark, to prove
My husband's baseness, and the strumpet's love;
But vengeance shall awake: those guilty charms
That drew the Thunderer from Juno's arms,
No longer shall their wonted force retain,
Nor please the god, nor make the mortal vain.'

This said; her hand within her hair she wound,
Swung her to earth, and drag'd her on the ground:
The prostrate wretch lifts up her arms in pray'r;
Her arms grow shaggy, and deform'd with hair,
Her nails are sharpen'd into pointed claws,
Her hands bear half her weight, and turn to paws;
Her lips, that once could tempt a god, begin
To grow distorted in an ugly grin:
And, lest the supplicating brute might reach
The ears of Jove, she was depriv'd of speech:
Her surly voice through a hoarse passage came
In savage sounds; her mind was still the same.
The furry monster fix'd her eyes above,
And heav'd her new unwieldy paws to Jove,

And beg'd his aid with inward groans; and though
She could not call him false, she thought him so.
How did she fear to lodge in woods alone,
And haunt the fields and meadows, once her own!
How often would the deep-mouth'd dogs pursue,
Whilst from her hounds the frighted huntress flew!
How did she fear her fellow-brutes, and shun
The shaggy bear, though now herself was one!
How from the sight of rugged wolves retire,
Although the grim Lycaon was her sire!
But now her son had fifteen summers told,
Fierce at the chase, and in the forest bold;
When, as he beat the woods in quest of prey,
He chanc'd to rouse his mother where she lay.
She knew her son, and kept him in her sight,
And fondly gaz'd: the boy was in a fright,
And aim'd a pointed arrow at her breast,
And would have slain his mother in the beast;
But Jove forbad, and snatch'd 'em through the air
In whirlwinds up to heaven, and fix'd 'em there;
Where the new constellations nightly rise,
And add a lustre to the northern skies.
When Juno saw the rival in her height,
Spangled with stars, and circled round with light,
She sought old Ocean in his deep abodes,
And Tethys, both rever'd among the gods. [she,
They ask what brings her there: 'Ne'er ask,' says
'What brings me here, heaven is no place for me.
You'll see, when night has cover'd all things o'er,
Jove's starry bastard, and triumphant whore,
Usurp the heavens; you'll see 'em proudly roll
In their new orbs, and brighten all the pole.
And who shall now on Juno's altars wait,
When those she hates grow greater by her hate?

I on the nymph a brutal form impress'd,
Jove to a goddess has transform'd the beast;
This, this was all my weak revenge could do:
But let the god his chaste amours pursue,
And, as he acted after Iö's rape,
Restore the' adultress to her former shape;
Then may he cast his Juno off, and lead
The great Lycaon's offspring to his bed.
But you, ye venerable powers, be kind;
And, if my wrongs a due resentment find,
Receive not in your waves their setting beams,
Nor let the glaring strumpet taint your streams.'
The goddess ended, and her wish was giv'n;
Back she return'd in triumph up to heav'n;
Her gaudy peacocks drew her through the skies:
Their tails were spotted with a thousand eyes;
The eyes of Argus on their tails were rang'd;
At the same time the raven's colour chang'd.

THE STORY OF CORONIS, AND BIRTH OF ÆSCULAPIUS.

The raven once in snowy plumes was dress'd,
White as the whitest dove's unsullied breast,
Fair as the guardian of the capitol,
Soft as the swan; a large and lovely fowl;
His tongue, his prating tongue, had chang'd him quite
To sooty blackness, from the purest white.
The story of his change shall here be told.
In Thessaly there liv'd a nymph of old,
Coronis nam'd; a peerless maid she shin'd,
Confess'd the fairest of the fairer kind.
Apollo lov'd her, till her guilt he knew,
While true she was, or whilst he thought her true.

But his own bird the raven chanc'd to find
The false one with a secret rival join'd.
Coronis beg'd him to suppress the tale,
But could not with repeated prayers prevail.
His milk-white pinions to the god he plied;
The busy daw flew with him, side by side,
And by a thousand teasing questions drew
The' important secret from him as they flew.
The daw gave honest counsel, though despis'd,
And, tedious in her tattle, thus advis'd:
'Stay, silly bird, the' ill-natur'd task refuse,
Nor be the bearer of unwelcome news.
Be warn'd by my example: you discern
What now I am, and what I was shall learn.
My foolish honesty was all my crime;
Then hear my story.—Once upon a time,
The two-shap'd Ericthonius had his birth
(Without a mother) from the teeming earth;
Minerva nurs'd him, and the infant laid
Within a chest, of twining osiers made.
The daughters of king Cecrops undertook
To guard the chest, commanded not to loo
On what was hid within: I stood to see
The charge obey'd, perch'd on a neighbouring tree.
The sisters Pandrosos and Hersè keep
The strict command; Aglauros needs would peep,
And saw the monstrous infant in a fright;
And call'd her sisters to the hideous sight:
A boy's soft shape did to the waist prevail,
But the boy ended in a dragon's tail.
I told the stern Minerva all that pass'd;
But for my pains, discarded and disgrac'd,
The frowning goddess drove me from her sight,
And for her favourite chose the bird of night.

Be then no tell-tale; for I think my wrong
Enough to teach a bird to hold her tongue.
'But you, perhaps, may think I was remov'd,
As never by the heavenly maid belov'd;
But I was lov'd; ask Pallas if I lie;
Though Pallas hate me now, she won't deny:
For I, whom in a feather'd shape you view,
Was once a maid, (by heaven! the story's true)
A blooming maid, and a king's daughter too.
A crowd of lovers own'd my beauty's charms;
My beauty was the cause of all my harms;
Neptune, as on the shores I wont to rove,
Observ'd me in my walks, and fell in love.
He made his courtship, he confess'd his pain,
And offer'd force, when all his arts were vain.
Swift he pursu'd: I ran along the strand,
Till, spent and wearied on the sinking sand,
I shriek'd aloud; with cries I fill'd the air
To gods and men; nor god nor man was there;
A virgin-goddess heard a virgin's pray'r:
For, as my arms I lifted to the skies,
I saw black feathers from my fingers rise;
I strove to fling my garment on the ground;
My garment turn'd to plumes, and girt me round:
My hands to beat my naked bosom try;
Nor naked bosom now nor hands had I:
Lightly I trip'd, nor weary as before
Sunk in the sand, but skim'd along the shore;
Till, rising on my wings, I was prefer'd
To be the chaste Minerva's virgin-bird:
Prefer'd in vain! I now am in disgrace:
Nyctimenè, the owl, enjoys my place.
'On her incestuous life I need not dwell,
(In Lesbos still the horrid tale they tell)

And of her dire amours you must have heard,
For which she now does penance in a bird,
That, conscious of her shame, avoids the light,
And loves the gloomy covering of the night;
The birds, where'er she flutters, scare away
The hooting wretch, and drive her from the day.'
  The raven, urg'd by such impertinence,
Grew passionate, it seems, and took offence,
And curs'd the harmless daw; the daw withdrew;
The raven to her injur'd patron flew,
And found him out, and told the fatal truth
Of false Coronis and the favour'd youth.
  The god was wroth; the colour left his look,
The wreath his head, the harp his hand forsook;
His silver bow and feather'd shafts he took,
And lodg'd an arrow in the tender breast,
That had so often to his own been press'd.
Down fell the wounded nymph, and sadly groan'd,
And pull'd his arrow reeking from the wound;
And, weltering in her blood, thus faintly cried,
'Ah, cruel god! though I have justly died,
What has, alas! my unborn infant done,
That he should fall, and two expire in one?'
This said, in agonies she fetch'd her breath.
The god dissolves in pity at her death;
He hates the bird that made her falsehood known,
And hates himself for what himself had done;
The feather'd shaft, that sent her to the fates,
And his own hand that sent the shaft, he hates.
Fain would he heal the wound, and ease her pain,
And tries the compass of his art in vain.
Soon as he saw the lovely nymph expire,
The pile made ready, and the kindling fire,

With sighs and groans her obsequies he kept,
And, if a god could weep, the god had wept.
Her corps he kiss'd, and heavenly incense brought,
And solemniz'd the death himself had wrought.
But lest his offspring should her fate partake,
Spite of the' immortal mixture in his make,
He rip'd her womb, and set the child at large,
And gave him to the centaur Chiron's charge;
Then, in his fury, black'd the raven o'er,
And bad him prate in his white plumes no more.

OCYROE TRANSFORMED TO A MARE.

Old Chiron took the babe with secret joy,
Proud of the charge of the celestial boy:
His daughter too, whom on the sandy shore
The nymph Chariclo to the Centaur bore,
With hair dishevel'd on her shoulders, came
To see the child; Ocyroe was her name;
She knew her father's arts, and could rehearse
The depths of prophecy in sounding verse.
Once as the sacred infant she survey'd,
The god was kindled in the raving maid,
And thus she utter'd her prophetic tale:
'Hail, great physician of the world, all hail!
Hail, mighty infant! who in years to come
Shalt heal the nations, and defraud the tomb;
Swift be thy growth! thy triumphs unconfin'd!
Make kingdoms thicker, and increase mankind.
Thy daring art shall animate the dead,
And draw the thunder on thy guilty head:
Then shalt thou die, but from the dark abode
Rise up victorious, and be twice a god.
And thou, my sire, not destin'd by thy birth
To turn to dust, and mix with common earth

How wilt thou toss, and rave, and long to die;
And quit thy claim to immortality;
When thou shalt feel enrag'd with inward pains,
The Hydra's venom rankling in thy veins!
The gods, in pity, shall contract thy date,
And give thee over to the power of fate.'
  Thus entering into destiny, the maid
The secrets of offended Jove betray'd:
More had she still to say; but now appears
Oppress'd with sobs and sighs, and drown'd in tears.
'My voice,' says she, 'is gone, my language fails;
Through every limb my kindred shape prevails:
Why did the god this fatal gift impart,
And with prophetic raptures swell my heart?
What new desires are these? I long to pace
O'er flowery meadows, and to feed on grass;
I hasten to a brute, a maid no more;
But why, alas! am I transform'd all o'er?
My sire does half a human shape retain,
And in his upper parts preserve the man.'
  Her tongue no more distinct complaints affords,
But in shrill accents and mis-shapen words
Pours forth such hideous wailings, as declare
The human form confounded in the mare;
Till by degrees accomplish'd in the beast,
She neigh'd outright, and all the steed express'd.
Her stooping body on her hands is borne;
Her hands are turn'd to hoofs, and shod in horn;
Her yellow tresses ruffle in a mane,
And in a flowing tail she frisks her train.
The mare was finish'd in her voice and look,
And a new name from the new figure took.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF BATTUS TO A TOUCH-STONE.

Sore wept the Centaur, and to Phœbus pray'd;
But how could Phœbus give the Centaur aid?
Degraded of his power by angry Jove,
In Elis then a herd of beeves he drove;
And wielded in his hand a staff of oak,
And o'er his shoulders threw the shepherd's cloke;
On seven compacted reeds he us'd to play,
And on his rural pipe to waste the day.
As once attentive to his pipe he play'd,
The crafty Hermes from the god convey'd
A drove, that separate from their fellows stray'd.
The theft an old insidious peasant view'd,
(They call'd him Battus in the neighbourhood)
Hir'd by a wealthy Pylian prince to feed
His favourite mares, and watch the generous breed.
The thievish god suspected him, and took
The hind aside, and thus in whispers spoke:
'Discover not the theft, whoe'er thou be,
And take that milk-white heifer for thy fee.'
'Go, stranger,' cries the clown, 'securely on,
That stone shall sooner tell;' and show'd a stone.
The god withdrew, but straight return'd again,
In speech and habit like a country swain;
And cries out, 'Neighbour, hast thou seen a stray
Of bullocks and of heifers pass this way?
In the recovery of my cattle join;
A bullock and a heifer shall be thine.'
The peasant quick replies, 'You'll find 'em there
In yon dark vale;' and in the vale they were.

The double bribe had his false heart beguil'd:
The god, successful in the trial, smil'd;
'And dost thou thus betray myself to me?
Me to myself dost thou betray?' says he:
Then to a touchstone turns the faithless spy;
And in his name records his infamy.

THE STORY OF AGLAUROS TRANSFORMED INTO A STATUE.

This done, the god flew up on high, and pass'd
O'er lofty Athens, by Minerva grac'd,
And wide Munichia; whilst his eyes survey
All the vast region that beneath him lay.
'Twas now the feast, when each Athenian maid
Her yearly homage to Minerva paid;
In canisters, with garlands cover'd o'er,
High on their heads, their mystic gifts they bore:
And now, returning in a solemn train,
The troop of shining virgins fill'd the plain!
The god well pleas'd beheld the pompous show,
And saw the bright procession pass below;
Then veer'd about, and took a wheeling flight,
And hover'd o'er them. As the spreading kite,
That smells the slaughter'd victim from on high,
Flies at a distance, if the priests are nigh,
And sails around, and keeps it in her eye;
So kept the god the virgin quire in view,
And in slow winding circles round them flew.
As Lucifer excels the meanest star,
Or, as the full-orb'd Phœbe, Lucifer;
So much did Hersè all the rest outvie,
And gave a grace to the solemnity.

Hermes was fir'd, as in the clouds he hung:
So the cold bullet, that with fury flung
From Balearic engines mounts on high,
Glows in the whirl, and burns along the sky.
At length he pitch'd upon the ground, and show'd
The form divine, the features of a god.
He knew their virtue o'er a female heart,
And yet he strives to better them by art.
He hangs his mantle loose, and sets to show
The golden edging on the seam below;
Adjusts his flowing curls, and in his hand
Waves, with an air, the sleep-procuring wand;
The glittering sandals to his feet applies,
And to each heel the well-trimm'd pinion ties.
His ornaments with nicest art display'd,
He seeks the' apartment of the royal maid.
The roof was all with polish'd ivory lin'd,
That, richly mix'd, in clouds of tortoise shin'd.
Three rooms, contiguous, in a range were plac'd,
The midmost by the beauteous Hersè grac'd;
Her virgin sisters lodg'd on either side.
Aglauros first the' approaching god descry'd,
And, as he cross'd her chamber, ask'd his name,
And what his business was, and whence he came?
'I come,' replied the god, 'from heaven, to woo
Your sister, and to make an aunt of you;
I am the son and messenger of Jove;
My name is Mercury, my business love;
Do you, kind damsel, take a lover's part,
And gain admittance to your sister's heart.
She star'd him in the face with looks amaz'd,
As when she on Minerva's secret gaz'd,
And asks a mighty treasure for her hire;
And till he brings it makes the god retire.

Minerva griev'd to see the nymph succeed;
And now remembering the late impious deed,
When, disobedient to her strict command,
She touch'd the chest with an unhallow'd hand;
In big-swoln sighs her inward rage express'd,
That heav'd the rising ægis on her breast;
Then sought out Envy in her dark abode,
Defil'd with ropy gore and clots of blood:
Shut from the winds and from the wholesome skies,
In a deep vale the gloomy dungeon lies,
Dismal and cold, where not a beam of light
Invades the winter or disturbs the night.
Directly to the cave her course she steer'd,
Against the gates her martial lance she rear'd,
The gates flew open, and the fiend appear'd.
A poisonous morsel in her teeth she chew'd,
And gorg'd the flesh of vipers for her food.
Minerva, loathing, turn'd away her eye;
The hideous monster, rising heavily,
Came stalking forward with a sullen pace,
And left her mangled offals on the place.
Soon as she saw the goddess gay and bright,
She fetch'd a groan at such a cheerful sight.
Livid and meagre were her looks, her eye
In foul distorted glances turn'd awry;
A hoard of gall her inward parts possess'd,
And spread a greenness o'er her canker'd breast;
Her teeth were brown with rust, and from her tongue,
In dangling drops, the stringy poison hung.
She never smiles but when the wretched weep,
Nor lulls her malice with a moment's sleep,
Restless in spite, while watchful to destroy,
She pines and sickens at another's joy;

Foe to herself, distressing and distress'd,
She bears her own tormentor in her breast.
The goddess gave (for she abhor'd her sight)
A short command: 'To Athens speed thy flight,
On curs'd Aglauros try thy utmost art,
And fix thy rankest venoms in her heart.'
This said, her spear she push'd against the ground,
And mounting from it with an active bound
Flew off to heaven. The hag with eyes askew
Look'd up, and mutter'd curses as she flew;
For sore she fretted, and began to grieve
At the success which she herself must give.
Then takes her staff hung round with wreaths of thorn,
And sails along, in a black whirlwind borne,
O'er fields and flowery meadows: where she steers
Her baneful course a mighty blast appears,
Mildews and blights; the meadows are defac'd,
The fields, the flowers, and the whole year laid waste.
On mortals next and peopled towns she falls,
And breathes a burning plague among their walls.
When Athens she beheld, for arts renown'd,
With peace made happy, and with plenty crown'd;
Scarce could the hideous fiend from tears forbear,
To find out nothing that deserv'd a tear.
The' apartment now she enter'd, where at rest
Aglauros lay, with gentle sleep oppress'd;
To execute Minerva's dire command,
She strok'd the virgin with her canker'd hand,
Then prickly thorns into her breast convey'd,
That stung to madness the devoted maid;
Her subtle venom still improves the smart,
Frets in the blood, and festers in the heart.

To make the work more sure, a scene she drew,
And plac'd before the dreaming virgin's view
Her sister's marriage, and her glorious fate;
The' imaginary bride appears in state;
The bridegroom with unwonted beauty glows,
For Envy magnifies whate'er she shows.
Full of the dream, Aglauros pin'd away
In tears all night, in darkness all the day;
Consum'd like ice, that just begins to run
When feebly smitten by the distant sun;
Or like unwholesome weeds, that set on fire
Are slowly wasted, and in smoke expire:
Giv'n up to envy (for in every thought
The thorns, the venom, and the vision wrought)
Oft did she call on death, as oft decreed,
Rather than see her sister's wish succeed,
To tell her awful father what had pass'd;
At length before the door herself she cast;
And, sitting on the ground with sullen pride,
A passage to the lovesick god denied.
The god caress'd, and for admission pray'd,
And sooth'd in softest words the' envenom'd maid.
In vain he sooth'd: 'Begone!' the maid replies,
'Or here I keep my seat and never rise.'
'Then keep thy seat for ever,' cries the god,
And touch'd the door wide opening to his rod.
Fain would she rise and stop him, but she found
Her trunk too heavy to forsake the ground;
Her joints are all benumb'd, her hands are pale,
And marble now appears in every nail.
As when a cancer in the body feeds,
And gradual death from limb to limb proceeds,
So does the chilness to each vital part
Spread by degrees, and creeps into her heart;

Till hardening every where, and speechless grown,
She sits unmov'd, and freezes to a stone.
But still her envious hue and sullen mien
Are in the sedentary figure seen.

EUROPA'S RAPE.

When now the god his fury had allay'd,
And taken vengeance of the stubborn maid;
From where the bright Athenian turrets rise
He mounts aloft, and re-ascends the skies.
Jove saw him enter the sublime abodes,
And as he mix'd among the crowd of gods,
Beckon'd him out, and drew him from the rest,
And in soft whispers thus his will express'd:
'My trusty Hermes, by whose ready aid
Thy sire's commands are through the world convey'd,
Resume thy wings, exert their utmost force,
And to the walls of Sidon speed thy course;
There find a herd of heifers wandering o'er
The neighbouring hill, and drive 'em to the shore.'
Thus spoke the god, concealing his intent.
The trusty Hermes on his message went,
And found the herd of heifers wandering o'er
A neighbouring hill, and drove 'em to the shore;
Where the king's daughter, with a lovely train
Of fellow-nymphs, was sporting on the plain.
The dignity of empire laid aside,
(For love but ill agrees with kingly pride)
The ruler of the skies, the thundering god,
Who shakes the world's foundations with a nod,
Among a herd of lowing heifers ran,
Frisk'd in a bull, and bellow'd o'er the plain.
Large rolls of fat about his shoulders clung,
And from his neck the double dewlap hung;

His skin was whiter than the snow that lies
Unsullied by the breath of southern skies,
Small shining horns on his curl'd forehead stand,
As turn'd and polish'd by the workman's hand;
His eye-balls roll'd, not formidably bright,
But gaz'd and languish'd with a gentle light;
His every look was peaceful, and express'd
The softness of the lover in the beast.
Agenor's royal daughter, as she play'd
Among the fields, the milk-white bull survey'd,
And view'd his spotless body with delight,
And at a distance kept him in her sight.
At length she pluck'd the rising flowers, and fed
The gentle beast, and fondly strok'd his head.
He stood well pleas'd to touch the charming fair,
But hardly could confine his pleasure there.
And now he wantons o'er the neighbouring strand,
Now rolls his body on the yellow sand,
And now, perceiving all her fears decay'd,
Comes tossing forward to the royal maid;
Gives her his breast to stroke, and downward turns
His grizly brow, and gently stoops his horns.
In flowery wreaths the royal virgin dress'd
His bending horns, and kindly clapp'd his breast:
Till now grown wanton and devoid of fear,
Not knowing that she press'd the Thunderer,
She plac'd herself upon his back, and rode
O'er fields and meadows seated on the god.
He gently march'd along, and by degrees
Left the dry meadow and approach'd the seas,
Where now he dips his hoofs and wets his thighs,
Now plunges in and carries off the prize.
The frighted nymph looks backward on the shore,
And hears the tumbling billows round her roar,

But still she holds him fast; one hand is borne
Upon his back, the other grasps a horn;
Her train of ruffling garments flies behind,
Swells in the air, and hovers in the wind.
Through storms and tempests he the virgin bore,
And lands her safe on the Dictæan shore,
Where now, in his divinest form array'd,
In his true shape he captivates the maid,
Who gazes on him, and with wondering eyes
Beholds the new majestic figure rise,
His glowing features and celestial light,
And all the god discover'd to her sight.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK III.

TRANSLATED BY ADDISON.

THE STORY OF CADMUS.

When now Agenor had his daughter lost,
He sent his son to search on every coast,
And sternly bid him to his arms restore
The darling maid, or see his face no more,
But live an exile in a foreign clime;
Thus was the father pious to a crime.
The restless youth search'd all the world around,
But how can Jove in his amours be found?
When, tir'd at length with unsuccessful toil,
To shun his angry sire and native soil,
He goes a suppliant to the Delphic dome,
There asks the god what new appointed home
Should end his wanderings, and his toils relieve.
The Delphic oracles this answer give:
'Behold among the fields a lonely cow,
Unworn with yokes, unbroken to the plow;
Mark well the place where first she lays her down,
There measure out thy walls and build thy town;
And from the guide Bœotia call the land,
In which the destin'd walls and town shall stand.'

No sooner had he left the dark abode,
Big with the promise of the Delphic god,
When in the fields the fatal cow he view'd,
Nor gall'd with yokes, nor worn with servitude;
Her gently at a distance he pursued,
And as he walk'd aloof, in silence pray'd
To the great power whose counsels he obey'd.
Her way through flowery Panopè she took,
And now, Cephisus, cross'd thy silver brook;
When to the heavens her spacious front she rais'd,
And bellow'd thrice, then backward turning, gaz'd
On those behind, till on the destin'd place
She stoop'd, and couch'd amid the rising grass.
Cadmus salutes the soil, and gladly hails
The new-found mountains, and the nameless vales,
And thanks the gods, and turns about his eye
To see his new dominions round him lie;
Then sends his servants to a neighbouring grove
For living streams, a sacrifice to Jove.
O'er the wide plain there rose a shady wood
Of aged trees; in its dark bosom stood
A bushy thicket, pathless and unworn,
O'errun with brambles, and perplex'd with thorn:
Amidst the brake a hollow den was found,
With rocks and shelving arches vaulted round.
Deep in the dreary den, conceal'd from day,
Sacred to Mars, a mighty dragon lay,
Bloated with poison to a monstrous size;
Fire broke in flashes when he glanc'd his eyes:
His towering crest was glorious to behold,
His shoulders and his sides were scal'd with gold;
Three tongues he brandish'd when he charg'd his foes;
His teeth stood jaggy in three dreadful rows.
The Tyrians in the den for water sought,
And with their urns explor'd the hollow vault:

From side to side their empty urns rebound,
And rouse the sleeping serpent with the sound.
Straight he bestirs him, and is seen to rise;
And now with dreadful hissings fills the skies,
And darts his forky tongues, and rolls his glaring eyes.
The Tyrians drop their vessels in the fright,
All pale and trembling at the hideous sight.
Spire above spire uprear'd in air he stood,
And gazing round him overlook'd the wood:
Then floating on the ground, in circles roll'd;
Then leap'd upon them in a mighty fold.
Of such a bulk, and such a monstrous size
The serpent in the polar circle lies,
That stretches over half the northern skies.
In vain the Tyrians on their arms rely,
In vain attempt to fight, in vain to fly;
All their endeavours and their hopes are vain;
Some die entangled in the winding train;
Some are devour'd, or feel a loathsome death,
Swoln up with blasts of pestilential breath.
And now the scorching sun was mounted high,
In all its lustre, to the noonday sky;
When, anxious for his friends, and fill'd with cares,
To search the woods the' impatient chief prepares.
A lion's hide around his loins he wore,
The well-pois'd javelin to the field he bore,
Inur'd to blood; the far-destroying dart;
And, the best weapon, an undaunted heart.
Soon as the youth approach'd the fatal place,
He saw his servants breathless on the grass;
The scaly foe amidst their corps he view'd,
Basking at ease, and feasting in their blood:
'Such friends,' he cries, 'deserv'd a longer date;
But Cadmus will revenge or share their fate.'

Then heav'd a stone, and rising to the throw,
He sent it in a whirlwind at the foe:
A tower, assaulted by so rude a stroke,
With all its lofty battlements had shook;
But nothing here the' unwieldy rock avails,
Rebounding harmless from the plaited scales,
That, firmly join'd, preserv'd him from a wound,
With native armour crusted all around.
With more success the dart unerring flew,
Which at his back the raging warrior threw;
Amid the plaited scales it took its course,
And in the spinal marrow spent its force.
The monster hiss'd aloud, and rag'd in vain,
And writh'd his body to and fro with pain;
He bit the dart, and wrench'd the wood away;
The point still buried in the marrow lay.
And now his rage, increasing with his pain,
Reddens his eyes, and beats in every vein;
Churn'd in his teeth the foamy venom rose,
Whilst from his mouth a blast of vapours flows,
Such as the' infernal Stygian waters cast;
The plants around him wither in the blast.
Now in a maze of rings he lies enroll'd,
Now all unravel'd, and without a fold;
Now, like a torrent, with a mighty force
Bears down the forest in his boisterous course.
Cadmus gave back, and on the lion's spoil
Sustain'd the shock, then forc'd him to recoil;
The pointed javelin warded off his rage:
Mad with his pains, and furious to engage,
The serpent champs the steel, and bites the spear,
Till blood and venom all the point besmear.
But still the hurt he yet receiv'd was slight;
For, while the champion with redoubled might

Strikes home the javelin, his retiring foe
Shrinks from the wound, and disappoints the blow.
The dauntless hero still pursues his stroke,
And presses forward, till a knotty oak
Retards his foe, and stops him in the rear;
Full in his throat he plung'd the fatal spear,
That in the' extended neck a passage found,
And pierc'd the solid timber through the wound.
Fix'd to the reeling trunk, with many a stroke
Of his huge tail he lash'd the sturdy oak;
Till spent with toil, and labouring hard for breath,
He now lay twisting in the pangs of death.
Cadmus beheld him wallow in a flood
Of swimming poison, intermix'd with blood;
When suddenly a speech was heard from high,
(The speech was heard, nor was the speaker nigh)
'Why dost thou thus with secret pleasure see,
Insulting man! what thou thyself shalt be?'
Astonish'd at the voice he stood amaz'd,
And all around with inward horror gaz'd;
When Pallas swift descending from the skies,
Pallas, the guardian of the bold and wise,
Bids him plough up the field, and scatter round
The dragon's teeth o'er all the furrow'd ground;
Then tells the youth how to his wondering eyes
Embattled armies from the field should rise.
He sows the teeth at Pallas's command,
And flings the future people from his hand.
The clods grow warm, and crumble where he sows;
And now the pointed spears advance in rows;
Now nodding plumes appear, and shining crests,
Now the broad shoulders and the rising breasts;
O'er all the field the breathing harvest swarms,
A growing host, a crop of men and arms.

So through the parting stage a figure rears
Its body up, and limb by limb appears
By just degrees, till all the man arise,
And in his full proportion strikes the eyes.
Cadmus, surpris'd and startled at the sight
Of his new foes, prepar'd himself for fight;
When one cried out, 'Forbear, fond man, forbear
To mingle in a blind promiscuous war.'
This said, he struck his brother to the ground,
Himself expiring by another's wound;
Nor did the third his conquest long survive,
Dying ere scarce he had begun to live.
The dire example ran through all the field,
Till heaps of brothers were by brothers kill'd;
The furrows swam in blood; and only five
Of all the vast increase were left alive.
Echion one, at Pallas's command,
Let fall the guiltless weapon from his hand,
And with the rest a peaceful treaty makes,
Whom Cadmus as his friends and partners takes;
So founds a city on the promis'd earth,
And gives his new Bœotian empire birth.
Here Cadmus reign'd, and now one would have [guess'd
The royal founder in his exile bless'd;
Long did he live within his new abodes,
Allied by marriage to the deathless gods;
And, in a fruitful wife's embraces old,
A long increase of children's children told;
But no frail man, however great or high,
Can be concluded bless'd before he die.
Actæon was the first of all his race
Who griev'd his grandsire in his borrow'd face;
Condemn'd by stern Diana to bemoan
The branching horns, and visage not his own;

To shun his once-lov'd dogs, to bound away,
And from their huntsman to become their prey.
And yet, consider why the change was wrought,
You'll find it his misfortune, not his fault;
Or, if a fault, it was the fault of chance:
For how can guilt proceed from ignorance?

TRANSFORMATION OF ACTÆON INTO A STAG.

In a fair chase a shady mountain stood, [blood,
Well stor'd with game, and mark'd with trails of
Here did the huntsmen, till the heat of day,
Pursue the stag, and load themselves with prey,
When thus Actæon calling to the rest:
'My friends,' said he, 'our sport is at the best,
The sun is high advanc'd, and downward sheds
His burning beams directly on our heads;
Then by consent abstain from further spoils,
Call off the dogs, and gather up the toils;
And ere to-morrow's sun begins his race,
Take the cool morning to renew the chase.'
They all consent, and in a cheerful train
The jolly huntsmen, loaden with the slain,
Return in triumph from the sultry plain.

Down in a vale with pine and cypress clad,
Refresh'd with gentle winds, and brown with shade,
The chaste Diana's private haunt, there stood
Full in the centre of the darksome wood
A spacious grotto, all around o'ergrown
With hoary moss, and arch'd with pumice-stone.
From out its rocky clefts the waters flow,
And trickling swell into a lake below.
Nature had everywhere so play'd her part,
That everywhere she seem d to vie with art.
Here the bright goddess, toil'd and chaf'd with heat,
Was wont to bathe her in the cool retreat.

Here did she now with all her train resort,
Panting with heat, and breathless from the sport;
Her armour-bearer laid her bow aside,
Some loos'd her sandals, some her veil untied;
Each busy nymph her proper part undress'd,
While Crocale, more handy than the rest,
Gather'd her flowing hair, and in a noose
Bound it together, whilst her own hung loose.
Five of the more ignoble sort, by turns
Fetch up the water, and unlade the urns.
Now all undress'd the shining goddess stood,
When young Actæon, wilder'd in the wood,
To the cool grot by his hard fate betray'd,
The fountains fill'd with naked nymphs survey'd.
The frighted virgins shriek'd at the surprise,
(The forest echo'd with their piercing cries)
Then in a huddle round their goddess press'd;
She, proudly eminent above the rest,
With blushes glow'd, such blushes as adorn
The ruddy welkin, or the purple morn;
And though the crowding nymphs her body hide,
Half backward shrunk, and view'd him from aside.
Surpris'd at first she would have snatch'd her bow,
But sees the circling waters round her flow;
These in the hollow of her hand she took,
And dash'd 'em in his face, while thus she spoke:
'Tell, if thou canst, the wondrous sight disclos'd,
A goddess naked to thy view expos'd.'
This said, the man begun to disappear
By slow degrees, and ended in a deer.
A rising horn on either brow he wears,
And stretches out his neck and pricks his ears,
Rough is his skin, with sudden hairs o'ergrown,
His bosom pants with fears before unknown:

Transform'd at length he flies away in haste,
And wonders why he flies away so fast.
But as by chance within a neighbouring brook,
He saw his branching horns and alter'd look;
Wretched Actæon! in a doleful tone
He tried to speak, but only gave a groan;
And as he wept, within the watry glass
He saw the big round drops with silent pace
Run trickling down a savage hairy face.
What should he do? or seek his old abodes,
Or herd among the deer, and skulk in woods?
Here shame dissuades him, there his fear prevails,
And each by turns his aching heart assails.
As he thus ponders, he behind him spies
His opening hounds, and now he hears their cries:
A generous pack, or to maintain the chase,
Or snuff the vapour from the scented grass.
He bounded off with fear, and swiftly ran
O'er craggy mountains and the flowery plain;
Through brakes and thickets forc'd his way, and flew
Through many a ring where once he did pursue.
In vain he oft endeavour'd to proclaim
His new misfortune, and to tell his name;
Nor voice nor words the brutal tongue supplies;
From shouting men, and horns and dogs, he flies,
Deafen'd and stun'd with their promiscuous cries.
When now the fleetest of the pack, that press'd
Close at his heels, and sprung before the rest,
Had fasten'd on him; straight another pair
Hung on his wounded haunch, and held him there,
Till all the pack came up, and every hound
Tore the sad huntsman groveling on the ground,
Who now appear'd but one continued wound.
With dropping tears his bitter fate he moans,
And fills the mountain with his dying groans.

His servants with a piteous look he spies,
And turns about his supplicating eyes.
His servants, ignorant of what had chanc'd,
With eager haste and joyful shouts advanc'd,
And call'd their lord Actæon to the game.
He shook his head in answer to the name;
He heard, but wish'd he had indeed been gone,
Or only to have stood a looker-on.
But to his grief he finds himself too near,
And feels his ravenous dogs with fury tear
Their wretched master panting in a deer.

THE BIRTH OF BACCHUS.

Actæon's sufferings, and Diana's rage,
Did all the thoughts of men and gods engage;
Some call'd the evils which Diana wrought
Too great, and disproportion'd to the fault:
Others, again, esteem'd Actæon's woes
Fit for a virgin-goddess to impose.
The hearers into different parts divide,
And reasons are produc'd on either side.
Juno alone, of all that heard the news,
Nor would condemn the goddess nor excuse:
She heeded not the justice of the deed,
But joy'd to see the race of Cadmus bleed;
For still she kept Europa in her mind,
And for her sake detested all her kind.
Besides, to aggravate her hate, she heard
How Semele, to Jove's embrace prefer'd,
Was now grown big with an immortal load,
And carried in her womb a future god.
Thus terribly incens'd, the goddess broke
To sudden fury, and abruptly spoke:
'Are my reproaches of so small a force?
'Tis time I then pursue another course:

It is decreed the guilty wretch shall die,
If I'm indeed the mistress of the sky;
If rightly styl'd among the powers above
The wife and sister of the thundering Jove;
(And none can sure a sister's right deny)
It is decreed the guilty wretch shall die.
She boasts an honour I can hardly claim,
Pregnant she rises to a mother's name;
While proud and vain she triumphs in her Jove,
And shows the glorious tokens of his love;
But if I'm still the mistress of the skies,
By her own lover the fond beauty dies.'
This said, descending in a yellow cloud,
Before the gates of Semele she stood.
Old Beroe's decrepit shape she wears,
Her wrinkled visage, and her hoary hairs;
Whilst in her trembling gait she totters on,
And learns to tattle in the nurse's tone.
The goddess, thus disguis'd in age, beguil'd
With pleasing stories her false foster-child.
Much did she talk of love, and when she came
To mention to the nymph her lover's name,
Fetching a sigh, and holding down her head,
'' 'Tis well,' says she, 'if all be true that's said.
But trust me, child, I'm much inclin'd to fear
Some counterfeit in this your Jupiter.
Many an honest well-designing maid
Has been by these pretended gods betray'd.
But if he be indeed the thundering Jove,
Bid him, when next he courts the rites of love,
Descend triumphant from the' ethereal sky,
In all the pomp of his divinity;
Encompass'd round by those celestial charms
With which he fills the' immortal Juno's arms.'

The' unwary nymph, ensnar'd with what she said,
Desir'd of Jove, when next he sought her bed,
To grant a certain gift which she would choose;
'Fear not,' replied the god, 'that I'll refuse
Whate'er you ask; may Styx confirm my voice,
Choose what you will and you shall have your choice.'
'Then' says the nymph, 'when next you seek my arms,
May you descend in those celestial charms
With which your Juno's bosom you inflame,
And fill with transport heaven's immortal dame.'
The god, surpris'd, would fain have stop'd her voice;
But he had sworn, and she had made her choice.

To keep his promise he ascends, and shrouds
His awful brow in whirlwinds and in clouds;
Whilst all around in terrible array,
His thunders rattle and his lightnings play,
And yet, the dazzling lustre to abate,
He set not out in all his pomp and state;
Clad in the mildest lightning of the skies,
And arm'd with thunder of the smallest size;
Not those huge bolts, by which the giants slain
Lay overthrown on the Phlegrean plain:
'Twas of a lesser mould and lighter weight,
They call it thunder of a second-rate;
For the rough Cyclops, who by Jove's command
Temper'd the bolt, and turn'd it to his hand,
Work'd up less flame and fury in its make,
And quench'd it sooner in the standing lake.
Thus dreadfully adorn'd with horror bright,
The' illustrious god, descending from his height,
Came rushing on her in a storm of light.

The mortal dame, too feeble to engage
The lightning's flashes and the thunder's rage,
Consum'd amidst the glories she desir'd,
And in the terrible embrace expir'd.

But to preserve his offspring from the tomb,
Jove took him smoking from the blasted womb:
And, if on ancient tales we may rely,
Inclos'd the' abortive infant in his thigh.
Here when the babe had all his time fulfill'd,
Ino first took him for her foster-child;
Then the Niseans, in their dark abode,
Nurs'd secretly with milk the thriving god.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF TIRESIAS.

'Twas now while these transactions pass'd on earth,
And Bacchus thus procur'd a second birth;
When Jove, dispos'd to lay aside the weight
Of public empire and the cares of state,
As to his queen in nectar bowls he quaff'd;
'In troth,' says he, and as he spoke he laugh'd,
'The sense of pleasure in the male is far
More dull and dead, than what you females share.'
Juno the truth of what was said denied,
Tiresias therefore must the cause decide,
For he the pleasure of each sex had tried.
It happen'd once, within a shady wood,
Two twisted snakes he in conjunction view'd,
When with his staff their slimy folds he broke,
And lost his manhood at the fatal stroke.
But after seven revolving years, he view'd
The self-same serpents in the self-same wood:
'And if,' says he, 'such virtue in you lie,
That he who dares your slimy folds untie
Must change his kind, a second stroke I'll try.'
Again he struck the snakes, and stood again
New-sex'd, and straight recover'd into man.
Him therefore both the deities create
The sovereign umpire in their grand debate:

And he declar'd for Jove; when Juno, fir'd,
More than so trivial an affair requir'd,
Depriv'd him in her fury of his sight,
And left him groping round in sudden night.
But Jove (for so it is in heaven decreed,
That no one god repeal another's deed)
Irradiates all his soul with inward light,
And with the prophet's art relieves the want of sight.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF ECHO.

Fam'd far and near for knowing things to come,
From him the' inquiring nations sought their doom;
The fair Liriope his answers tried,
And first the' unerring prophet justified.
This nymph the god Cephisus had abus'd,
With all his winding waters circumfus'd,
And on the Nereid got a lovely boy,
Whom the soft maids ev'n then beheld with joy.
The tender dame, solicitous to know
Whether her child should reach old age or no,
Consults the sage Tiresias, who replies,
'If e'er he knows himself, he surely dies.'
Long liv'd the dubious mother in suspense,
Till time unriddled all the prophet's sense.
Narcissus now his sixteenth year began,
Just turn'd of boy, and on the verge of man;
Many a friend the blooming youth caress'd,
Many a lovesick maid her flame confess'd.
Such was his pride in vain the friend caress'd,
The lovesick maid in vain her flame confess'd.
Once, in the woods, as he pursued the chase,
The babbling Echo had descried his face;
She, who in others' words her silence breaks,
Nor speaks herself but when another speaks.

Echo was then a maid of speech bereft,
Of wonted speech; for though her voice was left,
Juno a curse did on her tongue impose,
To sport with every sentence in the close.
Full often when the goddess might have caught
Jove and her rivals in the very fault,
This nymph with subtle stories would delay
Her coming till the lovers slipt away.
The goddess found out the deceit in time,
And then she cried, 'That tongue for this thy crime,
Which could so many subtle tales produce,
Shall be hereafter but of little use.'
Hence 'tis she prattles in a fainter tone,
With mimic sounds and accents not her own.
  This lovesick virgin, overjoy'd to find
The boy alone, still follow'd him behind;
When, glowing warmly at her near approach,
As sulphur blazes at the taper's touch,
She long'd her hidden passion to reveal,
And tell her pains, but had not words to tell:
She can't begin, but waits for the rebound,
To catch his voice and to return the sound.
  The nymph, when nothing could Narcissus move,
Still dash'd with blushes for her slighted love,
Liv'd in the shady covert of the woods,
In solitary caves and dark abodes;
Where pining wander'd the rejected fair,
Till harass'd out, and worn away with care,
The sounding skeleton, of blood bereft,
Besides her bones and voice had nothing left.
Her bones are petrified, her voice is found
In vaults, where still it doubles every sound

THE STORY OF NARCISSUS.

Thus did the nymphs in vain caress the boy;
He still was lovely, but he still was coy;
When one fair virgin of the slighted train
Thus pray'd the gods, provok'd by his disdain:
'Oh may he love like me, and love like me in vain!'
Rhamnusia pitied the neglected fair,
And with just vengeance answer'd to her pray'r.
There stands a fountain in a darksome wood,
Nor stain'd with falling leaves, nor rising mud;
Untroubled by the breath of winds it rests
Unsullied by the touch of men or beasts;
High bowers of shady trees above it grow,
And rising grass and cheerful greens below.
Pleas'd with the form and coolness of the place,
And over-heated by the morning chase,
Narcissus on the grassy verdure lies;
But whilst within the crystal fount he tries
To quench his heat he feels new heat arise.
For as his own bright image he survey'd,
He fell in love with the fantastic shade;
And o'er the fair resemblance hung unmov'd,
Nor knew, fond youth! it was himself he lov'd.
The well-turn'd neck and shoulders he descries,
The spacious forehead, and the sparkling eyes;
The hands that Bacchus might not scorn to show,
And hair that round Apollo's head might flow;
With all the purple youthfulness of face,
That gently blushes in the watery glass.
By his own flames consum'd the lover lies,
And gives himself the wound by which he dies.
To the cold water oft he joins his lips,
Oft catching at the beauteous shade he dips
His arms, as often from himself he slips:

Nor knows he who it is his arms pursue
With eager clasps, but loves he knows not who.
What could, fond youth, this helpless passion move?
What kindled in thee this unpitied love?
Thy own warm blush within the water glows,
With thee the colour'd shadow comes and goes,
Its empty being on thyself relies,
Step thou aside, and the frail charmer dies.
Still o'er the fountain's watery gleam he stood,
Mindless of sleep, and negligent of food,
Still view'd his face, and languish'd as he view'd.
At length he rais'd his head, and thus began
To vent his griefs, and tell the woods his pain.
'You trees,' says he, 'and thou surrounding grove,
Who oft have been the kindly scenes of love,
Tell me, if e'er within your shades did lie
A youth so tortur'd, so perplex'd as I?
I, who before me see the charming fair,
Whilst there he stands, and yet he stands not there;
In such a maze of love my thoughts are lost;
And yet no bulwark'd town, nor distant coast,
Preserves the beauteous youth from being seen;
No mountains rise, nor oceans flow between.
A shallow water hinders my embrace,
And yet the lovely mimic wears a face
That kindly smiles, and when I bend to join
My lips to his, he fondly bends to mine.
Hear, gentle youth, and pity my complaint,
Come from thy well, thou fair inhabitant.
My charms an easy conquest have obtain'd
O'er other hearts, by thee alone disdain'd.
But why should I despair? I'm sure he burns
With equal flames, and languishes by turns.
Whene'er I stoop he offers at a kiss,
And when my arms I stretch, he stretches his.

His eyes with pleasure on my face he keeps,
He smiles my smiles, and when I weep he weeps.
Whene'er I speak, his moving lips appear
To utter something which I cannot hear.
'Ah, wretched me! I now begin too late
To find out all the long-perplex'd deceit;
It is myself I love, myself I see,
The gay delusion is a part of me.
I kindle up the fires by which I burn,
And my own beauties from the well return,
Whom should I court? How utter my complaint?
Enjoyment but produces my restraint,
And too much plenty makes me die for want.
How gladly would I from myself remove!
And at a distance set the thing I love.
My breast is warm'd with such unusual fire,
I wish him absent whom I most desire.
And now I faint with grief, my fate draws nigh;
In all the pride of blooming youth I die;
Death will the sorrows of my heart relieve.
Oh, might the visionary youth survive,
I should with joy my latest breath resign!
But oh! I see his fate involv'd in mine.'
This said, the weeping youth again return'd
To the clear fountain, where again he burn'd;
His tears defac'd the surface of the well,
With circle after circle as they fell:
And now the lovely face but half appears,
O'errun with wrinkles, and deform'd with tears.
'Ah whither,' cries Narcissus 'dost thou fly?
Let me still feed the flame by which I die;
Let me still see, though I'm no further bless'd.'
Then rends his garment off, and beats his breast;
His naked bosom reddens with the blow,
In such a blush as purple clusters show,

Ere yet the sun's autumnal heats refine
Their sprightly juice, and mellow it to wine:
The glowing beauties of his breast he spies,
And with a new redoubled passion dies.
As wax dissolves, as ice begins to run,
And trickle into drops before the sun;
So melts the youth, and languishes away,
His beauty withers, and his limbs decay;
And none of those attractive charms remain,
To which the slighted Echo su'd in vain.
She saw him in his present misery,
Whom, spite of all her wrongs, she griev'd to see.
She answer'd sadly to the lover's moan,
Sigh'd back his sighs, and groan'd to every groan:
'Ah youth! belov'd in vain,' Narcissus cries;
'Ah youth! belov'd in vain,' the nymph replies.
'Farewell,' says he; the parting sound scarce fell
From his faint lips, but she replied, 'Farewell.'
Then on the' unwholesome earth he gasping lies,
Till death shuts up those self-admiring eyes.
To the cold shades his flitting ghost retires,
And in the Stygian waves itself admires.
For him the Naiads and the Dryads mourn,
Whom the sad Echo answers in her turn,
And now the sister-nymphs prepare his urn:
When, looking for his corpse, they only found
A rising stalk, with yellow blossoms crown'd.

THE STORY OF PENTHEUS.

This sad event gave blind Tiresias fame,
Through Greece establish'd in a prophet's name.
The' unhallow'd Pentheus only durst deride
The cheated people, and their eyeless guide:
To whom the prophet in his fury said,
Shaking the hoary honours of his head;

'Twere well, presumptuous man, 'twere well for thee,
If thou wert eyeless too, and blind like me:
For the time comes, nay 'tis already here,
When the young god's solemnities appear;
Which, if thou dost not with just rites adorn,
Thy impious carcase, into pieces torn,
Shall strew the woods, and hang on every thorn.
Then, then, remember what I now foretel,
And own the blind Tiresias saw too well.'

Still Pentheus scorns him, and derides his skill;
But time did all the prophet's threats fulfil.
For now through prostrate Greece young Bacchus rode,
Whilst howling matrons celebrate the god;
All ranks and sexes to his orgies ran,
To mingle in the pomps, and fill the train;
When Pentheus thus his wicked rage express'd:
'What madness, Thebans, has your souls possess'd?
Can hollow timbrels, can a drunken shout,
And the lewd clamours of a beastly rout,
Thus quell your courage? Can the weak alarm
Of women's yells those stubborn souls disarm,
Whom nor the sword nor trumpet e'er could fright,
Nor the loud din and horror of a fight?
And you, our sires, who left your old abodes,
And fix'd in foreign earth your country gods,
Will you without a stroke your city yield,
And poorly quit an undisputed field?
But you, whose youth and vigour should inspire
Heroic warmth, and kindle martial fire,
Whom burnish'd arms and crested helmets grace,
Not flowery garlands and a painted face;
Remember him to whom you stand allied,
The serpent for his well of waters died.
He fought the strong, do you his courage show,
And gain a conquest o'er a feeble foe.

If Thebes must fall, oh! might the fates afford
A nobler doom from famine, fire, or sword.
Then might the Thebans perish with renown;
But now a beardless victor sacks the town;
Whom nor the prancing steed nor pondrous shield,
Nor the hack'd helmet, nor the dusty field,
But the soft joys of luxury and ease,
The purple vests and flowery garlands please:
Stand then aside, I'll make the counterfeit
Renounce his god-head, and confess the cheat.
Acrisius from the Grecian walls repell'd [yield?
This boasted power: why then should Pentheus
Go quickly, drag the' impostor boy to me,
I'll try the force of his divinity.'
Thus did the' audacious wretch those rites profane;
His friends dissuade the' audacious wretch in vain;
In vain his grandsire urg'd him to give o'er
His impious threats; the wretch but raves the more.
So have I seen a river gently glide
In a smooth course and inoffensive tide;
But if with dams its current we restrain,
It bears down all, and foams along the plain.
But now his servants came besmear'd with blood,
Sent by their haughty prince to seize the god;
The god they found not in the frantic throng,
But drag'd a zealous votary along.

THE MARINERS TRANSFORMED TO DOLPHINS.

Him Pentheus view'd with fury in his look,
And scarce withheld his hands whilst thus he spoke:
'Vile slave! whom speedy vengeance shall pursue,
And terrify thy base seditious crew;
Thy country and thy parentage reveal,
And why thou join'st in these mad orgies tell.'

The captive views him with undaunted eyes;
And, arm'd with inward innocence, replies:
'From high Meonia's rocky shores I came,
Of poor descent, Acœtes is my name;
My sire was meanly born; no oxen plough'd
His fruitful fields, nor in his pastures low'd.
His whole estate within the waters lay,
With lines and hooks he caught the finny prey;
His art was all his livelihood, which he
Thus with his dying lips bequeath'd to me:
'In streams, my boy, and rivers take thy chance;
There swims,' said he, 'thy whole inheritance.'
Long did I live on this poor legacy,
Till, tir'd with rocks and my old native sky,
To arts of navigation I inclin'd,
Observ'd the turns and changes of the wind;
Learn'd the fit havens, and began to note
The stormy Hyades, the rainy Goat,
The bright Taygete, and the shining Bears,
With all the sailor's catalogue of stars.
Once as by chance for Delos I design'd,
My vessel, driven by a strong gust of wind,
Moor'd in a Chian creek, ashore I went,
And all the following night in Chios spent.
When morning rose I sent my mates to bring
Supplies of water from a neighbouring spring,
Whilst I the motion of the winds explor'd;
Then summon'd in my crew, and went aboard.
Opheltes heard my summons, and with joy
Brought to the shore a soft and lovely boy,
With more than female sweetness in his look,
Whom straggling in the neighbouring fields he took.
With fumes of wine the little captive glows,
And nods with sleep, and staggers as he goes.

'I view'd him nicely, and began to trace
Each heavenly feature, each immortal grace,
And saw divinity in all his face.
"I know not who," said I, "this god should be,
But that he is a god I plainly see;
And thou, whoe'er thou art, excuse the force
These men have us'd; and oh, befriend our course!"
"Pray not for us," the nimble Dictys cried,
Dictys, that could the main-top mast bestride,
And down the ropes with active vigour slide.
To the same purpose old Epopeus spoke,
Who overlook'd the oars and tim'd the stroke;
The same the pilot, and the same the rest,
Such impious avarice their souls possess'd.
"Nay, heaven forbid that I should bear away
Within my vessel so divine a prey,"
Said I, and stood to hinder their intent;
When Lycabas, a wretch for murder sent
From Tuscany to suffer banishment,
With his clench'd fist had struck me overboard,
Had not my hands, in falling, grasp'd a cord.
'His base confederates the fact approve,
When Bacchus, (for 'twas he) begun to move,
Wak'd by the noise and clamours which they rais'd,
And shook his drowsy limbs, and round him gaz'd:
"What means this noise?" he cries, "am I betray'd?
Ah, whither, whither must I be convey'd?"
"Fear not," said Proreus, "child, but tell us where
You wish to land, and trust our friendly care."
"To Naxos then direct your course," said he:
"Naxos a hospitable port shall be
To each of you, a joyful home to me."
By every god that rules the sea or sky,
The perjur'd villains promise to comply,

And bid me hasten to unmoor the ship;
With eager joy I launch into the deep,
And heedless of the fraud for Naxos stand;
They whisper oft, and beckon with the hand,
And give me signs, all anxious for their prey,
To tack about and steer another way.
"Then let some other to my post succeed,"
Said I, "I'm guiltless of so foul a deed."
"What," says Ethalion, "must the ship's whole crew
Follow your humour, and depend on you?"
And straight himself he seated at the prore,
And tack'd about, and sought another shore.
'The beauteous youth now found himself betray'd,
And from the deck the rising waves survey'd,
And seem'd to weep, and as he wept he said:
"And do you thus my easy faith beguile?
Thus do you bear me to my native isle?
Will such a multitude of men employ
Their strength against a weak defenceless boy?"
'In vain did I the godlike youth deplore,
The more I beg'd they thwarted me the more.
And now by all the gods in heaven that hear
This solemn oath, by Bacchus' self I swear,
The mighty miracle that did ensue,
Although it seems beyond belief, is true.
The vessel, fix'd and rooted in the flood,
Unmov'd by all the beating billows stood:
In vain the mariners would plough the main
With sails unfurl'd, and strike their oars in vain;
Around their oars a twining ivy cleaves,
And climbs the mast, and hides the cords in leaves;
The sails are cover'd with a cheerful green,
And berries in the fruitful canvass seen.

Amidst the waves a sudden forest rears
Its verdant head, and a new spring appears.
'The god we now behold with open'd eyes;
A herd of spotted panthers round him lies
In glaring forms; the grapy clusters spread
On his fair brows, and dangle on his head.
And whilst he frowns and brandishes his spear,
My mates, surpris'd with madness or with fear,
Leap'd overboard; first perjur'd Madon found
Rough scales and fins his stiffening sides surround;
"Ah! what," cries one, "has thus transform'd thy look?"
Straight his own mouth grew wider as he spoke;
And now himself he views with like surprise.
Still at his oar the' industrious Libys plies;
But as he plies, each busy arm shrinks in,
And by degrees is fashion'd to a fin:
Another, as he catches at a cord,
Misses his arms, and, tumbling overboard,
With his broad fins and forky tail he laves
The rising surge, and flounces in the waves.
Thus all my crew transform'd around the ship,
Or dive below, or on the surface leap,
And spout the waves, and wanton in the deep.
Full nineteen sailors did the ship convey,
A shoal of nineteen dolphins round her play.
I only in my proper shape appear,
Speechless with wonder, and half dead with fear,
Till Bacchus kindly bid me fear no more:
With him I landed on the Chian shore,
And him shall ever gratefully adore.'
'This forging slave,' says Pentheus, 'would prevail
O'er our just fury by a far-fetch'd tale:
Go, let him feel the whips, the swords, the fire,
And in the tortures of the rack expire.'

The' officious servants hurry him away,
And the poor captive in a dungeon lay;
But whilst the whips and tortures are prepar'd,
The gates fly open, of themselves unbarr'd;
At liberty the' unfetter'd captive stands,
And flings the loosen'd shackles from his hands.

THE DEATH OF PENTHEUS.

But Pentheus, grown more furious than before,
Resolv'd to send his messengers no more,
But went himself to the distracted throng,
Where high Cithæron echo'd with their song.
And as the fiery war-horse paws the ground,
And snorts and trembles at the trumpet's sound;
Transported thus he heard the frantic rout,
And rav'd and madden'd at the distant shout.
A spacious circuit on the hill there stood,
Level and wide, and skirted round with wood;
Here the rash Pentheus, with unhallow'd eyes,
The howling dames and mystic orgies spies.
His mother sternly view'd him where he stood,
And kindled into madness as she view'd:
Her leafy javelin at her son she cast,
And cries, 'The boar that lays our country waste!
The boar, my sisters! aim the fatal dart,
And strike the brindled monster to the heart.'
Pentheus astonish'd heard the dismal sound,
And sees the yelling matrons gathering round;
He sees, and weeps at his approaching fate,
And begs for mercy, and repents too late.
'Help! help! my aunt Autonoë,' he cried,
'Remember how your own Actæon died.'
Deaf to his cries the frantic matron crops
One stretch'd-out arm, the other Ino lops.

In vain does Pentheus to his mother sue,
And the raw bleeding stumps presents to view:
His mother howl'd, and, heedless of his pray'r,
Her trembling hand she twisted in his hair,
'And this,' she cried, 'shall be Agave's share.'
When from the neck his struggling head she tore,
And in her hands the ghastly visage bore;
With pleasure all the hideous trunk survey;
Then pull'd and tore the mangled limbs away,
As, starting, in the pangs of death it lay.
Soon as the wood its leafy honours casts,
Blown off and scatter'd by autumnal blasts,
With such a sudden death lay Pentheus slain,
And in a thousand pieces strow'd the plain.
By so distinguishing a judgment aw'd,
The Thebans tremble, and confess the god.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK IV.

THE STORY OF ALCITHÖE AND HER SISTERS.

BY EUSDEN.

Yet still Alcithöe perverse remains,
And Bacchus still and all his rites disdains:
Too rash and madly bold, she bids him prove
Himself a god, nor owns the son of Jove.
Her sisters too unanimous agree,
Faithful associates in impiety.
'Be this a solemn feast,' the priest had said,
'Be, with each mistress, unemploy'd each maid.
With skins of beasts your tender limbs inclose,
And with an ivy-crown adorn your brows,
The leafy Thyrsus high in triumph bear,
And give your locks to wanton in the air.'
These rites profan'd, the holy seer foreshow'd
A mourning people and a vengeful god.
Matrons and pious wives obedience show,
Distaffs and wool half-spun away they throw;
Then incense burn, and Bacchus thee adore;
Or lov'st thou Nysêus or Lyæus more?
'Oh! doubly got, oh! doubly born,' they sung;
'Thou mighty Bromius, hail, from lightning sprung!

Hail, Thyon, Elelêus! each name is thine:
Or listen parent of the genial vine!
Jäcchus! Evan!' loudly they repeat,
And not one Grecian attribute forget,
Which to thy praise great deity belong;
Styl'd justly *Liber* in the Roman song.
'Eternity of youth is thine! enjoy
Years roll'd on years, yet still a blooming boy.
In heaven thou shin'st with a superior grace;
Conceal thy horns, and 'tis a virgin's face.
Thou taught'st the tawny Indian to obey,
And Ganges smoothly flowing own'd thy sway;
Lycurgus, Pentheus, equally profane,
By thy just vengeance equally were slain:
By thee the Tuscans, who conspir'd to keep
Thee captive, plung'd, and cut with fins the deep.
With painted reins all-glittering from afar,
The spotted lynxes proudly draw thy car:
Around the Bacchæ and the satyrs throng,
Behind Silenus drunk lags slow along;
On his dull ass he nods from side to side,
Forbears to fall, yet half forgets to ride.
Still at thy near approach applauses loud
Are heard, with yellings of the female crowd:
Timbrels and boxen pipes, with mingled cries,
Swell up in sounds confus'd, and rend the skies:
Come, Bacchus, come propitious, all implore
And act thy sacred orgies o'er and o'er.'
But Mineus' daughters while these rites were
At home impertinently busy stay'd; [pay'd,
Their wicked tasks they ply with various art,
And through the loom the sliding shuttle dart;
Or at the fire to comb the wool they stand,
Or twirl the spindle with a dextrous hand:

Guilty themselves, they force the guiltless in;
Their maids who share their labour share their sin.
At last one sister cries, who nimbly knew
To draw nice threads and wind the finest clue,
'While others idly rove, and gods revere,
Their fancied gods! they know not who or where;
Let us, whom Pallas taught her better arts,
Still working, cheer with mirthful chat our hearts;
And, to deceive the time, let me prevail
With each by turns to tell some antique tale.'
She said; her sisters like the humour well,
And, smiling, bade her the first story tell;
But she awhile profoundly seem'd to muse,
Perplex'd amid variety to choose;
And knew not whether she should first relate
The poor Dircetis and her wondrous fate.
The Palestines believe it to a man,
And show the lake in which her scales began;
Or if she rather should the daughter sing,
Who in the hoary verge of life took wing;
Who soar'd from earth, and dwelt in towers on high,
And now a dove she flits along the sky;
Or how lewd Naïs, when her lust was cloy'd,
To fishes turn'd the youths she had enjoy'd,
By powerful verse and herbs; effects most strange!
And last the changer shar'd herself the change.
Or how the tree which once white berries bore,
Still crimson bears, since stain'd with crimson gore:
The tree was new; she likes it, and begins
To tell the tale, and as she tells she spins.

THE STORY OF PYRAMUS AND THISBE.

In Babylon, where first her queen for state
Rais'd walls of brick magnificently great,

Liv'd Pyramus and Thisbe, lovely pair!
He found no eastern youth his equal there,
And she beyond the fairest nymph was fair.
A closer neighbourhood was never known,
Though two the houses yet the roof was one:
Acquaintance grew, the' acquaintance they improve
To friendship, friendship ripen'd into love:
Love had been crown'd, but impotently mad,
What parents could not hinder they forbad;
For with fierce flames young Pyramus still burn'd,
And grateful Thisbe flames as fierce return'd.
Aloud in words their thoughts they dare not break,
But silent stand, and silent looks can speak:
The fire of love, the more it is suppress'd,
The more it glows and rages in the breast.
When the division-wall was built, a chink
Was left, the cement unobserv'd to shrink;
So slight the cranny that it still had been
For centuries unclos'd, because unseen.
But oh! what thing so small, so secret lies,
Which scapes, if form'd for love, a lover's eyes?
Ev'n in this narrow chink they quickly found
A friendly passage for a trackless sound:
Safely they told their sorrows and their joys,
In whisper'd murmurs and a dying noise;
By turns to catch each other's breath they strove,
And suck'd in all the balmy breeze of love.
Oft as on different sides they stood, they cried,
'Malicious wall, thus lovers to divide!
Suppose thou should'st awhile to us give place
To lock and fasten in a close embrace;
But if too much to grant so sweet a bliss,
Indulge at least the pleasure of a kiss:

We scorn ingratitude; to thee we know
This safe conveyance of our minds we owe.'
Thus they their vain petition did renew
Till night, and then they softly sigh'd adieu!
But first they strove to kiss, and that was all;
Their kisses died untasted on the wall:
Soon as the morn had o'er the stars prevail'd,
And, warm'd by Phœbus, flowers their dews exhale,
The lovers to their well-known place return,
Alike they suffer, and alike they mourn.
At last their parents they resolve to cheat,
(If to deceive in love be call'd deceit)
To steal by night from home, and thence unknown
To seek the fields, and quit the' unfaithful town.
But to prevent their wandering in the dark,
They both agree to fix upon a mark;
A mark that could not their designs expose;
The tomb of Ninus was the mark they chose.
There they might rest secure beneath the shade,
Which boughs with snowy fruit encumber'd made:
A wide-spread mulberry its rise had took
Just on the margin of a gurgling brook.
Impatient for the friendly dusk they stay,
And chide the slowness of departing day.
In western seas down sunk at last the light,
From western seas up-rose the shades of night:
The loving Thisbe ev'n prevents the hour,
With cautious silence she unlocks the door,
And veils her face, and marching through the gloom
Swiftly arrives at the' assignation-tomb;
(For still the fearful sex can fearless prove;
Boldly they act if spirited by love):
When lo! a lioness rush'd o'er the plain,
Grimly besmear'd with blood of oxen slain;

And what to the dire sight new horrors brought,
To slake her thirst the neighbouring spring she sought;
Which by the moon when trembling Thisbe spies,
Wing'd with her fear, swift as the wind she flies,
And in a cave recovers from her fright,
But drop'd her veil, confounded in her flight.
When, sated with repeated draughts, again
The queen of beasts scour'd back along the plain,
She found the veil, and mouthing it all o'er,
With bloody jaws the lifeless prey she tore.
The youth, who could not cheat his guards so soon,
Late came, and noted by the glimmering moon
Some savage feet now printed on the ground;
His cheeks turn'd pale, his limbs no vigour found;
But when, advancing on, the veil he spied,
Distain'd with blood and ghastly torn, he cried,
'One night shall death to two young lovers give,
But she deserv'd unnumber'd years to live!
'Tis I am guilty, I have thee betray'd,
Who came not early as my charming maid.
Whatever slew thee I the cause remain,
I nam'd and fix'd the place where thou wast slain.
Ye lions from your neighbouring dens repair,
Pity the wretch, this impious body tear!
But cowards thus for death can idly cry,
The brave still have it in their power to die.'
Then to the' appointed tree he hastes away,
The veil first gather'd, though all rent it lay:
The veil all rent, yet still itself endears,
He kiss'd, and kissing wash'd it with his tears.
'Though rich,' he cried, 'with many a precious stain,
Still from my blood a deeper tincture gain.'

Then in his breast his shining sword he drown'd,
And fell supine extended on the ground.
As out again the blade he dying drew,
Out spun the blood, and streaming upwards flew.
So if a conduit-pipe e'er burst you saw,
Swift spring the gushing waters through the flaw;
Then spouting in a bow, they rise on high,
And a new fountain plays amid the sky:
The berries stain'd with blood began to show
A dark complexion, and forgot their snow;
While, fatten'd with the flowing gore, the root
Was doom'd for ever to a purple fruit.

Meantime poor Thisbe fear'd, so long she stay'd,
Her lover might suspect a perjur'd maid.
Her fright scarce o'er, she strove the youth to find
With ardent eyes which spoke, and ardent mind:
Already in his arms, she hears him sigh
At her destruction which was once so nigh.
The tomb, the tree, but not the fruit she knew,
The fruit she doubted for its alter'd hue.
Still as she doubts her eyes a body found
Quivering in death, and gasping on the ground:
She started back, the red her cheeks forsook,
And every nerve with thrilling horrors shook;
So trembles the smooth surface of the seas,
If brush'd o'er gently with a rising breeze:
But when her view her bleeding love confess'd,
She shriek'd, she tore her hair, she beat her breast:
She rais'd the body, and embrac'd it round,
And bath'd with tears unfeign'd the gaping wound;
Then her warm lips to the cold face applied,
'And is it thus, ah! thus we meet?' she cried,
'My Pyramus! whence sprung thy cruel fate?
My Pyramus!——ah! speak ere 'tis too late;

I, thy own Thisbe, but one word implore,
One word thy Thisbe never ask'd before.'
At Thisbe's name awak'd, he open'd wide
His dying eyes, with dying eyes he tried
On her to dwell, but clos'd them slow and died.
The fatal cause was now at last explor'd,
Her veil she knew, and saw his sheathless sword;
'From thy own hand thy ruin thou hast found,'
She said, 'but love first taught that hand to wound.
Ev'n I for thee as bold a hand can show,
And love which shall as true direct the blow.
I will against the woman's weakness strive,
And never thee, lamented youth, survive.
The world may say, I caus'd, alas! thy death,
But saw thee breathless, and resign'd my breath:
Fate, though it conquers, shall no triumph gain,
Fate, that divides us, still divides in vain.
'Now both our cruel parents hear my pray'r,
My prayer to offer for us both I dare;
Oh! see our ashes in one urn confin'd,
Whom love at first and fate at last has join'd:
The bliss you envied is not our request,
Lovers when dead may sure together rest.
Thou tree, where now one lifeless lump is laid,
Erelong o'er two shalt cast a friendly shade:
Still let our loves from thee be understood,
Still witness in thy purple fruit our blood.'
She spoke, and in her bosom plung'd the sword,
All warm and reeking from its slaughter'd lord.
The prayer which dying Thisbe had prefer'd,
Both gods and parents with compassion heard.
The whiteness of the mulberry soon fled,
And, ripening, sadden'd in a dusky red;

While both their parents their lost children mourn,
And mix their ashes in one golden urn.
Thus did the melancholy tale conclude,
And a short silent interval ensued.
The next in birth unloos'd her artful tongue,
And drew attentive all the sister-throng.

THE STORY OF LEUCOTHOË AND THE SUN.

The Sun, the source of light, by beauty's power
Once amorous grew; then hear the Sun's amour.
Venus and Mars, with his far-piercing eyes,
This god first spied; this god first all things spies.
Stung at the sight, and swift on mischief bent,
To haughty Juno's shapeless son he went;
The goddess and her god-gallant betray'd,
And told the cuckold where their pranks were play'd.
Poor Vulcan soon desir'd to hear no more,
He drop'd his hammer, and he shook all o'er;
Then courage takes, and full of vengeful ire
He heaves the bellows, and blows fierce the fire;
From liquid brass, though sure, yet subtle snares
He forms, and next a wondrous net prepares,
Drawn with such curious art, so nicely sly,
Unseen the mashes cheat the searching eye:
Not half so thin their webs the spiders weave,
Which the most wary buzzing prey deceive.
These chains, obedient to the touch, he spread
In secret foldings o'er the conscious bed;
The conscious bed again was quickly press'd
By the fond pair, in lawless raptures bless'd:
Mars wonder'd at his Cytherëa's charms,
More fast than ever lock'd within her arms;
While Vulcan the' ivory doors unbarr'd with care,
Then call'd the gods to view the sportive pair;

The gods throng'd in, and saw in open day
Where Mars and beauty's queen all naked lay.
Oh! shameful sight, if shameful that we name,
Which gods with envy view'd and could not blame;
But for the pleasure wish'd to bear the shame.
Each deity, with laughter tir'd, departs,
Yet all still laugh'd at Vulcan in their hearts.
Through heaven the news of this surprisal run,
But Venus did not thus forget the Sun.
He who stol'n transports idly had betray'd,
By a betrayer was in kind repay'd:
What now avails, great god, thy piercing blaze?
That youth and beauty, and those golden rays?
Thou who can'st warm this universe alone,
Feel'st now a warmth more powerful than thy own;
And those bright eyes which all things should survey,
Know not from fair Leucothöe to stray:
The lamp of light, for human good design'd,
Is to one virgin niggardly confin'd.
Sometimes too early rise thy eastern beams,
Sometimes too late they set in western streams;
'Tis then her beauty thy swift course delays,
And gives to winter skies long summer days.
Now in thy face thy lovesick mind appears,
And spreads through impious nations empty fears;
For when thy beamless head is wrap'd in night,
Poor mortals tremble in despair of light.
'Tis not the moon that o'er thee casts a veil,
'Tis love alone which makes thy looks so pale:
Leucothöe is grown thy only care,
Not Phäeton's fair mother now is fair.
The youthful Rhodos moves no tender thought,
And beauteous Persa is at last forgot.

Fond Clytiè scorn'd, yet lov'd, and sought thy bed,
Ev'n then thy heart for other virgins bled.
Leucothöe has all thy soul possess'd,
And chas'd each rival passion from thy breast.
To this bright nymph Eurynomè gave birth,
In the bless'd confines of the spicy earth.
Excelling others, she herself beheld
By her own blooming daughter far excell'd.
The sire was Orchamus, whose vast command,
The seventh from Belus, rul'd the Persian land.
Deep in cool vales beneath the' Hesperian sky,
For the Sun's fiery steeds the pastures lie.
Ambrosia there they eat, and thence they gain
New vigour, and their daily toils sustain.
While thus on heavenly food the coursers fed,
And night around her gloomy empire spread,
The god assum'd the mother's shape and air,
And pass'd unheeded to his darling fair.
Close by a lamp, with maids encompass'd round,
The royal spinster full employ'd he found:
Then cried, 'A while from work, my daughter, rest;
(And like a mother, scarce her lips he press'd),
Servants retire!—nor secrets dare to hear,
Intrusted only to a daughter's ear.'
They swift obey'd; not one, suspicious, thought
The secret which their mistress would be taught.
Then he: 'Since now no witnesses are near,
Behold the god who guides the various year!
The world's vast eye, of light the source serene,
Who all things sees, by whom are all things seen.
Believe me, nymph! (for I the truth have show'd)
Thy charms have power to charm so great a god.'
Confus'd, she heard him his soft passion tell,
And on the floor, untwirl'd, the spindle fell:

Still from the sweet confusion some new grace
Blush'd out by stealth, and languish'd in her face.
The lover, now inflam'd, himself puts on,
And out at once the god, all radiant, shone.
The virgin startled at his alter'd form,
Too weak to bear a god's impetuous storm;
No more against the dazzling youth she strove,
But silent yielded, and indulg'd his love.
This Clytiè knew, and knew she was undone,
Whose soul was fix'd, and doted on the Sun.
She rag'd to think on her neglected charms,
And Phœbus panting in another's arms.
With envious madness fir'd she flies in haste,
And tells the king, his daughter was unchaste.
The king, incens'd to hear his honour stain'd,
No more the father nor the man retain'd.
In vain she stretch'd her arms, and turn'd her eyes
To her lov'd god, the' enlightner of the skies;
In vain she own'd it was a crime, yet still
It was a crime not acted by her will.
The brutal sire stood deaf to every pray'r,
And deep in earth entomb'd alive the fair.
What Phœbus could do was by Phœbus done;
Full on her grave with pointed beams he shone:
To pointed beams the gaping earth gave way;
Had the nymph eyes, her eyes had seen the day,
But lifeless now, yet lovely still she lay.
Not more the god wept when the world was fir'd,
And in the wreck his blooming boy expir'd.
The vital flame he strives to light again,
And warm the frozen blood in every vein:
But since resistless fates denied that pow'r,
On the cold nymph he rain'd a nectar show'r.

'Ah! undeserving thus,' he said, 'to die,
Yet still in odours thou shalt reach the sky.'
The body soon dissolv'd, and all around
Perfum'd with heavenly fragrancies the ground:
A sacrifice for gods uprose from thence,
A sweet delightful tree of frankincense.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF CLYTIE.

Though guilty Clytiè thus the Sun betray'd,
By too much passion she was guilty made.
Excess of love begot excess of grief,
Grief fondly bad her hence to hope relief.
But angry Phœbus hears unmov'd her sighs,
And scornful from her loath'd embraces flies;
All day, all night, in trackless wilds alone
She pin'd, and taught the listening rocks her moan:
On the bare earth she lies, her bosom bare,
Loose her attire, dishevel'd is her hair.
Nine times the morn unbar'd the gates of light,
As oft were spread the' alternate shades of night;
So long no sustenance the mourner knew,
Unless she drunk her tears or suck'd the dew.
She turn'd about, but rose not from the ground,
Turn'd to the Sun, still as he roll'd his round:
On his bright face hung her desiring eyes,
Till fix'd to earth she strove in vain to rise.
Her looks their paleness in a flower retain'd,
But here and there some purple streaks they gain'd;
Still the lov'd object the fond leaves pursue,
Still move their root the moving Sun to view,
And in the Heliotrope the nymph is true.

The sisters heard these wonders with surprise,
But part receiv'd them as romantic lies;

And pertly rallied, that they could not see
In powers divine so vast an energy.
Part own'd true gods such miracles might do,
But own'd not Bacchus one among the true.
At last a common, just request they make,
And beg Alcithoë her turn to take.
'I will,' she said, 'and please you if I can;'
Then shot her shuttle swift, and thus began:
'The fate of Daphnis is a fate too known,
Whom an enamour'd nymph transform'd to stone,
Because she fear'd another nymph might see
The lovely youth, and love as much as she:
So strange the madness is of jealousy!
Nor shall I tell, what changes Scython made,
And how he walk'd a man or trip'd a maid.
You too would peevish frown, and patience want
To hear how Celmis grew an adamant.
He once was dear to Jove, and saw of old
Jove when a child; but what he saw he told.
Crocus and Smilax may be turn'd to flow'rs,
And the Curetes spring from bounteous show'rs;
I pass a hundred legends stale as these,
And with sweet novelty your taste will please.'

THE STORY OF SALMACIS AND HERMAPHRODITUS.

BY MR. ADDISON.

How Salmacis, with weak enfeebling streams
Softens the body, and unnerves the limbs,
And what the secret cause, shall here be shown;
The cause is secret, but the' effect is known.
The Naïads nurs'd an infant heretofore,
That Cytherea once to Hermes bore:

From both the' illustrious authors of his race
The child was nam'd; nor was it hard to trace
Both the bright parents through the infant's face.
When fifteen years in Ida's cool retreat
The boy had told, he left his native seat,
And sought fresh fountains in a foreign soil;
The pleasure lessen'd the attending toil.
With eager steps the Lycian fields he cross'd,
And fields that border on the Lycian coast;
A river here he view'd so lovely bright,
It show'd the bottom in a fairer light,
Nor kept a sand conceal'd from human sight.
The stream produc'd nor slimy ooze nor weeds,
Nor miry rushes nor the spiky reeds;
But dealt enriching moisture all around,
The fruitful banks with cheerful verdure crown'd,
And kept the spring eternal on the ground.
A nymph presides not practis'd in the chase,
Nor skilful at the bow nor at the race;
Of all the blue-eyed daughters of the main,
The only stranger to Diana's train;
Her sisters often, as 'tis said, would cry,
'Fie, Salmacis! what always idle? fie!
Or take thy quiver, or thy arrows seize,
And mix the toils of hunting with thy ease.'
Nor quiver she nor arrows e'er would seize,
Nor mix the toils of hunting with her ease;
But oft would bathe her in the crystal tide,
Oft with a comb her dewy locks divide;
Now in the limpid streams she views her face,
And dress'd her image in the floating glass:
On beds of leaves she now repos'd her limbs,
Now gather'd flowers that grew about her streams;

And then by chance was gathering, as she stood
To view the boy, and long'd for what she view'd.
Fain would she meet the youth with hasty feet,
She fain would meet him, but refus'd to meet
Before her looks were set with nicest care,
And well deserv'd to be reputed fair. [prove
'Bright youth,' she cries, 'whom all thy features
A god; and if a god, the god of love;
But if a mortal, bless'd thy nurse's breast,
Bless'd are thy parents, and thy sisters bless'd:
But oh, how bless'd! how more than bless'd thy bride,
Allied in bliss if any yet allied.
If so, let mine the stolen enjoyments be;
If not, behold a willing bride in me.'
The boy knew nought of love, and, touch'd with shame,
He strove and blush'd, but still the blush became:
In rising blushes still fresh beauties rose;
The sunny side of fruit such blushes shows,
And such the moon, when all her silver white
Turns in eclipses to a ruddy light.
The nymph still begs, if not a nobler bliss,
A cold salute, at least a sister's kiss;
And now prepares to take the lovely boy
Between her arms. He, innocently coy,
Replies, 'Or leave me to myself alone,
You rude uncivil nymph, or I'll be gone.'
'Fair stranger then,' says she, 'It shall be so;'
And, for she fear'd his threats, she feign'd to go;
But, hid within a covert's neighbouring green,
She kept him still in sight, herself unseen.
The boy now fancies all the danger o'er,
And innocently sports about the shore;

Playful and wanton to the stream he trips,
And dips his foot, and shivers as he dips.
The coolness pleas'd him, and with eager haste
His airy garments on the banks he cast;
His godlike features and his heavenly hue,
And all his beauties, were expos'd to view.
His naked limbs the nymph with rapture spies,
While hotter passions in her bosom rise,
Flush in her cheeks, and sparkle in her eyes.
She longs, she burns to clasp him in her arms,
And looks, and sighs, and kindles at his charms.
Now all undress'd upon the banks he stood,
And clap'd his sides, and leap'd into the flood:
His lovely limbs the silver waves divide,
His limbs appear more lovely through the tide;
As lilies, shut within a crystal case,
Receive a glossy lustre from the glass.
'He's mine, he's all my own,' the Naïad cries,
And flings off all, and after him she flies.
And now she fastens on him as he swims,
And holds him close, and wraps about his limbs.
The more the boy resisted and was coy,
The more she clip'd, and kiss'd the struggling boy.
So when the wriggling snake is snatch'd on high
In eagle's claws, and hisses in the sky,
Around the foe his twirling tail he flings,
And twists her legs, and writhes about her wings.
The restless boy still obstinately strove
To free himself, and still refus'd her love.
Amidst his limbs she kept her limbs entwin'd,
'And why, coy youth,' she cries, 'why thus unkind?
Oh, may the gods thus keep us ever join'd!

Oh, may we never, never part again!'
So pray'd the nymph, nor did she pray in vain;
For now she finds him, as his limbs she press'd,
Grow nearer still and nearer to her breast;
Till, piercing each the other's flesh, they run
Together, and incorporate in one.
Last, in one face are both their faces join'd,
As when the stock and grafted twig, combin'd,
Shoot up the same, and wear a common rind:
Both bodies in a single body mix,
A single body with a double sex.

The boy, thus lost in woman, now survey'd
The river's guilty stream, and thus he pray'd:
(He pray'd, but wonder'd at his softer tone,
Surpris'd to hear a voice but half his own:)
'You parent-gods, whose heavenly names I bear,
Hear your Hermaphrodite, and grant my pray'r;
Oh grant, that whomsoe'er these streams contain,
If man he enter'd, he may rise again
Supple, unsinew'd, and but half a man!'

The heavenly parents answer'd from on high,
Their two-shap'd son, the double votary;
Then gave a secret virtue to the flood,
And ting'd its source to make his wishes good.

CONTINUED BY EUSDEN.

ALCITHÖE AND HER SISTERS TRANSFORMED TO BATS.

But Mineus' daughters still their tasks pursue,
To wickedness most obstinately true:
At Bacchus still they laugh; when all around,
Unseen, the timbrels hoarse were heard to sound.
Saffron and myrrh their fragrant odours shed,
And now the present deity they dread.

Strange to relate! Here ivy first was seen,
Along the distaff crept the wondrous green.
Then sudden-springing vines began to bloom,
And the soft tendrils curl'd around the loom;
While purple clusters, dangling from on high,
Ting'd the wrought purple with a second dye.
Now from the skies was shot a doubtful light,
The day declining to the bounds of night.
The fabric's firm foundations shake all o'er,
False tigers rage, and figur'd lions roar:
Torches aloft seem blazing in the air,
And angry flashes of red lightnings glare.
To dark recesses, the dire sight to shun,
Swift the pale sisters in confusion run.
Their arms were lost in pinions as they fled,
And subtle films each slender limb o'erspread:
Their alter'd forms their senses soon reveal'd,
Their forms how alter'd, darkness still conceal'd;
Close to the roof each wondering upwards springs,
Borne on unknown, transparent, plumeless wings.
They strove for words, their little bodies found
No words, but murmur'd in a fainting sound.
In towns, not woods, the sooty bats delight,
And never till the dusk begin their flight;
Till Vesper rises with his evening flame,
From whom the Romans have deriv'd their name.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF INO AND MELICERTA TO SEA-GODS.

The power of Bacchus now o'er Thebes had flown;
With awful reverence soon the god they own.
Proud Ino all around the wonder tells,
And on her nephew-deity still dwells.

Of numerous sisters, she alone yet knew
No grief, but grief which she from sisters drew.
Imperial Juno saw her with disdain,
Vain in her offspring, in her consort vain,
Who rul'd the trembling Thebans with a nod,
But saw her vainest in her foster-god.
'Could then,' she cried, 'a bastard boy have pow'r
To make a mother her own son devour?
Could he the Tuscan crew to fishes change,
And now three sisters damn to forms so strange?
Yet shall the wife of Jove find no relief?
Shall she, still unreveng'd, disclose her grief?
Have I the mighty freedom to complain?
Is that my power? Is that to ease my pain?
A foe has taught me vengeance, and who ought
To scorn that vengeance, which a foe has taught?
What sure destruction frantic rage can throw,
The gaping wounds of slaughter'd Pentheus show.
Why should not Ino, fir'd with madness, stray,
Like her mad sisters her own kindred slay?
Why she not follow, where they led the way?'
Down a steep yawning cave, where yews display'd
In arches meet, and lend a baleful shade,
Through silent labyrinths a passage lies
To mournful regions, and infernal skies.
Here Styx exhales its noisome clouds, and here,
The funeral rites once paid, all souls appear.
Stiff cold, and horror with a ghastly face
And staring eyes, infest the dreary place.
Ghosts new arriv'd, and strangers to these plains,
Know not the palace where grim Pluto reigns:
They journey doubtful, nor the road can tell
Which leads to the metropolis of hell.

A thousand avenues those towers command,
A thousand gates for ever open stand.
As all the rivers disembogu'd, find room
For all their waters in old ocean's womb;
So this vast city worlds of shades receives,
And space for millions still of worlds she leaves.
The' unbodied spectres freely rove, and show
Whate'er they lov'd on earth, they love below.
The lawyers still, or right or wrong, support,
The courtiers smoothly glide to Pluto's court,
Still airy heroes thoughts of glory fire,
Still the dead poet strings his deathless lyre,
And lovers still with fancied darts expire.
The queen of heaven, to gratify her hate,
And soothe immortal wrath, forgets her state.
Down from the realms of day to realms of night,
The goddess swift precipitates her flight.
At hell arriv'd, the noise hell's porter heard,
The' enormous dog his triple head up-rear'd:
Thrice from three grizly throats he howl'd profound,
Then suppliant couch'd, and stretch'd along the ground.
The trembling threshold, which Saturnia press'd,
The weight of such divinity confess'd.
Before a lofty adamantine gate,
Which clos'd a tower of brass, the Furies sate:
Misshapen forms tremendous to the sight,
The' implacable foul daughters of the Night.
A sounding whip each bloody sister shakes,
Or from her tresses combs the curling snakes.
But now great Juno's majesty was known;
Through the thick gloom all heavenly bright she shone:

The hideous monsters their obedience show'd,
And, rising from their seats, submissive bow'd.
This is the place of woe, here groan the dead,
Huge Tityus o'er nine acres here is spread.
Fruitful for pain the' immortal liver breeds,
Still grows, and still the' insatiate vulture feeds.
Poor Tantalus to taste the water tries,
But from his lips the faithless water flies;
Then thinks the bending tree he can command;
The tree starts backwards, and eludes his hand.
The labour too of Sisyphus is vain,
Up the steep mount he heaves the stone with pain,
Down from the summit rolls the stone again.
The Belides their leaky vessels still
Are ever filling, and yet never fill;
Doom'd to this punishment for blood they shed,
For bridegroom slaughter'd in the bridal bed.
Stretch'd on the rolling wheel Ixion lies;
Himself he follows, and himself he flies:
Ixion, tortur'd, Juno sternly ey'd,
Then turn'd, and toiling Sisyphus espy'd:
'And why,' she said, 'so wretched is the fate
Of him, whose brother proudly reigns in state?
Yet still my altars unador'd have been
By Athamas and his presumptuous queen.'
What caus'd her hate the goddess thus confess'd,
What caus'd her journey now was more than guess'd.
That hate, relentless, its revenge did want,
And that revenge the Furies soon could grant;
They could the glory of proud Thebes efface,
And hide in ruin the Cadmëan race.
For this she largely promises, intreats,
And to intreaties adds imperial threats.

Then fell Tisiphonè with rage was stung,
And from her mouth the' untwisted serpents flung;
'To gain this trifling boon there is no need,'
She cried, 'in formal speeches to proceed.
Whatever thou command'st to do is done;
Believe it finish'd, though not yet begun.
But from these melancholy seats repair
To happier mansions, and to purer air.'
She spoke; the goddess, darting upwards, flies,
And joyous reascends her native skies;
Nor enter'd there, till round her Iris threw
Ambrosial sweets, and pour'd celestial dew.
The faithful Fury, guiltless of delays,
With cruel haste the dire command obeys.
Girt in a bloody gown, a torch she shakes,
And round her neck twines speckled wreaths of snakes;
Fear and dismay, and agonizing pain,
With frantic rage complete her loveless train.
To Thebes her flight she sped, and hell forsook,
At her approach the Theban turrets shook;
The sun shrunk back, thick clouds the day o'ercast,
And springing greens were wither'd as she pass'd.
Now dismal yellings heard, strange spectres seen,
Confound as much the monarch as the queen;
In vain to quit the palace they prepar'd,
Tisiphonè was there, and kept the ward.
She wide extended her unfriendly arms,
And all the Fury lavish'd all her harms.
Part of her tresses loudly hiss, and part
Spread poison, as their forky tongues they dart.
Then from her middle locks two snakes she drew,
Whose merit from superior mischief grew;
The' envenom'd ruin, thrown with spiteful care,
Clung to the bosoms of the hapless pair.

The hapless pair soon with wild thoughts were fir'd,
And madness by a thousand ways inspir'd.
'Tis true, the' unwounded body still was sound,
But 'twas the soul which felt the deadly wound.
Nor did the' unsated monster here give o'er,
But dealt of plagues afresh unnumber'd store.
Each baneful juice too well she understood,
Foam, churn'd by Cerberus and Hydra's blood;
Not hemlock and cold aconite she chose,
Delighted in variety of woes.
Whatever can untune the' harmonious soul,
And its mild reasoning faculties control,
Give false ideas, raise desires profane,
And whirl in eddies the tumultuous brain,
Mix'd with curs'd art, she direfully around
Through all their nerves diffus'd the sad compound:
Then toss'd her torch in circles still the same,
Improv'd their rage, and added flame to flame.
The grinning fury her own conquest spied,
And to her rueful shades return'd with pride,
And threw the' exhausted, useless snakes aside.
Now Athamas cries out, his reason fled,
'Here, fellow-hunters, let the toils be spread;
I saw a lioness in quest of food,
With her two young, run roaring in this wood.'
Again the fancied savages were seen,
As through his palace still he chas'd his queen;
Then tore Learchus from her breast. The child
Stretch'd little arms, and on its father smil'd:
A father now no more; who now begun
Around his head to whirl his giddy son,
And, quite insensible to nature's call,
The helpless infant flung against the wall.

The same mad poison in the mother wrought;
Young Melicerta in her arms she caught,
And with disorder'd tresses, howling, flies.
'Oh! Bacchus, Evôe, Bacchus!' loud she cries;
The name of Bacchus Juno laugh'd to hear,
And said, 'Thy foster-god has cost thee dear.'
A rock there stood, whose side the beating waves
Had long consum'd, and hollow'd into caves:
The head shot forwards in a bending steep,
And cast a dreadful covert o'er the deep.
The wretched Ino, on destruction bent,
Climb'd up the cliff; such strength her fury lent;
Thence with her guiltless boy, who wept in vain,
At one bold spring she plung'd into the main.
Her niece's fate touch'd Cytherëa's breast,
And in soft sounds she Neptune thus address'd:
'Great god of waters! whose extended sway
Is next to his whom heaven and earth obey:
Let not the suit of Venus thee displease,
Pity the floaters on the' Ionian seas,
Increase thy subject-gods, nor yet disdain
To add my kindred to that glorious train;
If from the sea I may such honours claim,
If 'tis desert, that from the sea I came,
As Grecian poets artfully have sung,
And in the name confess'd, from whence I sprung.'
Pleas'd, Neptune nodded his assent, and free
Both soon became from frail mortality.
He gave them form and majesty divine,
And bad them glide along the foamy brine:
For Melicerta is Palæmon known,
And Ino once, Leucothöe is grown.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF THE THEBAN MATRONS.

The Theban matrons their lov'd queen pursued,
And, tracing to the rock, her footsteps view'd.
Too certain of her fate, they rend the skies
With piteous shrieks and lamentable cries.
All beat their breasts, and Juno all upbraid,
Who still remember'd a deluded maid;
Who, still revengeful for one stol'n embrace,
Thus wreak'd her hate on the Cadmean race.
This Juno heard; 'And shall such elfs,' she cried,
'Dispute my justice, or my power deride?
You too shall feel my wrath, not idly spent,
A goddess never for insults was meant.'
She who lov'd most, and who most lov'd had been,
Said, 'Not the waves shall part me from my queen.'
She strove to plunge into the roaring flood;
Fix'd to the stone, a stone herself she stood.
This, on her breast would fain her blows repeat,
Her stiffen'd hands refus'd her breast to beat:
That, stretch'd her arms unto the seas, in vain
Her arms she labour'd to unstretch again.
To tear her comely locks another tried,
Both comely locks and fingers petrified.
Part thus: but Juno with a softer mind
Part doom'd to mix among the feather'd kind;
Transform'd, the name of Theban birds they keep,
And skim the surface of that fatal deep.

CADMUS AND HIS QUEEN TRANSFORMED TO SERPENTS.

Meantime the wretched Cadmus mourns, nor knows
That they who mortal fell, immortal rose.

With a long series of new ills oppress'd,
He droops, and all the man forsakes his breast.
Strange prodigies confound his frighted eyes,
From the fair city, which he rais'd, he flies;
As if misfortune not pursued his race,
But only hung o'er that devoted place.
Resolv'd by sea to seek some distant land,
At last he safely gain'd the' Illyrian strand.
Cheerless himself, his consort still he cheers,
Hoary and loaden'd both with woes and years.
Then to recount past sorrows they begin,
And trace them to the gloomy origin:
'That serpent sure was hallow'd, Cadmus cried,
'Which once my spear transfix'd with foolish pride;
When the big teeth, a seed before unknown,
By me along the wondering glebe were sown,
And sprouting armies by themselves o'erthrown.
If thence the wrath of heaven on me is bent,
May heaven conclude it with one sad event;
To an extended serpent change the man:'
And while he spoke the wish'd-for change began.
His skin with sea-green spots was varied round,
And on his belly prone he press'd the ground:
He glitter'd soon with many a golden scale,
And his shrunk legs clos'd in a spiry tail.
Arms yet remain'd, remaining arms he spread
To his lov'd wife, and human tears yet shed.
'Come, my Harmonia, come, thy face recline
Down to my face, still touch what still is mine.
O! let these hands, while hands, be gently press'd,
While yet the serpent has not all possess'd.'
More he had spoke, but strove to speak in vain,
The forky tongue refus'd to tell his pain,
And learn'd in hissings only to complain.

Then shriek'd Harmonia, 'Stay, my Cadmus, stay;
Glide not in such a monstrous shape away!
Destruction, like impetuous waves, rolls on:
Where are thy feet, thy legs, thy shoulders gone?
Chang'd is thy visage, chang'd is all thy frame,
Cadmus is only Cadmus now in name.
Ye gods, my Cadmus to himself restore,
Or me like him transform; I ask no more.'
The husband-serpent show'd he still had thought,
With wonted fondness an embrace he sought;
Play'd round her neck, in many a harmless twist,
And lick'd that bosom, which a man he kiss'd.
The lookers-on (for lookers-on there were)
Shock'd at the sight, half-died away with fear.
The transformation was again renew'd,
And, like the husband, chang'd the wife they view'd.
Both serpents now, with fold involv'd in fold,
To the next covert amicably roll'd.
There curl'd they lie, or wave along the green,
Fearless see men, by men are fearless seen,
Still mild, and conscious what they once have been.

THE STORY OF PERSEUS.

Yet though this harsh inglorious fate they found,
Each in the deathless grandson liv'd renown'd;
Through conquer'd India Bacchus nobly rode,
And Greece with temples hail'd the conquering god.
In Argos only proud Acrisius reign'd,
Who all the consecrated rites profan'd.
Audacious wretch! thus Bacchus to deny,
And the great Thunderer's great son defy!
Nor him alone: thy daughter vainly strove,
Brave Perseus of celestial stem to prove,
And herself pregnant by a golden Jove.

Yet this was true, and truth in time prevails;
Acrisius now his unbelief bewails.
His former thought, an impious thought he found,
And both the hero and the god were own'd.
He saw already one in heaven was plac'd,
And one with more than mortal triumphs grac'd.
The victor Perseus, with the gorgon-head,
O'er Libyan sands his airy journey sped.
The gory drops distill'd as swift he flew,
And from each drop envenom'd serpents grew.
The mischiefs brooded on the barren plains,
And still the' unhappy fruitfulness remains.

ATLAS TRANSFORMED TO A MOUNTAIN.

Thence Perseus, like a cloud, by storms was driv'n,
Through all the' expanse beneath the cope of heav'n.
The jarring winds unable to control,
He saw the southern and the northern pole:
And eastward thrice and westward thrice was whirl'd,
And from the skies survey'd the nether world.
But when gray evening show'd the verge of night,
He fear'd in darkness to pursue his flight.
He pois'd his pinions, and forgot to soar,
And, sinking, clos'd them on the' Hesperian shore:
Then beg'd to rest, till Lucifer begun
To wake the morn, the morn to wake the sun.
Here Atlas reign'd, of more than human size,
And in his kingdom the world's limit lies.
Here Titan bids his wearied coursers sleep,
And cools the burning axle in the deep.
The mighty monarch, uncontrol'd, alone
His sceptre sways: no neighbouring states are known.

A thousand flocks on shady mountains fed,
A thousand herds o'er grassy plains were spread.
Here wondrous trees their shining stores unfold,
Their shining stores too wondrous to be told;
Their leaves, their branches, and their apples gold.
Then Perseus the gigantic prince address'd,
Humbly implor'd a hospitable rest.
'If bold exploits thy admiration fire,'
He said, 'I fancy mine thou wilt admire:
Or if the glory of a race can move,
Not mean my glory, for I spring from Jove.'
At this confession Atlas ghastly star'd,
Mindful of what an oracle declar'd,
That the dark womb of time conceal'd a day,
Which should, disclos'd, the bloomy gold betray:
All should at once be ravish'd from his eyes,
And Jove's own progeny enjoy the prize.
For this the fruit he loftily immur'd,
And a fierce dragon the strait pass secur'd.
For this all strangers he forbad to land,
And drove them from the' inhospitable strand.
To Perseus then: 'Fly quickly, fly this coast;
Nor falsely dare thy acts and race to boast.'
In vain the hero for one night entreats, [threats.
Threatening he storms, and next adds force to
By strength not Perseus could himself defend,
For who in strength with Atlas could contend?
'But since short rest to me thou wilt not give,
A gift of endless rest from me receive.'
He said, and backward turn'd; no more conceal'd
The present, and Medusa's head reveal'd.
Soon the high Atlas a high mountain stood,
His locks and beard became a leafy wood:

His hands and shoulders into ridges went,
The summit-head still crown'd the steep ascent;
His bones a solid rocky hardness gain'd:
He, thus immensely grown, as fate ordain'd,
The stars, the heavens, and all the gods sustain'd.

ANDROMEDA RESCUED FROM THE SEA-MONSTER.

Now Æolus had with strong chains confin'd,
And deep imprison'd every blustering wind;
The rising Phosphor, with a purple light,
Did sluggish mortals to new toils invite.
His feet again the valiant Perseus plumes,
And his keen sabre in his hand resumes:
Then nobly spurs the ground, and upward springs,
And cuts the liquid air with sounding wings.
O'er various seas, and various lands he pass'd,
Till Ethiopia's shore appear'd at last.
Andromeda was there, doom'd to atone
By her own ruin, follies not her own:
And if injustice in a god can be,
Such was the Libyan god's unjust decree.
Chain'd to a rock she stood, young Perseus stay'd
His rapid flight to view the beauteous maid;
So sweet her frame, so exquisitely fine,
She seem'd a statue by a hand divine;
Had not the wind her waving tresses show'd,
And down her cheeks the melting sorrows flow'd.
Her faultless form the hero's bosom fires,
The more he looks the more he still admires.
The' admirer almost had forgot to fly,
And swift descended fluttering from on high.
'O virgin! worthy no such chains to prove,
But pleasing chains in the soft folds of love;

Thy country and thy name,' he said, 'disclose,
And give a true rehearsal of thy woes.'
A quick reply her bashfulness refus'd,
To the free converse of a man unus'd.
Her rising blushes had concealment found
From her spread hands, but that her hands were bound.
She acted to her full extent of pow'r,
And bath'd her face with a fresh silent show'r:
But by degrees, in innocence grown bold,
Her name, her country, and her birth she told;
And how she suffer'd for her mother's pride,
Who with the Nereids once in beauty vied.
Part yet untold, the seas began to roar,
And mounting billows tumbled to the shore;
Above the waves a monster rais'd his head,
His body o'er the deep was widely spread:
Onward he flounc'd, aloud the virgin cries;
Each parent to her shrieks in shrieks replies;
But she had deepest cause to rend the skies.
Weeping, to her they cling; no sign appears
Of help, they only lend their helpless tears.
'Too long you vent your sorrows,' Perseus said,
'Short is the hour and swift the time of aid:
In me the son of thundering Jove behold,
Got in a kindly shower of fruitful gold.
Medusa's snaky head is now my prey,
And through the clouds I boldly wing my way.
If such desert be worthy of esteem,
Add, if your daughter I from death redeem,
Shall she be mine? Shall it not then be thought
A bride so lovely was too cheaply bought?
For her my arms I willingly employ,
If I may beauties which I save enjoy.'

The parents eagerly the terms embrace;
For who would slight such terms in such a case?
Nor her alone they promise, but beside,
The dowry of a kingdom with the bride.
As well-rig'd gallies which slaves sweating row,
With their sharp beaks the whiten'd ocean plough;
So when the monster mov'd, still at his back
The furrow'd waters left the foamy track.
Now to the rock he was advanc'd so nigh,
Whirl'd from a sling a stone the space would fly.
Then bounding upwards the brave Perseus sprung,
And in mid air on hovering pinions hung.
His shadow quickly floated on the main,
The monster could not his wild rage restrain,
But at the floating shadow leap'd in vain.
As when Jove's bird a speckled serpent spies,
Which in the shine of Phœbus basking lies,
Unseen he souses down and bears away,
Truss'd from behind, the vainly-hissing prey;
To writhe his neck the labour nought avails,
Too deep the' imperial talons pierce his scales:
Thus the wing'd hero now descends, now soars,
And at his pleasure the vast monster gores:
Full in his back, swift-stooping from above,
The crooked sabre to its hilt he drove.
The monster rag'd impatient of the pain,
First bounded high and then sunk low again:
Now like a savage boar when chaf'd with wounds,
And bay'd with opening mouths of hungry hounds,
He on the foe turns with collected might,
Who still eludes him with an airy flight,
And wheeling round the scaly armour tries
Of his thick sides, his thinner tail now plies;

Till from repeated strokes out gush'd a flood,
And the waves redden'd with the streaming blood.
At last the dropping wings, befoam'd all o'er
With flaggy heaviness their master bore;
A rock he spied, whose humble head was low,
Bare at an ebb, but cover'd at a flow;
A ridgy hold; he thither flying gain'd,
And with one hand his bending weight sustain'd;
With the' other vigorous blows he dealt around,
And the home-thrusts the' expiring monster own'd.
In deafening shouts the glad applauses rise,
And peal on peal runs rattling through the skies.
The saviour-youth the royal pair confess, [bless:
And with heav'd hands their daughter's bridegroom
The beauteous bride moves on, now loos'd from chains,
The cause and sweet reward of all the hero's pains.
Meantime on shore triumphant Perseus stood,
And purg'd his hands, smear'd with the monster's [blood;
Then in the windings of a sandy bed
Compos'd Medusa's execrable head:
But to prevent the roughness, leaves he threw,
And young green twigs which soft in waters grew,
There soft and full of sap; but here when lay'd,
Touch'd by the head that softness soon decay'd:
The wonted flexibility quite gone,
The tender scions harden'd into stone.
Fresh juicy twigs surpris'd, the Nereids brought,
Fresh juicy twigs the same contagion caught:
The nymphs the petrifying seeds still keep,
And propagate the wonder through the deep.
The pliant sprays of coral yet declare
Their stiffening nature when expos'd to air:

Those sprays, which did like bending osiers move,
Snatch'd from their element, obdurate prove,
And shrubs beneath the waves, grow stones above.

The great immortals grateful Perseus prais'd,
And to three powers three turfy altars rais'd.
To Hermes this; and that he did assign
To Pallas; the mid honours, Jove, were thine.
He hastes for Pallas a white cow to cull,
A calf for Hermes, but for Jove a bull.
Then seiz'd the prize of his victorious fight,
Andromeda, and claim'd the nuptial rite.
Andromeda alone he greatly sought,
The dowry kingdom was not worth his thought.

Pleas'd Hymen now his golden torch displays,
With rich oblations fragrant altars blaze,
Sweet wreaths of choicest flowers are hung on high,
And cloudless pleasure smiles in every eye:
The melting music melting thoughts inspires,
And warbling songsters aid the warbling lyres.
The palace opens wide in pompous state,
And, by his peers surrounded, Cepheus sate:
A feast was serv'd fit for a king to give,
And fit for godlike heroes to receive.
The banquet ended, the gay cheerful bowl
Mov'd round and brighten'd and enlarg'd each soul.
Then Perseus ask'd, 'what customs there obtain'd,
And by what laws the people were restrain'd?'
Which told, the teller a like freedom takes,
And to the warrior his petition makes,
To know what arts had won Medusa's snakes.

THE STORY OF MEDUSA'S HEAD.

The hero with his just request complies,
Shows how a vale beneath cold Atlas lies,

Where with aspiring mountains fenc'd around,
He the two daughters of old Phorcus found:
Fate had one common eye to both assign'd,
Each saw by turns, and each by turns was blind.
But while one strove to lend her sister sight,
He stretch'd his hand and stole their mutual light,
And left both eyeless, both involv'd in night.
Through devious wilds and trackless woods he pass'd,
And at the Gorgon seats arriv'd at last:
But as he journey'd, pensive he survey'd
What wasteful havoc dire Medusa made.
Here stood still breathing statues, men before;
There rampant lions seem'd in stone to roar:
Nor did he yet affrighted quit the field,
But in the mirror of his polish'd shield
Reflected, saw Medusa slumbers take,
And not one serpent by good chance awake.
Then backward an unerring blow he sped,
And from her body lop'd at once her head:
The gore prolific prov'd: with sudden force
Sprung Pegasus, and wing'd his airy course.

The heaven-born warrior faithfully went on,
And told the numerous dangers which he run:
What subject seas, what lands he had in view,
And nigh what stars the' adventrous hero flew.
At last he silent sat; the listening throng
Sigh'd at the pause of his delightful tongue.
Some beg'd to know why this alone should wear,
Of all the sisters, such destructive hair?

Great Perseus then: 'With me you shall prevail,
Worth the relation to relate a tale.
Medusa once had charms, to gain her love
A rival crowd of envious lovers strove:

They who have seen her own they ne'er did trace
More moving features in a sweeter face:
Yet above all her length of hair they own,
In golden ringlets wav'd, and graceful shone.
Her Neptune saw, and with such beauties fir'd,
Resolv'd to compass what his soul desir'd,
In chaste Minerva's fane; he lustful stay'd,
And seiz'd and rifled the young blushing maid.
The bashful goddess turn'd her eyes away,
Nor durst such bold impurity survey;
But on the ravish'd virgin vengeance takes,
Her shining hair is chang'd to hissing snakes.
These in her ægis Pallas joys to bear;
The hissing snakes her foes more sure ensnare,
Than they did lovers once, when shining hair.'

END OF VOL. I.

Whittingham and Rowland, Printers, Goswell Street, London.

OVID.

Two with the yellow wings, embraced [illegible] and wrap[illegible] misty clouds far [illegible]

Painted by [illegible]

[illegible]

OVID'S

METAMORPHOSES:

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN,

BY

MAYNWARING, CROXALL,

AND OTHERS.

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OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK V.

TRANSLATED BY MAYNWARING.

THE STORY OF PERSEUS CONTINUED.

WHILE Perseus entertain'd with this report
His father Cepheus, and the listening court,
Within the palace walls was heard aloud
The roaring noise of some unruly crowd;
Not like the songs which cheerful friends prepare
For nuptial days, but sounds that threaten'd war;
And all the pleasures of this happy feast,
To tumult turn'd, in wild disorder ceas'd.
So when the sea is calm, we often find
A storm rais'd sudden by some furious wind.
  Chief in the riot Phineus first appear'd,
(The rash ringleader of this boistrous herd),
And brandishing his brazen-pointed lance,
'Behold,' he said, 'an injur'd man advance,
Stung with resentment for his ravish'd wife;
Nor shall thy wings, O Perseus, save thy life;
Nor Jove himself: though we've been often told
Who got thee in the form of tempting gold.'
His lance was aim'd, when Cepheus ran and said,
'Hold, brother, hold; what brutal rage has made

Your frantic mind so black a crime conceive?
Are these the thanks that you to Perseus give?
This the reward that to his worth you pay,
Whose timely valour sav'd Andromeda?
Nor was it he, if you would reason right,
That forc'd her from you, but the jealous spite
Of envious Nereids, and Jove's high decree;
And that devouring monster of the sea,
That ready with his jaws wide-gaping stood
To eat my child, the fairest of my blood.
You lost her then when she seem'd past relief,
And wish'd perhaps her death, to ease your grief
With my afflictions. Not content to view
Andromeda in chains, unhelp'd by you,
Her spouse and uncle; will you grieve that he
Expos'd his life the dying maid to free?
And shall you claim his merit? Had you thought
Her charms so great, you shou'd have bravely sought
That blessing on the rocks, where fix'd she lay:
But now let Perseus bear his prize away,
By service gain'd, by promis'd faith possess'd;
To him I owe it, that my age is bless'd
Still with a child: nor think that I prefer
Perseus to thee, but to the loss of her.'

Phineus on him and Perseus roll'd about
His eyes in silent rage, and seem'd to doubt
Which to destroy; till resolute at length,
He threw his spear with the redoubled strength
His fury gave him, and at Perseus struck;
But, missing Perseus, in his seat it stuck,
Who, springing nimbly up, return'd the dart,
And almost plung'd it in his rival's heart;
But he for safety to the altar ran
(Unfit protection for so vile a man);

Yet was the stroke not vain, as Rhætus found,
Who in his brow receiv'd a mortal wound;
Headlong he tumbled when his scull was broke,
From which his friends the fatal weapon took,
While he lay trembling, and his gushing blood
In crimson streams around the table flow'd.
But this provok'd the' unruly rabble worse;
They flung their darts; and some in loud discourse
To death young Perseus and the monarch doom;
But Cepheus left before the guilty room,
With grief appealing to the gods above,
Who laws of hospitality approve,
Who faith protect, and succour injur'd right,
That he was guiltless of this barbarous fight.
Pallas her brother Perseus close attends,
And with her ample shield from harm defends,
Raising a sprightly courage in his heart:
But Indian Athis took the weaker part,
Born in the crystal grottos of the sea;
Limnatè's son, a finny nymph, and she
Daughter of Ganges; graceful was his mien,
His person lovely, and his age sixteen.
His habit made his native beauty more;
A purple mantle fring'd with gold he wore;
His neck well-turn'd, with golden chains was grac'd;
His hair, with mirth perfum'd, was nicely dress'd.
Though with just aim he could the javelin throw,
Yet with more skill he drew the bending bow;
And now was drawing it with artful hand,
When Perseus, snatching up a flaming brand,
Whirl'd sudden at his face the burning wood,
Crush'd his eyes in, and quench'd the fire with blood;
Through the soft skin the splinter'd bones appear,
And spoil'd the face that lately was so fair.

When Lycabas his Athis thus beheld,
How was his heart with friendly horror fill'd!
A youth so noble, to his soul so dear,
To see his shapeless look, his dying groans to hear!
He snatch'd the bow the boy was us'd to bend,
And cry'd, 'With me, false traitor! dare contend;
Boast not a conquest o'er a child, but try
Thy strength with me, who all thy powers defy;
Nor think so mean an act a victory.
While yet he spoke he flung the whizzing dart,
Which pierc'd the plaited robe, but miss'd his heart;
Perseus defied, upon him fiercely press'd
With sword unsheath'd, and plung'd it in his breast;
His eyes o'erwhelm'd with night, he stumbling falls,
And with his latest breath on Athis calls;
Pleas'd that so near the lovely youth he lies,
He sinks his head upon his friend and dies.
Next eager Phorbas, old Methion's son,
Came rushing forward with Amphimedon;
When the smooth pavement, slippery made with gore,
Trip'd up their feet, and flung 'em on the floor;
The sword of Perseus (who by chance was nigh)
Prevents their rise; and where they fall they lie:
Full in his ribs Amphimedon he smote,
And then stuck fiery Phorbas in the throat.
Eurythus lifting up his axe, the blow
Was thus prevented by his nimble foe;
A golden cup he seizes, high emboss'd,
And at his head the massy goblet toss'd:
It hits, and from his forehead bruis'd rebounds,
And blood and brains he vomits from his wounds;
With his slain fellows on the floor he lies,
And death for ever shuts his swimming eyes.

Then Polydæmon fell, a goddess-born;
Phlegias, and Elycen with locks unshorn
Next follow'd; next, the stroke of death he gave
To Clytus, Abarin, and Lycetus brave;
While o'er unnumber'd heaps of ghastly dead,
The Argive hero's feet triumphant tread.
But Phineus stands aloof, and dreads to feel
His rival's force, and flies his pointed steel;
Yet threw a dart from far; by chance it lights
On Idas, who for neither party fights;
But wounded sternly thus to Phineus said,
'Since of a neuter thou a foe hast made,
This I return thee;' drawing from his side
The dart, which as he strove to fling he died.
Odites fell by Clymenus's sword,
The Cephen court had not a greater lord.
Hypseus his blade does in Protenor sheath,
But brave Lyncides soon reveng'd his death.
Here too was old Emathion, one that fear'd
The gods, and in the cause of heaven appear'd,
Who only wishing the success of right,
And by his age exempted from the fight,
Both sides alike condemns: 'This impious war
Cease, cease,' he cries, 'these bloody broils forbear.'
This scarce the sage with high concern had said,
When Chromis at a blow struck off his head;
Which dropping, on the royal altar roll'd,
Still staring on the crowd with aspect bold;
And still it seem'd their horrid strife to blame,
In life and death his pious zeal the same;
While clinging to the horns the trunk expires,
The sever'd head consumes amidst the fires.
Then Phineus, who from far his javelin threw,
Broteas and Ammon, twins and brothers, slew;

For knotted gauntlets matchless in the field,
But gauntlets must to swords and javelins yield.
Ampycus next, with hallow'd fillets bound,
As Ceres' priest, and with a mitre crown'd,
His spear transfix'd, and struck him to the ground.
O Iäpetides! with pain I tell
How you, sweet lyrist, in the riot fell;
What worse than brutal rage his breast could fill,
Who did thy blood, O bard celestial! spill?
Kindly you press'd amid the princely throng,
To crown the feast, and give the nuptial song:
Discord abhor'd the music of thy lyre,
Whose notes did gentle peace so well inspire;
Thee, when fierce Pettalus far off espied,
Defenceless with thy harp (he scoffing cried),
'Go, to the ghosts thy soothing lessons play;
We loath thy lyre, and scorn thy peaceful lay:'—
And, as again he fiercely bid him go,
He pierc'd his temples with a mortal blow.
His harp he held, though sinking on the ground,
Whose strings in death his trembling fingers found
By chance, and tun'd by chance a dying sound.
With grief Lycormas saw him fall from far,
And, wresting from the door a massy bar,
Full in his poll lays on a load of knocks,
Which stun him, and he falls like a devoted ox.
Another bar Pelates would have snatch'd,
But Corythus his motions slily watch'd;
He darts his weapon from a private stand,
And rivets to the post his veiny hand:
When straight a missive spear transfix'd his side,
By Abas thrown, and as he hung he died.
Melaneus on the prince's side was slain:
And Dorylas, who own'd a fertile plain,

Of Nasamonia's field the wealthy lord, [hoard.
Whose crowded barns could scarce contain their
A whizzing spear obliquely gave a blow,
Stuck in his groin, and pierc'd the nerves below;
His foe beheld his eyes convulsive roll,
His ebbing veins, and his departing soul;
Then taunting said, 'Of all thy spacious plains,
This spot thy only property remains.'
He left him thus; but had no sooner left,
Than Perseus in revenge his nostrils cleft:
From his friend's breast the murdering dart he drew,
And the same weapon at the murderer threw;
His head in halves the darted javelin cut,
And on each side the brain came issuing out.
Fortune his friend, his deaths around he deals,
And this his lance, and that his falchion feels:
Now Clytius dies, and by a different wound,
The twin, his brother Clanis, bites the ground.
In his rent jaw the bearded weapon sticks,
And the steel'd dart does Clytius' thigh transfix.
With these Mendesian Celadon he slew;
And Astreus next, whose mother was a Jew,
His sire uncertain. Then by Perseus fell
Æthion, who could things to come foretel;
But now he knows not whence the javelin flies
That wounds his breast, nor by whose arm he dies.
The squire to Phineus next his valour tried,
And fierce Agyrtes stain'd with parricide.
As these are slain, fresh numbers still appear,
And wage with Perseus an unequal war;
To rob him of his right, the maid he won,
By honour, promise, and desert his own.
With him the father of the beauteous bride,
The mother, and the frighted virgin, side;

With shrieks and doleful cries they rend the air;
Their shrieks confounded with the din of war,
With clashing arms, and groanings of the slain,
They grieve unpitied, and unheard complain.
The floor with ruddy streams Bellona stains,
And Phineus a new war with double rage maintains.
Perseus begirt, from all around they pour
Their lances on him, a tempestuous show'r,
Aim'd all at him; a cloud of darts and spears,
Or blind his eyes, or whistle round his ears.
Their numbers to resist, against the wall
He guards his back secure, and dares them all.
Here from the left Molpeus renews the fight,
And bold Ethemon presses on the right:
As when a hungry tiger near him hears
Two lowing herds, awhile he both forbears;
Nor can his hopes of this or that renounce,
So strong he lusts to prey on both at once;
Thus Perseus now with that, or this, is loth
To war distinct, but fain would fall on both.
And first Chaonian Molpeus felt his blow,
And fled, and never after fac'd his foe;
Then fierce Ethemon, as he turn'd his back,
Hurried with fury, aiming at his neck,
His brandish'd sword against the marble struck
With all his might; the brittle weapon broke,
And in his throat the point rebounding stuck.
Too slight the wound for life to issue thence,
And yet too great for battle or defence;
His arms extended in this piteous state,
For mercy he would sue, but sues too late;
Perseus has in his bosom plung'd the sword,
And, ere he speaks, the wound prevents the word.

The crowds increasing, and his friends distress'd,
Himself by warring multitudes oppress'd;
'Since thus unequally you fight, 'tis time,'
He cried, 'to punish your presumptuous crime;
Beware, my friends;' his friends were soon pre-
par'd,
Their sight averting, high the head he rear'd,
And Gorgon on his foes severely star'd.
'Vain shift!' says Thescelus, with aspect bold,
Thee, and thy bugbear monster, I behold
With scorn;' he lifts his arm, but ere he threw
The dart, the hero to a statue grew.
In the same posture still the marble stands,
And holds the warrior's weapons in its hands.
Amphyx, whom yet this wonder can't alarm,
Heaves at Lyncides' breast his impious arm;
But, while thus daringly he presses on,
His weapon and his arm are turn'd to stone.
Next Nileus, he who vainly said he ow'd
His origin to Nile's prolific flood;
Who on his shield seven silver rivers bore,
His birth to witness by the arms he wore;
Full of his sev'n-fold father, thus express'd
His boast to Perseus, and his pride confess'd:
'See whence we sprung; let this thy comfort be
In thy sure death, that thou didst die by me!'
While yet he spoke, the dying accents hung
In sounds imperfect on his marble tongue;
Though chang'd to stone, his lips he seem'd to
stretch, [speech.
And through the' insensate rock would force a
This Eryx saw, but seeing wou'd not own;
'The mischief by yourselves,' he cries, 'is done:
'Tis your cold courage turns your hearts to stone.

Come, follow me; fall on the stripling boy,
Kill him, and you his magic arms detroy.'
Then rushing on, his arm to strike he rear'd,
And marbled o'er his varied frame appear'd.
These for affronting Pallas were chastis'd,
And justly met the death they had despis'd.
But brave Aconteus, Perseus' friend, by chance
Look'd back, and met the Gorgon's fatal glance:
A statue now become, he ghastly stares,
And still the foe to mortal combat dares.
Astyages the living likeness knew,
On the dead stone with vengeful fury flew;
But impotent his rage, the jarring blade
No print upon the solid marble made:
Again, as with redoubled might he struck,
Himself astonish'd in the quarry stuck.
The vulgar deaths 'twere tedious to rehearse,
And fates below the dignity of verse;
Their safety in their flight two hundred found,
Two hundred by Medusa's head were ston'd.
Fierce Phineus now repents the wrongful fight,
And views his varied friends, a dreadful sight!
He knows their faces, for their help he sues,
And thinks, not hearing him, that they refuse:
By name he begs their succour one by one,
Then doubts their life, and feels the friendly stone.
Struck with remorse, and conscious of his pride,
Convict of sin he turn'd his eyes aside;
With suppliant mien to Perseus thus he prays:
'Hence with the head, as far as winds and seas
Can bear thee; hence, O quit the Cephen shore,
And never curse us with Medusa more,
That horrid head, which stiffens into stone
Those impious men who, daring death, look on.

I warr'd not with thee out of hate or strife,
My honest cause was to defend my wife,
First pledg'd to me; what crime cou'd I suppose,
To arm my friends, and vindicate my spouse?
But vain, too late I see, was our design;
Mine was the title, but the merit thine.
Contending made me guilty, I confess,
But penitence should make that guilt the less:
'Twas thine to conquer by Minerva's pow'r;
Favour'd of Heav'n, thy mercy I implore!
For life I sue, the rest to thee I yield;
In pity from my sight remove the shield.'
He suing said; nor durst revert his eyes
On the grim head, and Perseus thus replies:
'Coward, what is in me to grant, I will;
Nor blood, unworthy of my valour, spill:
Fear not to perish by my vengeful sword,
From that secure; 'tis all the Fates afford.
Where I now see thee, thou shalt still be seen,
A lasting monument to please our queen;
There still shall thy betroth'd behold her spouse,
And find his image in her father's house.'
This said; where Phineus turn'd to shun the shield,
Full in his face the staring head he held;
As here and there he strove to turn aside,
The wonder wrought, the man was petrified:
All marble was his frame, his humid eyes
Drop'd tears, which hung upon the stones like ice.
In suppliant posture, with uplifted hands,
And fearful look, the guilty statue stands.
Hence Perseus to his native city hies,
Victorious, and rewarded with his prize.
Conquest, o'er Prætus the usurper, won,
He reinstates his grandsire in the throne.

Prætus, his brother dispossess'd by might,
His realm enjoy'd, and still detain'd his right:
But Perseus pull'd the haughty tyrant down,
And to the rightful king restor'd the throne.
Weak was the' usurper, as his cause was wrong:
Where Gorgon's head appears, what arms are strong?
When Perseus to his host the monster held,
They soon were statues, and their king expell'd.
  Thence to Seriphus with the head he sails,
Whose prince his story treats as idle tales:
Lord of a little isle, he scorns to seem
Too credulous, but laughs at that and him.
Yet did he not so much suspect the truth,
As out of pride or envy hate the youth.
The Argive prince, at his contempt enrag'd,
To force his faith by fatal proof engag'd: [takes,
'Friends, shut your eyes,' he cries: his shield he
And to the king expos'd Medusa's snakes.
The monarch felt the power he would not own,
And stood convict of folly in the stone.

MINERVA'S INTERVIEW WITH THE MUSES.

  Thus far Minerva was content to rove
With Perseus, offspring of her father Jove:
Now hid in clouds, Seriphus she forsook,
And to the Theban towers her journey took;
Cythnos and Gyaros, lying to the right,
She pass'd unheeded in her eager flight;
And choosing first on Helicon to rest,
The Virgin Muses in these words address'd:
  'Me, the strange tidings of a new-found spring,
Ye learned sisters, to this mountain bring.
If all be true that Fame's wide rumours tell,
'Twas Pegasus discover'd first your well;

Whose piercing hoof gave the soft earth a blow,
Which broke the surface where these waters flow.
I saw that horse by miracle obtain
Life, from the blood of dire Medusa slain;
And now this equal prodigy to view,
From distant isles to fam'd Bœotia flew.'
The muse Urania said, 'Whatever cause
So great a goddess to this mansion draws;
Our shades are happy with so bright a guest,
You, Queen, are welcome, and we Muses bless'd.
What Fame has publish'd of our spring is true,
Thanks for our spring to Pegasus are due.'
Then with becoming courtesy she led
The curious stranger to their fountain's head;
Who long survey'd with wonder and delight
Their sacred water, charming to the sight;
Their ancient groves, dark grottos, shady bow'rs,
And smiling plains adorn'd with various flow'rs:
'O happy Muses!' she with rapture cried,
'Who, safe from cares, on this fair hill reside;
Bless'd in your seat, and free yourselves to please
With joys of study, and with glorious ease.'

THE FATE OF PYRENEUS.

Then one replies: 'O goddess, fit to guide
Our humble works, and in our choir preside;
Who sure would wisely to these fields repair,
To taste our pleasures, and our labours share;
Were not your virtue, and superior mind,
To higher arts and nobler deeds inclin'd;
Justly you praise our works, and pleasing seat,
Which all might envy in this soft retreat,
Were we secur'd from dangers, and from harms;
But maids are frighten'd with the least alarms,

And none are safe in this licentious time;
Still fierce Pyreneus, and his daring crime,
With lasting horror strikes my feeble sight,
Nor is my mind recover'd from the fright.
With Thracian arms this bold usurper gain'd
Daulis and Phocis, where he proudly reign'd:
It happen'd once, as through his lands we went,
For the bright temple of Parnassus bent,
He met us there, and in his artful mind
Hiding the faithless action he design'd,
Confer'd on us (whom, oh! too well he knew)
All honours that to goddesses are due.
"Stop, stop, ye Muses, 'tis your friend who calls,"
The tyrant said; "behold the rain that falls
On every side, and that ill-boding sky,
Whose lowering face portends more storms are nigh.
Pray make my house your own; and, void of fear,
While this bad weather lasts take shelter here.
Gods have made meaner places their resort,
And for a cottage left their shining court."
'Oblig'd to stop, by the united force
Of pouring rains and complaisant discourse,
His courteous invitation we obey,
And in his hall resolve awhile to stay.
Soon it clear'd up; the clouds began to fly,
The driving north refin'd the show'ry sky:
Then to pursue our journey we began;
But the false traitor to his portal ran,
Stop'd our escape, the door securely barr'd,
And to our honour violence prepar'd;
But we, transform'd to birds, avoid his snare,
On pinions rising in the yielding air.
But he, by lust and indignation fir'd,
Up to his highest tower with speed retir'd,

And cries, " In vain you from my arms withdrew,
The way you go your lover will pursue."
Then in a flying posture wildly plac'd,
And daring from that height himself to cast,
The wretch fell headlong, and the ground bestrew'd
With broken bones, and stains of guilty blood.'

THE STORY OF THE PIERIDES.

The Muse yet spoke: when they began to hear
A noise of wings that flutter'd in the air; [bough,
And straight a voice, from some high-spreading
Seem'd to salute the company below.
The goddess wonder'd, and inquir'd from whence
That tongue was heard, that spoke so plainly sense:
(It seem'd to her a human voice to be,
But prov'd a bird's; for in a shady tree
Nine magpies perch'd lament their alter'd state,
And what they hear are skilful to repeat.)
The sister to the wondering goddess said:
' These, foil'd by us, by us were thus repaid.
These did Evippè of Pæonia bring,
With nine hard labour-pangs, to Pella's king.
The foolish virgins of their number proud,
And puff'd with praises of the senseless crowd,
Through all Achaia, and the' Æmonian plains,
Defied us thus to match their artless strains:
" No more, ye Thespian girls, your notes repeat,
Nor with false harmony the vulgar cheat;
In voice or skill, if you with us will vie,
As many we, in voice or skill will try.
Surrender you to us, if we excel,
Fam'd Aganippè, and Medusa's well.
The conquest yours, your prize from us shall be
The' Æmathian plains to snowy Pæonè;

The nymphs our judges." To dispute the field,
We thought a shame; but greater shame to yield.
On seats of living stone the sisters sit,
And by the rivers swear to judge aright.

THE SONG OF THE PIERIDES.

'Then rises one of the presumptuous throng,
Steps rudely forth, and first begins the song;
With vain address describes the giants wars,
And to the gods their fabled acts prefers.
She sings from earth's dark womb how Typhon rose,
And struck with mortal fear his heavenly foes:
How the gods fled to Egypt's slimy soil,
And hid their heads beneath the Banks of Nile;
How Typhon, from the conquer'd skies, pursued
Their routed godheads to the seven-mouth'd flood;
Forc'd every god, his fury to escape,
Some beastly form to take, or earthly shape.
Jove (so she sung) was chang'd into a ram,
From whence the horns of Libyan Ammon came.
Bacchus a goat, Apollo was a crow,
Phœbè a cat, the wife of Jove a cow,
Whose hue was whiter than the falling snow.
Mercury to a nasty Ibis turn'd,
The change obscene, afraid of Typhon mourn'd;
While Venus from a fish protection craves,
And once more plunges in her native waves.
'She sung, and to her harp her voice applied;
Then us again to match her they defied.
But our poor song, perhaps, for you to hear,
Nor leisure serves, nor is it worth your ear.'
'That causeless doubt remove, O Muse, rehearse,'
The goddess cried, 'your ever-grateful verse.'

Beneath a chequer'd shade she takes her seat,
And bids the sister her whole song repeat.
The sister thus: 'Calliopè we chose
For the performance.' The sweet virgin rose;
With ivy crown'd she tunes her golden strings,
And to her harp this composition sings.

THE SONG OF THE MUSES.

'First Ceres taught the labouring hind to plough
The pregnant earth, and quick'ning seed to sow.
She first for man did wholesome food provide,
And with just laws the wicked world supplied:
All good from her deriv'd, to her belong
The grateful tributes of the Muse's song;
Her more than worthy of our verse we deem,
Oh! were our verse more worthy of the theme!
'Jove on the giant fair Trinacria hurl'd,
And with one bolt reveng'd his starry world.
Beneath her burning hills Typhœus lies,
And, struggling always, strives in vain to rise.
Down does Pelorus his right hand suppress
Tow'rd Latium, on the left Pachynè weighs:
His legs are under Lilybæum spread,
And Ætna presses hard his horrid head;
On his broad back he there extended lies,
And vomits clouds of ashes to the skies.
Oft labouring with his load at last he tires,
And spews out in revenge a flood of fires;
Mountains he struggles to o'erwhelm, and towns,
Earth's inmost bowels quake, and nature groans:
His terrors reach the direful king of hell;
He fears his throes will to the day reveal
The realms of night, and fright his trembling ghosts.
'This to prevent, he quits the Stygian coasts,

In his black car, by sooty horses drawn,
Fair Sicily he seeks, and dreads the dawn.
Around her plains he casts his eager eyes,
And every mountain to the bottom tries;
But when, in all the careful search, he saw
No cause of fear, no ill-suspected flaw;
Secure from harm, and wondering on at will,
Venus beheld him from her flowery hill;
When straight the dame her little Cupid press'd
With secret rapture to her snowy breast,
And in these words the fluttering boy address'd:
'"O thou, my arms, my glory, and my pow'r,
My son, whom men and deathless gods adore;
Bend thy sure bow, whose arrows never miss'd,
No longer let hell's king thy sway resist;
Take him, while straggling from his dark abodes,
He coasts the kingdoms of superior gods.
If sovereign Jove, if gods who rule the waves,
And Neptune, who rules them, have been thy slaves;
Shall hell be free? The tyrant strike, my son;
Enlarge thy mother's empire, and thy own.
Let not our heaven be made the mock of hell,
But Pluto to confess thy power compel.
Our rule is slighted in our native skies,
See Pallas, see Diana too, defies
Thy darts, which Ceres' daughter would despise.
She too our empire treats with ankward scorn,
Such insolence no longer's to be borne;
Revenge our slighted reign, and with thy dart
Transfix the virgin's to the uncle's heart."
'She said; and from his quiver straight he drew
A dart that surely would the business do.
She guides his hand, she makes her touch the test,
And of a thousand arrows chose the best:

No feather better pois'd, a sharper head
None had, and sooner none, and surer sped;
He bends his bow, he draws it to his ear,
Through Pluto's heart it drives, and fixes there.'

THE RAPE OF PROSERPINE.

Near Enna's walls a spacious lake is spread,
Fam'd for the sweetly-singing swans it bred;
Pergusa is its name: and never more
Were heard, or sweeter, on Cäyster's shore.
Woods crown the lake; and Phœbus ne'er invades
The tufted fences, or offends the shades:
Fresh fragrant breezes fan the verdant bow'rs,
And the moist ground smiles with enamel'd flow'rs.
The cheerful birds their airy carols sing,
And the whole year is one eternal spring.
Here, while young Proserpine, among the maids,
Diverts herself in these delicious shades;
While like a child with busy speed and care
She gathers lilies here, and violets there;
While first to fill her little lap she strives,
Hell's grisly monarch at the shade arrives;
Sees her thus sporting on the flowery green,
And loves the blooming maid as soon as seen.
His urgent flame impatient of delay,
Swift as his thought he seiz'd the beauteous prey,
And bore her in his sooty car away.
The frighted goddess to her mother cries,
But all in vain, for now far off she flies;
Far she behind her leaves her virgin train,
To them too cries, and cries to them in vain;
And while with passion she repeats her call,
The violets from her lap, and lilies, fall:

She misses 'em, poor heart! and makes new moan;
Her lilies, ah! are lost, her violets gone.
O'er hills, the ravisher, and valleys speeds,
By name encouraging his foamy steeds;
He rattles o'er their necks the rustly reins,
And ruffles with the stroke their shaggy manes.
O'er lakes he whirls his flying wheels, and comes
To the Palici breathing sulphurous fumes.
And thence to where the Bacchiads of renown
Between unequal havens built their town;
Where Arethusa, round the' imprison'd sea,
Extends her crooked coast to Cyanè;
The nymph who gave the neighbouring lake a name,
Of all Sicilian nymphs the first in fame.
She from the waves advanc'd her beauteous head,
The goddess knew, and thus to Pluto said:
'Further thou shalt not with the virgin run;
Ceres unwilling, canst thou be her son?
The maid should be by sweet persuasion won.
Force suits not with the softness of the fair,
For if great things with small I may compare,
Me Anapis once lov'd; a milder course
He took, and won me by his words, not force.'
Then, stretching out her arms, she stop'd his way;
But he, impatient of the shortest stay,
Throws to his dreadful steeds the slacken'd rein,
And strikes his iron sceptre through the main;
The depths profound through yielding waves he cleaves,
And to hell's centre a free passage leaves;
Down sinks his chariot, and his realms of night
The god soon reaches with a rapid flight.

CYANE DISSOLVES TO A FOUNTAIN.

But still does Cyanè the rape bemoan,
And with the goddess' wrongs laments her own;
For the stol'n maid, and for her injur'd spring,
Time to her trouble no relief can bring.
In her sad heart a heavy load she bears,
Till the dumb sorrow turns her all to tears.
Her mingling waters with that fountain pass,
Of which she late immortal goddess was;
Her varied members to a fluid melt,
A pliant softness in her bones is felt;
Her wavy locks first drop away in dew,
And liquid next her slender fingers grew.
The body's change soon seizes its extreme,
Her legs dissolve, and feet flow off in stream.
Her arms, her back, her shoulders, and her side,
Her swelling breasts in little currents glide;
A silver liquor only now remains
Within the channel of her purple veins;
Nothing to fill love's grasp, her husband chaste
Bathes in that bosom he before embrac'd.

A BOY TRANSFORMED TO AN EFT.

Thus while, through all the earth and all the main,
Her daughter mournful Ceres sought in vain;
Aurora, when with dewy looks she rose,
Nor burnish'd Vesper found her in repose.
At Ætna's flaming mouth two pitchy pines
To light her in her search at length she tines.
Restless, with these through frosty night she goes,
Nor fears the cutting winds, nor heeds the snows;
And when the morning-star the day renews,
From east to west her absent child pursues.

Thirsty at last by long fatigue she grows,
But meets no spring, no riv'let near her flows.
Then looking round, a lowly cottage spies,
Smoking among the trees, and thither hies.
The goddess knocking at the little door,
'Twas open'd by a woman old and poor,
Who, when she begg'd for water, gave her ale
Brew'd long, but well preserv'd from being stale.
The goddess drank; a chuffy lad was by,
Who saw the liquor with a grutching eye,
And grinning cries, 'she's greedy more than dry.'
Ceres, offended at his foul grimace,
Flung what she had not drunk into his face.
The sprinklings speckle where they hit the skin,
And a long tail does from his body spin;
His arms are turn'd to legs, and lest his size
Should make him mischievous, and he might rise
Against mankind, diminutive his frame
Less than a lizard, but in shape the same.
Amaz'd the dame the wondrous sight beheld,
And weeps, and fain would touch her quondam child.
Yet her approach the' affrighted vermin shuns,
And fast into the greatest crevice runs.
A name they gave him, which the spots express'd,
That rose like stars [1], and varied all his breast.
What lands, what seas the goddess wander'd o'er,
Were long to tell, for there remain'd no more.
Searching all round, her fruitless toil she mourns,
And with regret to Sicily returns.
At length where Cyanè now flows, she came,
Who could have told her, were she still the same
As when she saw her daughter sink to hell,
But what she knows she wants a tongue to tell.

[1] Stellio.

Yet this plain signal manifestly gave,
The virgin's girdle floating on a wave,
As late she drop'd it from her slender waist,
When with her uncle through the deep she pass'd.
Ceres the token by her grief confess'd,
And tore her golden hair and beat her breast.
She knows not on what land her curse should fall;
But as ingrate, alike upbraids them all,
Unworthy of her gifts; Trinacria most,
Where the last steps she found of what she lost.
The plough for this the vengeful goddess broke,
And with one death the ox and owner struck.
In vain the fallow fields the peasant tills,
The seed, corrupted ere 'tis sown, she kills.
The fruitful soil that once such harvests bore,
Now mocks the farmer's care, and teems no more:
And the rich grain which fills the furrow'd glade,
Rots in the seed, or shrivels in the blade,
Or too much sun burns up, or too much rain
Drowns, or black blights destroy the blasted plain;
Or greedy birds the new-sown seed devour,
Or darnel, thistles, and a crop impure
Of knotted grass along the acres stand,
And spread their thriving roots through all the land.
  Then from the waves soft Arethusa rears
Her head, and back she flings her dropping hairs.
'O mother of the maid, whom thou so far
Hast sought, of whom thou canst no tidings hear;
O thou,' she cried, 'who art to life a friend,
Cease here thy search, and let thy labour end.
Thy faithful Sicily's a guiltless clime,
And should not suffer for another's crime;
She neither knew, nor could prevent the deed.
Nor think that for my country thus I plead;

My country's Pisa, I'm an alien here,
Yet these abodes to Elis I prefer,
No clime to me so sweet, no place so dear.
These springs I, Arethusa, now possess,
And this my seat, O gracious goddess! bless:
This island why I love, and why I cross'd
Such spacious seas to reach Ortygia's coast,
To you I shall impart, when, void of care,
Your heart's at ease, and you're more fit to hear;
When on your brow no pressing sorrow sits,
For gay content alone such tales admits.
When through earth's caverns I awhile have roll'd
My waves, I rise, and here again behold
The long-lost stars; and as I late did glide
Near Styx, Proserpina there I espied.
Fear still with grief might in her face be seen;
She still her rape laments; yet made a queen,
Beneath those gloomy shades her sceptre sways,
And ev'n the' infernal king her will obeys.'

This heard, the goddess like a statue stood,
Stupid with grief; and in that musing mood
Continued long; new cares awhile suppress'd
The reigning powers of her immortal breast.
At last to Jove, her daughter's sire, she flies,
And with her chariot cuts the crystal skies;
She comes in clouds, and with dishevel'd hair,
Standing before his throne, prefers her pray'r.

'King of the gods! defend my blood and thine,
And use it not the worse for being mine.
If I no more am gracious in thy sight,
Be just, O Jove! and do thy daughter right.
In vain I sought her the wide world around,
And when I most despair'd to find her, found.

But how can I the fatal finding boast,
By which I know she is for ever lost?
Without her father's aid, what other pow'r
Can to my arms the ravish'd maid restore?
Let him restore her, I'll the crime forgive;
My child, though ravish'd, I'd with joy receive.
Pity your daughter with a thief should wed,
Though mine, you think, deserves no better bed.'
Jove thus replies: 'It equally belongs
To both, to guard our common pledge from wrongs.
But if to things we proper names apply,
This hardly can be call'd an injury.
The theft is love, nor need we blush to own
The thief, if I can judge, to be our son.
Had you of his desert no other proof,
To be Jove's brother is methinks enough.
Nor was my throne by worth superior got,
Heav'n fell to me, as hell to him, by lot;
If you are still resolv'd her loss to mourn,
And nothing less will serve than her return;
Upon these terms she may again be yours,
(The' irrevocable terms of fate, not ours)
Of Stygian food if she did never taste,
Hell's bounds may then, and only then, be pass'd.'

THE TRANSFORMATION OF ASCALAPHUS INTO AN OWL.

The goddess now, resolving to succeed,
Down to the gloomy shades descends with speed;
But adverse fate had otherwise decreed.
For long before, her giddy thoughtless child
Had broke her fast, and all her projects spoil'd.
As in the garden's shady walk she stray'd,
A fair pomegranate charm'd the simple maid,

Hung in her way, and, tempting her to taste,
She pluck'd the fruit, and took a short repast.
Seven times, a seed at once, she eat the food;
The fact Ascalaphus had only view'd;
Whom Acheron begot in Stygian shades
On Orphnè, fam'd among Avernal maids;
He saw what pass'd, and, by discovering all,
Detain'd the ravish'd nymph in cruel thrall.
But now a queen, she with resentment heard,
And chang'd the vile informer to a bird.
In Phlegeton's black stream her hand she dips,
Sprinkles his head, and wets his babbling lips.
Soon on his face, bedrop'd with magic dew,
A change appear'd, and gaudy feathers grew;
A crooked beak the place of nose supplies,
Rounded his head, and larger are his eyes;
His arms and body waste, but are supplied
With yellow pinions flagging on each side;
His nails grew crooked, and are turn'd to claws,
And lazily along his heavy wings he draws.
Ill-omen'd in his form, the' unlucky fowl,
Abhor'd by men, and call'd a screeching owl.

THE DAUGHTERS OF ACHELOUS TRANSFORMED TO SIRENS.

Justly this punishment was due to him,
And less had been too little for his crime;
But, O ye nymphs that from the flood descend!
What fault of yours the gods could so offend,
With wings and claws your beauteous forms to spoil,
Yet save your maiden face and winning smile?
Were you not with her in Pergusa's bow'rs,
When Proserpine went forth to gather flow'rs?

Since Pluto in his car the goddess caught,
Have you not for her in each climate sought?
And when on land you long had search'd in vain,
You wish'd for wings to cross the pathless main;
That earth and sea might witness to your care;
The gods were easy, and return'd your pray'r;
With golden wing o'er foamy waves you fled,
And to the sun your plumy glories spread.
But, lest the soft enchantment of your songs,
And the sweet music of your flattering tongues,
Should quite be lost (as courteous fates ordain)
Your voice and virgin beauty still remain.
Jove some amends for Ceres lost to make,
Yet willing Pluto should the joy partake,
Gives them of Proserpine an equal share,
Who, claim'd by both, with both divides the year.
The goddess now in either empire sways,
Six moons in hell, and six with Ceres stays:
Her peevish temper's chang'd; that sullen mind,
Which made ev'n hell uneasy, now is kind;
Her voice refines, her mien more sweet appears,
Her forehead free from frowns, her eyes from tears:
As when, with golden light, the conquering day
Through dusky exhalations clears a way.
Ceres her daughter's rape no longer mourn'd,
But back to Arethusa's spring return'd;
And, sitting on the margin, bid her tell
From whence she came, and why a sacred well.

THE STORY OF ARETHUSA.

Still were the purling waters, and the maid
From the smooth surface rais'd her beauteous head,
Wipes off the drops that from her tresses ran,
And thus to tell Alpheus' love began.

'In Elis first I breath'd the living air,
The chase was all my pleasure, all my care.
None lov'd like me the forest to explore,
To pitch the toils, and drive the bristled boar.
Of fair, though masculine, I had the name,
But gladly would to that have quitted claim;
It less my pride than indignation rais'd,
To hear the beauty I neglected, prais'd;
Such compliments I loath'd, such charms as these
I scorn'd, and thought it infamy to please.
'Once, I remember, in the summer's heat,
Tir'd with the chase, I sought a cool retreat;
And, walking on, a silent current found,
Which gently glided o'er the gravelly ground.
The crystal water was so smooth, so clear,
My eye distinguish'd every pebble there:
So soft its motion that I scarce perceiv'd
The running stream, or what I saw believ'd.
The hoary willow and the poplar, made
Along the shelving bank a grateful shade.
In the cool rivulet my feet I dip'd,
Then waded to the knee, and then I strip'd;
My robe I careless on an osier threw,
That near the place commodiously grew;
Nor long upon the border naked stood,
But plung'd with speed into the silver flood.
My arms a thousand ways I mov'd, and tried
To quicken, if I could, the lazy tide;
Where, while I play'd my swimming gambols o'er,
I heard a murmuring voice, and frighted sprung to shore.
"Oh! whither, Arethusa, dost thou fly,"
From the brook's bottom did Alpheus cry;
Again I heard him, in a hollow tone,
"Oh! whither Arethusa, dost thou run?"

Naked I flew, nor could I stay to hide
My limbs, my robe was on the other side;
Alpheus follow'd fast, the' inflaming sight
Quicken'd his speed, and made his labour light;
He sees me ready for his eager arms,
And with a greedy glance devours my charms.
As trembling doves from pressing danger fly,
When the fierce hawk comes sousing from the sky;
And as fierce hawks the trembling doves pursue,
From him I fled, and after me he flew.
First by Orchomenus I took my flight,
And soon had Psophis and Cyllene in sight;
Behind me then high Mænalus I lost,
And craggy Erimanthus scal'd with frost;
Elis was next; thus far the ground I trod
With nimble feet before the distanc'd God.
But here I lag'd, unable to sustain
The labour longer, and my flight maintain;
While he, more strong, more patient of the toil,
And fir'd with hopes of beauty's speedy spoil,
Gain'd my lost ground, and by redoubled pace
Now left between us but a narrow space.
Unwearied I till now o'er hills and plains,
O'er rocks and rivers ran, and felt no pains:
The sun behind me, and the god, I kept;
But when I fastest should have run, I step'd.
Before my feet his shadow now appear'd;
As what I saw, or rather what I fear'd.
Yet there I could not be deceiv'd by fear,
Who felt his breath pant on my braided hair,
And heard his sounding tread, and knew him to be near.
Tir'd and despairing, "O celestial maid!
I'm caught," I cried, "without thy heavenly aid.

Help me, Diana, help a nymph forlorn,
Devoted to the woods, who long has worn
Thy livery, and long thy quiver borne."
The goddess heard; my pious pray'r prevail'd;
In muffling clouds my virgin head was veil'd.
The amorous god, deluded of his hopes,
Searches the gloom, and through the darkness gropes;
Twice, where Diana did her servant hide
He came; and twice, "O Arethusa!" cried.
How shaken was my soul, how sunk my heart!
The terror seiz'd on every trembling part.
Thus when the wolf about the mountain prowls
For prey, the lambkin hears his horrid howls:
The timorous hare, the pack approaching nigh,
Thus hearkens to the hounds, and trembles at the cry;
Nor dares she stir for fear her scented breath
Direct the dogs, and guide the threaten'd death.
Alpheus in the cloud no traces found
To mark my way, yet stays to guard the ground.
The god so near, a chilly sweat possess'd
My fainting limbs, at every pore express'd;
My strength distill'd in drops, my hair in dew,
My form was chang'd, and all my substance new.
Each motion was a stream, and my whole frame
Turn'd to a fount, which still preserves my name.
Resolv'd I should not his embrace escape,
Again the god resumes his fluid shape;
To mix his streams with mine he fondly tries,
But still Diana his attempt denies.
She cleaves the ground; through caverns dark I run
A different current, while he keeps his own.
To dear Ortygia she conducts my way,
And here I first review the welcome day.'

Here Arethusa stop'd; then Ceres takes
Her golden car, and yokes her fiery snakes;
With a just rein along mid-heaven she flies
O'er earth and seas, and cuts the yielding skies.
She halts at Athens, dropping like a star,
And to Triptolemus resigns her car.
Parent of seed, she gave him fruitful grain,
And bad him teach to till and plough the plain;
The seed to sow, as well in fallow fields,
As where the soil manur'd a richer harvest yields.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF LYNCUS.

The youth o'er Europe and o'er Asia drives,
Till at the court of Lyncus he arrives.
The tyrant Scythia's barbarous empire sway'd;
And when he saw Triptolemus, he said,
'How cam'st thou, stranger, to our court, and why?
Thy country, and thy name?' The youth did thus reply:
'Triptolemus my name; my country's known
O'er all the world, Minerva's favourite town,
Athens, the first of cities in renown.
By land I neither walk'd, nor sail'd by sea,
But hither through the ether made my way.
By me, the goddess who the fields befriends,
These gifts, the greatest of all blessings, sends.
The grain she gives if in your soil you sow,
Thence wholesome food in golden crops shall grow.'
Soon as the secret to the king was known,
He grudg'd the glory of the service done,
And wickedly resolv'd to make it all his own.
To hide his purpose, he invites his guest,
The friend of Ceres, to a royal feast;

And when sweet sleep his heavy eyes had seiz'd,
The tyrant with his steel attempts his breast.
Him straight a lynx's shape the goddess gives,
And home the youth her sacred dragons drives.

THE PIERIDES TRANSFORMED TO MAGPIES.

The chosen muse here ends her sacred lays;
The nymphs unanimous decree the bays,
And give the Heliconian goddesses the praise.
Then far from vain that we should thus prevail,
But much provok'd to hear the vanquish'd rail,
Calliopè resumes: 'Too long we've borne
Your daring taunts, and your affronting scorn;
Your challenge justly merited a curse,
And this unmanner'd railing makes it worse.
Since you refuse us calmly to enjoy
Our patience, next our passions we'll employ;
The dictates of a mind enrag'd pursue,
And what our just resentment bids us, do.'
The railers laugh, our threats and wrath despise,
And clap their hands, and make a scolding noise;
But, in the fact there seiz'd, beneath their nails
Feathers they feel, and on their faces scales;
Their horny beaks at once each other scare,
Their arms are plum'd, and on their backs they bear
Py'd wings, and flutter in the fleeting air.
Chatt'ring, the scandal of the woods they fly,
And there continue still their clam'rous cry:
The same their eloquence, as maids or birds,
Now only noise, and nothing then but words.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK VI.

TRANSLATED BY CROXALL.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF ARACHNÈ INTO A SPIDER.

Pallas, attending to the Muse's song,
Approv'd the just resentment of their wrong,
And thus reflects: 'While tamely I commend
Those who their injur'd deities defend,
My own divinity affronted stands,
And calls aloud for justice at my hands;
Then takes the hint, asham'd to lag behind,
And on Arachnè bends her vengeful mind;
One at the loom so excellently skill'd,
That to the goddess she refus'd to yield.
Low was her birth, and small her native town,
She from her art alone obtain'd renown.
Idmo, her father, made it his employ,
To give the spungy fleece a purple dye:
Of vulgar strain her mother, lately dead,
With her own rank had been content to wed;
Yet she their daughter, though her time was spent
In a small hamlet, and of mean descent,
Through the great towns of Lydia gain'd a name,
And fill'd the neighbouring countries with her fame.
Oft to admire the niceness of her skill,
The nymphs would quit their fountain, shade, or hill;

Thither from green Tymolus they repair,
And leave the vineyards, their peculiar care;
Thither from fam'd Pactolus' golden stream,
Drawn by her art, the curious Naiads came.
Nor would the work, when finish'd, please so much,
As while she wrought to view each graceful touch;
Whether the shapeless wool in balls she wound,
Or with quick motion turn'd the spindle round,
Or with her pencil drew the neat design,
Pallas, her mistress, shone in every line.
This the proud maid with scornful air denies,
And ev'n the goddess at her work defies;
Disowns her heavenly mistress every hour,
Nor asks her aid, nor deprecates her pow'r.
'Let us,' she cries, 'but to a trial come,
And if she conquers, let her fix my doom.'
The goddess then a beldame's form put on,
With silver hairs her hoary temples shone;
Prop'd by a staff she hobbles in her walk,
And tottering thus begins her old wives' talk.
'Young maid attend, nor stubbornly despise
The admonitions of the old and wise;
For age, though scorn'd, a ripe experience bears,
That golden fruit, unknown to blooming years:
Still may remotest fame your labours crown,
And mortals your superior genius own;
But to the goddess yield, and humbly meek
A pardon for your bold presumption seek;
The goddess will forgive.' At this the maid,
With passion fir'd, her gliding shuttle stay'd;
And darting vengeance with an angry look,
To Pallas in disguise thus fiercely spoke:—
'Thou doting thing, whose idle babbling tongue
But too well shows the plague of living long;

Hence, and reprove, with this your sage advice,
Your giddy daughter or your aukward niece;
Know, I despise your counsel, and am still
A woman, ever wedded to my will:
And if your skilful goddess better knows,
Let her accept the trial I propose.'
'She does,' impatient Pallas straight replies,
And, cloth'd with heavenly light, sprung from her odd disguise.
The nymphs and virgins of the plain adore
The awful goddess, and confess her pow'r;
The maid alone stood unappall'd; yet show'd
A transient blush, that for a moment glow'd,
Then disappear'd; as purple streaks adorn
The opening beauties of the rosy morn,
Till Phœbus, rising prevalently bright,
Allays the tincture with his silver light.
Yet she persists, and, obstinately great,
In hopes of conquest hurries on her fate.
The goddess now the challenge waves no more,
Nor, kindly good, advises as before.
Straight to their posts appointed both repair,
And fix their threaded looms with equal care:
Around the solid beam the web is tied,
While hollow canes the parting warp divide;
Through which with nimble flight the shuttles play,
And for the woof prepare a ready way;
The woof and warp unite press'd by the toothy slay.
Thus both, their mantles button'd to their breast,
Their skilful fingers ply with willing haste,
And work with pleasure, while they cheer the eye
With glowing purple of the Tyrian dye;

Or, justly intermixing shades with light,
Their colourings insensibly unite.
As when a shower transpierc'd with sunny rays
Its mighty arch along the heaven displays;
From whence a thousand different colours rise,
Whose fine transition cheats the clearest eyes;
So like the intermingled shading seems,
And only differs in the last extremes.
Then threads of gold both artfully dispose,
And as each part in just proportion rose,
Some antique fable in their work disclose.
Pallas in figures wrought the heavenly pow'rs,
And Mars's hill among the' Athenian tow'rs.
On lofty thrones twice six celestials sate,
Jove in the midst, and held their warm debate:
The subject weighty and well known to fame,
'From whom the city should receive its name.'
Each god by proper features was express'd,
Jove with majestic mien excell'd the rest.
His three-fork'd mace the dewy sea-god shook,
And, looking sternly, smote the ragged rock;
When from the stone leap'd forth a sprightly steed,
And Neptune claims the city for the deed.
Herself she blazons with a glittering spear,
And crested helm that veil'd her braided hair,
With shield and scaly breast-plate, implements of war.
Struck with her pointed lance, the teeming earth
Seem'd to produce a new surprising birth;
When, from the glebe, the pledge of conquest sprung,
A tree pale-green with fairest olives hung.
And then, to let her giddy rival learn
What just rewards such boldness was to earn,

Four trials at each corner had their part,
Design'd in miniature, and touch'd with art.
Hæmus in one, and Rhodopè of Thrace,
Transform'd to mountains, fill'd the foremost place;
Who claim'd the titles of the gods above,
And vainly us'd the epithets of Jove.
Another show'd where the Pigmæan dame,
Profaning Juno's venerable name,
Turn'd to an airy crane, descends from far,
And with her Pigmy subject wages war.
In a third part, the rage of heaven's great queen,
Display'd on proud Antigonè, was seen;
Who with presumptuous boldness dar'd to vie,
For beauty, with the empress of the sky.
Ah! what avails her ancient princely race,
Her sire a king, and Troy her native place?
Now, to a noisy stork transform'd, she flies,
And with her whiten'd pinions cleaves the skies.
And in the last remaining part was drawn
Poor Cinyras, that seem'd to weep in stone;
Clasping the temple steps, he sadly mourn'd
His lovely daughters, now to marble turn'd.
With her own tree the finish'd piece is crown'd,
And wreaths of peaceful olive all the work surround.
Arachnè drew the fam'd intrigues of Jove,
Chang'd to a bull to gratify his love;
How through the briny tide, all foaming hoar,
Lovely Europa on his back he bore.
The sea seem'd waving, and the trembling maid
Shrunk up her tender feet, as if afraid;
And looking back on the forsaken strand,
To her companions wafts her distant hand.
Next she design'd Asteria's fabled rape,
When Jove assum'd a soaring eagle's shape:

And show'd how Leda lay supinely press'd,
Whilst the soft snowy swan sat hovering o'er her
How in a satyr's form the god beguil'd, [breast.
When fair Antiopè with twins he fill'd.
Then, like Amphitryon, but a real Jove,
In fair Alcmena's arms he cool'd his love.
In fluid gold to Danae's heart he came,
Ægina felt him in a lambent flame.
He took Mnemosynè in shepherd's make,
And for Dëois was a speckled snake.
She made thee, Neptune, like a wanton steer
Pacing the meads for love of Arnè dear;
Next like a stream, thy burning flame to slake,
And like a ram for fair Bisaltis' sake.
Then Ceres in a steed your vigour tried,
Nor could the mare the yellow goddess hide.
Next, to a fowl transform'd, you won by force
The snake-hair'd mother of the winged horse;
And in a dolphin's fishy form, subdued
Melantho sweet beneath the oozy flood.
All these the maid with lively features drew,
And open'd proper landscapes to the view.
There Phœbus, roving like a country swain,
Attunes his jolly pipe along the plain;
For lovely Isse's sake, in shepherd's weeds,
O'er pastures green his bleating flock he feeds.
There Bacchus, imag'd like the clustering grape,
Melting bedrops Erigonè's fair lap;
And there old Saturn, stung with youthful heat,
Form'd like a stallion, rushes to the feat.
Fresh flowers which twists of ivy intertwine,
Mingling a running foliage, close the next design.
This the bright goddess, passionately mov'd,
With envy saw, yet inwardly approv'd.

The scene of heavenly guilt with haste she tore,
Nor longer the affront with patience bore;
A boxen shuttle in her hand she took,
And more than once Arachnè's forehead struck.
The' unhappy maid, impatient of the wrong,
Down from a beam her injur'd person hung;
When Pallas, pitying her wretched state,
At once prevented, and pronounc'd her fate:
'Live; but depend, vile wretch,' the goddess cried,
'Doom'd in suspense for ever to be tied;
That all your race, to utmost date of time,
May feel the vengeance, and detest the crime.'
Then, going off, she sprinkled her with juice,
Which leaves of baneful aconite produce.
Touch'd with the poisonous drug, her flowing hair
Fell to the ground, and left her temples bare;
Her usual features vanish'd from their place,
Her body lessen'd all, but most her face.
Her slender fingers hanging on each side
With many joints, the use of legs supplied;
A spider's bag the rest, from which she gives
A thread, and still by constant weaving lives.

THE STORY OF NIOBE.

Swift through the Phrygian towns the rumour flies,
And the strange news each female tongue employs:
Niobè, who before she married knew
The famous nymph, now found the story true;
Yet, unreclaim'd by poor Arachnè's fate,
Vainly above the gods assum'd a state.
Her husband's fame, their family's descent,
Their power, and rich dominion's wide extent,
Might well have justified a decent pride;
But not on these alone the dame relied.

Her lovely progeny, that far excell'd,
The mother's heart with vain ambition swell'd:
The happiest mother not unjustly styl'd,
Had no conceited thoughts her towering fancy fill'd.
For once a prophetess, with zeal inspir'd,
Their slow neglect to warm devotion fir'd;
Through every street of Thebes who ran possess'd,
And thus in accents wild her charge express'd:
'Haste, haste, ye Theban matrons, and adore,
With hallow'd rites, Latona's mighty pow'r;
And to the heavenly twins that from her spring,
With laurel crown'd, your smoking incense bring.'
Straight the great summons every dame obey'd,
And due submission to the goddess paid:
Graceful, with laurel chaplets dress'd, they came,
And offer'd incense in the sacred flame.
Meanwhile surrounded with a courtly guard,
The royal Niobè in state appear'd;
Attir'd in robes embroider'd o'er with gold,
And mad with rage, yet lovely to behold:
Her comely tresses, trembling as she stood,
Down her fine neck with easy motion flow'd;
Then, darting round a proud disdainful look,
In haughty tone her hasty passion broke,
And thus began: 'What madness this, to court
A goddess, founded merely on report?
Dare ye a poor pretended power invoke,
While yet no altars to my godhead smoke?
Mine, whose immediate lineage stands confess'd
From Tantalus, the only mortal guest
That e'er the gods admitted to their feast.
A sister of the Pleiads gave me birth;
And Atlas, mightiest mountain upon earth,

Who bears the globe of all the stars above,
My grandsire was, and Atlas sprung from Jove.
The Theban towns my majesty adore,
And neighbouring Phrygia trembles at my pow'r:
Rais'd by my husband's lute, with turrets crown'd,
Our lofty city stands secur'd around.
Within my court, where'er I turn my eyes,
Unbounded treasures to my prospect rise:
With these my face I modestly may name,
As not unworthy of so high a claim;
Seven are my daughters of a form divine,
With seven fair sons, an indefective line.
Go, fools! consider this, and ask the cause
From which my pride its strong presumption draws:
Consider this, and then prefer to me
Cæus, the Titan's vagrant progeny;
To whom, in travel, the whole spacious earth
No room afforded for her spurious birth.
Not the least part in earth, in heaven, or seas
Would grant your outlaw'd goddess any ease:
Till pitying hers from his own wandering case,
Delos, the floating island, gave a place.
There she a mother was, of two at most,
Only the seventh part of what I boast.
My joys all are beyond suspicion fix'd,
With no pollutions of misfortune mix'd;
Safe on the basis of my power I stand,
Above the reach of Fortune's fickle hand.
Lessen she may my inexhausted store,
And much destroy, yet still must leave me more.
Suppose it possible that some may die
Of this my numerous lovely progeny;
Still with Latona I might safely vie:

Who, by her scanty breed scarce fit to name,
But just escapes the childless woman's shame.
Go then, with speed your laurel'd heads uncrown,
And leave the silly farce you have begun.'
The timorous throng their sacred rites forbore,
And from their heads the verdant laurel tore;
Their haughty queen they with regret obey'd,
And still in gentle murmurs softly pray'd.
High on the top of Cynthus' shady mount,
With grief the goddess saw the base affront;
And the abuse revolving in her breast,
The mother her twin-offspring thus address'd:
'Lo I, my children, who with comfort knew
Your godlike birth, and thence my glory drew;
And thence have claim'd precedency of place
From all but Juno of the heavenly race,
Must now despair, and languish in disgrace.
My godhead question'd, and all rites divine,
Unless you succour, banish'd from my shrine.
Nay more, the imp of Tantalus has flung
Reflections with her vile paternal tongue;
Has dar'd prefer her mortal breed to mine,
And call'd me childless; which, just Fate, may she repine!'
When to urge more the goddess was prepar'd,
Phœbus in haste replies, 'Too much we've heard,
And every moment's lost, while vengeance is defer'd.'
Diana spoke the same. Then both enshroud
Their heavenly bodies in a sable cloud:
And to the Theban towers descending light,
Through the soft yielding air direct their flight.
Without the wall there lies a champaign ground
With even surface, far extending round,

Beaten and level'd, while it daily feels
The trampling horse, and chariot's grinding wheels.
Part of proud Niobe's young rival breed,
Practising there to ride the manag'd steed,
Their bridles boss'd with gold, were mounted high
On stately furniture of Tyrian dye.
Of these, Ismenos, who by birth had been
The first fair issue of the fruitful queen,
Just as he drew the rein to guide his horse
Around the compass of the circling course,
Sigh'd deeply, and the pangs of smart express'd,
While the shaft stuck, engor'd within his breast:
And the reins dropping from his dying hand,
He sunk quite down, and tumbled on the sand.
Sipylus next the rattling quiver heard,
And with full speed for his escape prepar'd;
As when the pilot from the blackening skies
A gathering storm of wintry rain descries,
His sails unfurl'd, and crowded all with wind,
He strives to leave the threatening cloud behind:
So fled the youth! but an unerring dart
O'ertook him, quick discharg'd, and sped with art;
Fix'd in his neck behind it trembling stood,
And at his throat display'd the point besmear'd
with blood.
Prone as his posture was, he tumbled o'er,
And bath'd his courser's mane with steaming gore.
Next at young Phædimus they took their aim,
And Tantalus, who bore his grandsire's name:
These, when their other exercise was done,
To try the wrestler's oily sport begun:
And, straining every nerve, their skill express'd
In closest grapple, joining breast to breast:

When from the bending bow an arrow sent,
Join'd as they were, through both their bodies went:
Both groan'd, and writhing both their limbs with pain,
They fell together bleeding on the plain;
Then both their languid eyeballs faintly roll,
And thus together breathe away their soul.
With grief Alphenor saw their doleful plight,
And smote his breast, and sicken'd at the sight;
Then to their succour ran with eager haste,
And, fondly griev'd, their stiffening limbs embrac'd;
But in the action falls: a thrilling dart,
By Phœbus guided, pierc'd him to the heart.
This, as they drew it forth, his midriff tore,
Its barbed point the fleshy fragments bore,
And let the soul gush out in streams of purple gore.
But Damasichthon, by a double wound,
Beardless and young, lay gasping on the ground.
Fix'd in his sinewy ham, the steely point
Stuck through his knee, and pierc'd the nervous joint:
And, as he stoop'd to tug the painful dart,
Another stuck him in a vital part;
Shot through his wezon, by the wing it hung,
The life-blood forc'd it out, and darting upward sprung.
Ilioneus, the last, with terror stands,
Lifting in prayer his unavailing hands;
And ignorant from whom his griefs arise,
'Spare me, O all ye heavenly pow'rs!' he cries.
Phœbus was touch'd too late, the sounding bow
Had sent the shaft, and struck the fatal blow;
Which yet but gently gor'd his tender side,
So by a slight and easy wound he died.
Swift to the mother's ears the rumour came.
And doleful sighs the heavy news proclaim;

With anger and surprise inflam'd by turns,
In furious rage her haughty stomach burns:
First she disputes the' effects of heavenly pow'r,
Then at their daring boldness wonders more;
For poor Amphion, with sore grief distress'd,
Hoping to soothe his cares by endless rest,
Had sheath'd a dagger in his wretched breast.
And she, who toss'd her high disdainful head,
When through the streets in solemn pomp she led
The throng that from Latona's altar fled,
Assuming state beyond the proudest queen,
Was now the miserablest object seen.
Prostrate among the clay-cold dead she fell,
And kiss'd an undistinguish'd last farewell.
Then her pale arms advancing to the skies,
'Cruel Latona! triumph now,' she cries;
'My grieving soul in bitter anguish drench,
And with my woes your thirsty passion quench;
Feast your black malice at a price thus dear,
While the sore pangs of seven such deaths I bear.
Triumph, too cruel rival, and display
Your conquering standard; for you've won the day.
Yet I'll excel; for yet, though seven are slain,
Superior still in number I remain.'
Scarce had she spoke; the bow-string's twanging sound
Was heard, and dealt fresh terrors all around;
Which all, but Niobè alone, confound.
Stun'd, and obdurate by her load of grief,
Insensible she sits, nor hopes relief.
Before the funeral biers, all weeping sad,
Her daughters stood, in vests of sable clad.
When one, surpris'd, and stung with sudden smart,
In vain attempts to draw the sticking dart:

But to grim death her blooming youth resigns,
And o'er her brother's corps her dying head reclines.
This, to assuage her mother's anguish tries,
And, silenc'd in the pious action, dies;
Shot by a secret arrow, wing'd with death,
Her faltering lips but only gasp'd for breath.
One on her dying sister breathes her last;
Vainly in flight another's hopes are plac'd:
This hiding, from her fate a shelter seeks;
That trembling stands, and fills the air with shrieks.
And all in vain; for now all six had found
Their way to death, each by a different wound.
The last with eager care the mother veil'd,
Behind her spreading mantle close conceal'd,
And with her body guarded, as a shield.
'Only for this, this youngest, I implore,
Grant me this one request, I ask no more;
O grant me this!' she passionately cries:—
But while she speaks, the destin'd virgin dies.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF NIOBE.

Widow'd and childless, lamentable state!
A doleful sight, among the dead she sate;
Harden'd with woes, a statue of despair,
To every breath of wind unmov'd her hair;
Her cheek still reddening, but its colour dead,
Faded her eyes, and set within her head,
No more her pliant tongue its motion keeps,
But stands congeal'd within her frozen lips.
Stagnate and dull, within her purple veins,
Its current stop'd, the lifeless blood remains.
Her feet their usual offices refuse,
Her arms and neck their graceful gestures lose:

Action and life from every part are gone,
And ev'n her entrails turn to solid stone;
Yet still she weeps, and, whirl'd by stormy winds,
Borne through the air her native country finds;
There fix'd, she stands upon a bleaky hill,
There yet her marble cheeks eternal tears distil.

THE PEASANTS OF LYCIA TRANSFORMED TO FROGS.

Then all, reclaim'd by this example, show'd
A due regard for each peculiar god:
Both men and women their devoirs express'd,
And great Latona's awful power confess'd.
Then, tracing instances of older time,
To suit the nature of the present crime,
Thus one begins his tale.——Where Lycia yields
A golden harvest from its fertile fields.
Some churlish peasants, in the days of yore,
Provok'd the goddess to exert her pow'r.
The thing indeed the meanness of the place
Has made obscure, surprising as it was;
But I myself once happen'd to behold
The famous lake of which the story's told.
My father then, worn out by length of days,
Nor able to sustain the tedious ways,
Me with a guide had sent the plains to roam,
And drive his well-fed straggling heifers home.
Here, as we saunter'd through the verdant meads,
We spied a lake o'ergrown with trembling reeds,
Whose wavy tops an opening scene disclose,
From which an antique smoky altar rose.
I, as my superstitious guide had done,
Stop'd short, and bless'd myself, and then went on;
Yet I inquir'd to whom the altar stood,
Faunus, the Naiads, or some native god?

'No silvan deity,' my friend replies,
'Enshrin'd within this hallow'd altar lies.
For this, O youth, to that fam'd goddess stands,
Whom at the' imperial Juno's rough commands,
Of every quarter of the earth bereav'd,
Delos, the floating isle, at length receiv'd.
Who there, in spite of enemies, brought forth,
Beneath an olive shade, her great twin-birth.
Hence too she fled the furious stepdame's pow'r,
And in her arms a double godhead bore;
And now the borders of fair Lycia gain'd,
Just when the summer solstice parch'd the land.
With thirst the goddess languishing, no more
Her emptied breast would yield its milky store;
When from below, the smiling valley show'd
A silver lake that in its bottom flow'd;
A sort of clowns were reaping, near the bank,
The bending osier, and the bulrush dank;
The cress and water lily, fragrant weed,
Whose juicy stalk the liquid fountains feed.
The goddess came, and kneeling on the brink,
Stoop'd at the fresh repast, prepar'd to drink.
Then thus, being hinder'd by the rabble race,
In accents mild expostulates the case:
" Water I only ask, and sure 'tis hard
From nature's common rights to be debar'd:
This, as the genial sun and vital air,
Should flow alike to every creature's share.
Yet still I ask, and as a favour crave,
That which, a public bounty, nature gave.
Nor do I seek my weary limbs to drench;
Only with one cool draught my thirst I'd quench.
Now from my throat the usual moisture dries,
And ev'n my voice in broken accents dies:

One draught as dear as life I should esteem,
And water, now I thirst, would nectar seem:
Oh! let my little babes your pity move,
And melt your hearts to charitable love;
They (as by chance they did) extend to you
Their little hands, and my request pursue."
'Whom would these soft persuasions not subdue,
Though the most rustic and unmanner'd crew?
Yet they the goddess's request refuse,
And with rude words reproachfully abuse:
Nay more, with spiteful feet the villains trod
O'er the soft bottom of the marshy flood,
And blacken'd all the lake with clouds of rising mud.
'Her thirst by indignation was suppress'd;
Bent on revenge, the goddess stood confess'd.
Her suppliant hands uplifting to the skies,
For a redress, to heaven she now applies.
And, "May you live," she passionately cried,
"Doom'd in that pool for ever to abide."
'The goddess has her wish; for now they choose
To plunge, and dive among the wat'ry ooze;
Sometimes they show their head above the brim,
And on the glassy surface spread to swim;
Often upon the bank their station take,
Then spring, and leap into the cooly lake.
Still void of shame, they lead a clamorous life,
And, croaking, still scold on in endless strife;
Compell'd to live beneath the liquid stream,
Where still they quarrel, and attempt to scream.
Now, from their bloated throat, their voice puts on
Imperfect murmurs in a hoarser tone;
Their noisy jaws, with bawling now grown wide,
An ugly sight extend on either side:

Their motley back, streak'd with a list of green,
Join'd to their head, without a neck is seen;
And with a belly broad and white, they look
Mere frogs, and still frequent the muddy brook.'

THE FATE OF MARSYAS.

Scarce had the man this famous story told,
Of vengeance on the Lycians shown of old,
When straight another pictures to their view
The Satyr's fate, whom angry Phœbus slew;
Who, rais'd with high conceit, and puff'd with pride,
At his own pipe the skilful god defied.
'Why do you tear me from myself?' he cries.
'Ah cruel! must my skin be made the prize?
This for a silly pipe?' he roaring said,
Meanwhile the skin from off his limbs was flay'd.
All bare and raw, one large continued wound,
With streams of blood his body bath'd the ground.
The bluish veins their trembling pulse disclos'd,
The stringy nerves lay naked and expos'd;
His guts appear'd, distinctly each express'd,
With every shining fibre of his breast.
The Fauns and Silvans, with the Nymphs that rove
Among the Satyrs in the shady grove;
Olympus, known of old, and every swain
That fed or flock or herd upon the plain,
Bewail'd the loss; and with their tears that flow'd,
A kindly moisture on the earth bestow'd;
That soon conjoin'd, and, in a body rang'd,
Sprung from the ground, to limpid water chang'd;
Which, down through Phrygia's rocks, a mighty stream,
Comes tumbling to the sea, and Marsya is its name.

THE STORY OF PELOPS.

From these relations straight the people turn
To present truths, and lost Amphion mourn:
The mother most was blam'd, yet some relate
That Pelops pitied, and bewail'd her fate,
And strip'd his clothes and laid his shoulder bare,
And made the ivory miracle appear.
This shoulder from the first was form'd of flesh,
As lively as the other and as fresh;
But, when the youth was by his father slain,
The gods restor'd his mangled limbs again;
Only that place which joins the neck and arm,
The rest untouch'd, was found to suffer harm:
The loss of which an ivory piece sustain'd;
And thus the youth his limbs and life regain'd.

THE STORY OF TEREUS, PROCNE, AND PHILOMELA.

To Thebes the neighbouring princes all repair,
And with condolence the misfortune share.
Each bordering state in solemn form address'd,
And each betimes a friendly grief express'd.
Argos, with Sparta's and Mycenæ's towns,
And Calydon, yet free from fierce Diana's frowns:
Corinth, for finest brass well fam'd of old,
Orchomenos, for men of courage bold:
Cleonæ lying in the lowly dale,
And rich Messenè with its fertile vale:
Pylos, for Nestor's city after fam'd,
And Trœzen, not as yet from Pittheus nam'd:
And those fair cities, which are hem'd around
By double seas within the Isthmian ground;
And [illegible]se, which further from the sea-coast stand,
Lodg'd in the bosom of the spacious land.

Who can believe it? Athens was the last:
Though for politeness fam'd for ages past.
For a straight siege, which then their walls inclos'd,
Such acts of kind humanity oppos'd:
And thick with ships, from foreign nations bound,
Sea-ward their city lay invested round.
These, with auxiliar forces led from far,
Tereus of Thrace, brave and inur'd to war,
Had quite defeated; and obtain'd a name,
The warrior's due among the sons of fame.
This with his wealth, and power, and ancient line,
From Mars deriv'd, Pandion's thoughts incline
His daughter Procnè with the prince to join.
Nor Hymen, nor the Graces here preside,
Nor Juno, to befriend the blooming bride;
But Fiends with funeral brands the process led,
And Furies waited at the genial bed:
And all night long the screeching owl aloof,
With baleful notes sat brooding o'er the roof.
With such ill omens was the match begun,
That made them parents of a hopeful son,
Now Thrace congratulates their seeming joy,
And they in thankful rites their minds employ.
If the fair queen's espousals pleas'd before,
Itys, the new-born prince, now pleases more;
And each bright day, the birth and bridal feast,
Were kept with hallow'd pomp above the rest.
So far true happiness may lie conceal'd,
When by false lights we fancy 'tis reveal'd!
Now since their nuptials, had the golden sun
Five courses round his ample zodiac run;
When gentle Procnè thus her lord address'd,
And spoke the secret wishes of her breast:

'If I,' she said, 'have ever favour found,
Let my petition with success be crown'd:
Let me at Athens my dear sister see;
Or let her come to Thrace, and visit me!
And, lest my father should her absence mourn,
Promise that she shall make a quick return.
With thanks I'd own the obligation due
Only, O Tereus! to the gods and you.'
Now, plied with oar and sail at his command,
The nimble galleys reach'd the' Athenian land,
And anchor'd in the fam'd Piræan bay,
While Tereus to the palace takes his way;
The king salutes, and, ceremonies past,
Begins the fatal embassy at last;
The' occasion of his voyage he declares,
And with his own, his wife's request prefers:
Asks leave that only for a little space,
Their lovely sister might embark for Thrace.
Thus while he spoke appear'd the royal maid,
Bright Philomela, splendidly array'd;
But most attractive in her charming face,
And comely person, turn'd with every grace:
Like those fair nymphs, that are describ'd to rove
Across the glades, and openings of the grove:
Only that these are dress'd for silvan sports,
And less become the finery of courts.
Tereus beheld the virgin and admir'd,
And with the coals of burning lust was fir'd:
Like crackling stubble, or the summer hay,
When forked lightnings o'er the meadows play.
Such charms in any breast might kindle love,
But him the heats of inbred lewdness move;
To which, though Thrace is naturally prone,
Yet his is still superior, and his own.

Straight her attendants he designs to buy,
And with large bribes her governess would try:
Herself with ample gifts resolves to bend,
And his whole kingdom in the' attempt expend:
Or, snatch'd away by force of arms, to bear,
And justify the rape with open war.
The boundless passion boils within his breast,
And his projecting soul admits no rest.
And now, impatient of the least delay,
By pleading Procnè's cause he speeds his way:
The eloquence of love his tongue inspires,
And in his wife's he speaks his own desires;
Hence all his importunities arise,
And tears unmanly trickle from his eyes.
Ye gods! what thick involving darkness blinds
The stupid faculties of mortal minds!
Tereus the credit of good-nature gains
From these his crimes; so well the villain feigns.
And, unsuspecting of his base designs,
In the request fair Philomela joins;
Her snowy arms her aged sire embrace,
And clasp his neck with an endearing grace:
Only to see her sister she intreats,
A seeming blessing, which a curse completes.
Tereus surveys her with a luscious eye,
And in his mind forestals the blissful joy:
Her circling arms a scene of lust inspire,
And every kiss foments the raging fire;
Fondly he wishes for the father's place,
To feel, and to return the warm embrace;
Since not the nearest ties of filial blood
Would damp his flame, and force him to be good.
At length, for both their sakes, the king agrees;
And Philomela, on her bended knees,

Thanks him for what her fancy calls *success*,
When cruel Fate intends her nothing less.
Now Phœbus, hastening to ambrosial rest,
His fiery steeds drove sloping down the west:
The sculptur'd gold with sparkling wines was fill'd,
And with rich meats each cheerful table smil'd;
Plenty and mirth the royal banquet close,
Then all retire to sleep, and sweet repose.
But the lewd monarch, though withdrawn apart,
Still feels love's poison rankling in his heart:
Her face divine is stamp'd within his breast,
Fancy imagines, and improves the rest;
And thus, kept waking by intense desire,
He nourishes his own prevailing fire
Next day the good old king for Tereus sends,
And to his charge the virgin recommends;
His hand with tears the' indulgent father press'd,
Then spoke, and thus with tenderness address'd:
'Since the kind instances of pious love
Do all pretence of obstacle remove:
Since Procnè's, and her own, with your request,
O errule the fears of a paternal breast;
With you, dear son, my daughter I intrust,
And by the gods adjure you to be just;
By truth, and every consanguineal tie,
To watch, and guard her with a father's eye;
And, since the least delay will tedious prove,
In keeping from my sight the child I love,
With speed return her, kindly to assuage
The tedious troubles of my ling'ring age;
And you, my Philomel, let it suffice,
To know your sister's banish'd from my eyes;
If any sense of duty sways your mind,
Let me from you the shortest absence find.'

He wept, then kiss'd his child; and while he speaks,
The tears fall gently down his aged cheeks;
Next, as a pledge of fealty, he demands,
And, with a solemn charge, conjoins their hands;
Then to his daughter and his grandson sends,
And by their mouth a blessing recommends;
While, in a voice with dire forebodings broke,
Sobbing and faint, the last farewell was spoke.
Now Philomela, scarce receiv'd on board,
And in the royal gilded bark secur'd,
Beheld the dashes of the bending oar,
The ruffled sea, and the receding shore;
When straight (his joy impatient of disguise)
'We've gain'd our point,' the rough Barbarian cries;
'Now I possess the dear, the blissful hour,
And ev'ry wish subjected to my pow'r.'
Transports of lust his vicious thoughts employ,
And he forbears, with pain, the' expected joy;
His gloting eyes incessantly survey'd
The virgin beauties of the lovely maid:
As when the bold rapacious bird of Jove,
With crooked talons stooping from above,
Has snatch'd and carried to his lofty nest
A captive hare, with cruel gripes oppress'd;
Secure, with fix'd and unrelenting eyes
He sits, and views the helpless trembling prize.
Their vessels now had made the' intended land,
And all with joy descend upon the strand;
When the false tyrant seiz'd the princely maid,
And to a lodge in distant woods convey'd:
Pale, sinking, and distress'd with jealous fears,
And asking for her sister all in tears;
The letcher, for enjoyment fully bent,
No longer now conceal'd his base intent;

But with rude haste the bloomy girl deflower'd,
Tender, defenceless, and with ease o'erpower'd;
Her piercing accents to her sire complain,
And to her absent sister, but in vain:
In vain she importunes, with doleful cries,
Each unattentive godhead of the skies;
She pants and trembles, like the bleating prey
From some close-hunted wolf just snatch'd away;
That still, with fearful horror, looks around,
And on its flank regards the bleeding wound:
Or, as the timorous dove, the danger o'er,
Beholds her shining plumes besmear'd with gore;
And though deliver'd from the falcon's claw,
Yet shivers, and retains a secret awe.

But when her mind a calm reflection shar'd,
And all her scatter'd spirits were repair'd;
Torn and disorder'd while her tresses hung,
Her livid hands, like one that mourn'd, she wrung;
Then thus, with grief o'erwhelm'd her languid eyes,
'Savage, inhuman, cruel wretch!' she cries,
'Whom nor a parent's strict commands could move,
Though charg'd and utter'd with the tears of love,
Nor virgin innocence, nor all that's due
To the strong contract of the nuptial vow:
Virtue, by this, in wild confusion's laid,
And I compell'd to wrong my sister's bed;
Whilst you, regardless of your marriage oath,
With stains of incest have defil'd us both.
Though I deserv'd some punishment to find,
This was, ye gods! too cruel and unkind.
Yet, villain, to complete your horrid guilt,
Stab here, and let my tainted blood be spilt.
Oh happy! had it come, before I knew
The curs'd embrace of vile perfidious you;

Then my pale ghost, pure from incestuous love,
Had wander'd spotless through the' Elysian grove.
But, if the gods above have pow'r to know
And judge those actions that are done below;
Unless the dreaded thunders of the sky
Like me subdu'd and violated lie,
Still my revenge shall take its proper time,
And suit the baseness of your hellish crime.
Myself, abandon'd and devoid of shame,
Through the wide world your actions will proclaim:
Or though I'm prison'd in this lonely den,
Obscur'd and buried from the sight of men,
My mournful voice the pitying rocks shall move,
And my complainings echo through the grove.
Hear me, O heaven! and, if a god be there,
Let him regard me, and accept my pray'r.'
Struck with these words, the tyrant's guilty breast
With fear and anger was by turns possess'd;
Now, with remorse his conscience deeply stung,
He drew the falchion that beside him hung;
And first her tender arms behind her bound,
Then dragg'd her by the hair along the ground.
The princess willingly her throat reclin'd,
And view'd the steel with a contented mind;
But soon her tongue the girding pincers strain,
With anguish soon she feels the piercing pain:
'Oh! father father!' she would fain have spoke,
But the sharp torture her intention broke;
In vain she tries, for now the blade has cut
Her tongue sheer off, close to the trembling root.
The mangled part still quiver'd on the ground,
Murmuring, with a faint imperfect sound:
And as a serpent writhes his wounded train,
Uneasy, panting, and possess'd with pain;

The piece, while life remain'd, still trembled fast,
And to its mistress pointed to the last.
Yet, after this so damn'd and black a deed,
Fame (which I scarce can credit) has agreed,
That on her rifled charms, still void of shame,
He frequently indulg'd his lustful flame.
At last he ventures to his Procnè's sight,
Loaded with guilt, and cloy'd with long delight;
There, with feign'd grief, and false dissembled sighs,
Begins a formal narrative of lies:
Her sister's death he artfully declares,
Then weeps, and raises credit from his tears.
Her vest, with flowers of gold embroider'd o'er,
With grief distress'd, the mournful matron tore,
And a beseeming suit of gloomy sable wore.
With cost an honorary tomb she rais'd,
And thus the' imaginary ghost appeas'd.
Deluded queen! the fate of her you love
Nor grief, nor pity, but revenge should move.
Through the twelve signs had pass'd the circling sun,
And round the compass of the zodiac run;
What must unhappy Philomela do,
For ever subject to her keeper's view?
Huge walls of massy stone the lodge surround,
From her own mouth no way of speaking's found.
But all our wants by wit may be supplied,
And art makes up what fortune has denied:
With skill exact a Phrygian web she strung,
Fix'd to a loom that in her chamber hung,
Where in-wrought letters, upon white display'd,
In purple notes her wretched case betray'd:
The piece, when finish'd, secretly she gave
Into the charge of one poor menial slave;

And then, with gestures, made him understand,
It must be safe convey'd to Procnè's hand.
The slave with speed the queen's apartment sought,
And render'd up his charge, unknowing what he brought.
But when the ciphers, figur'd in each fold,
Her sister's melancholy story told,
(Strange that she could!) with silence she survey'd
The tragic piece, and without weeping read:
In such tumultuous haste her passions sprung,
They chok'd her voice, and quite disarm'd her tongue.
No room for female tears; the furies rise,
Darting vindictive glances from her eyes;
And, stung with rage, she bounds from place to place,
While stern revenge sits louring in her face.
Now the triennial celebration came,
Observ'd to Bacchus by each Thracian dame;
When, in the privacies of night retir'd,
They act his rites, with sacred rapture fir'd;
By night the tinkling cymbals ring around,
While the shrill notes from Rhodopè resound;
By night, the queen disguis'd forsakes the court,
To mingle in the festival resort;
Leaves of the curling vine her temples shade,
And with a circling wreath adorn her head;
Adown her back the stag's rough spoils appear,
Light on her shoulder leans a cornel spear.
Thus, in the fury of the god conceal'd,
Procnè her own mad headstrong passion veil'd;
Now, with her gang, to the thick wood she flies,
And with religious yellings fills the skies;
The fatal lodge, as 'twere by chance, she seeks,
And through the bolted doors an entrance breaks;

From thence her sister snatching by the hand,
Mask'd like the ranting Bacchanalian band,
Within the limits of the court she drew,
Shading with ivy green her outward hue.
But Philomela, conscious of the place,
Felt new reviving pangs of her disgrace;
A shivering cold prevail'd in ev'ry part,
And the chill'd blood ran trembling to her heart.
Soon as the queen a fit retirement found,
Stripp'd of the garlands that her temples crown'd,
She straight unveil'd her blushing sister's face,
And fondly clasp'd her with a close embrace:
But, in confusion lost, the' unhappy maid,
With shame dejected, hung her drooping head,
As guilty of a crime that stain'd her sister's bed.
That speech, that should her injur'd virtue clear,
And make her spotless innocence appear,
Is now no more; only her hands and eyes
Appeal in signals to the conscious skies.
In Procnè's breast the rising passions boil,
And burst in anger with a mad recoil;
Her sister's ill-tim'd grief with scorn she blames,
Then in these furious words her rage proclaims:
'Tears unavailing but defer our time,
The stabbing sword must expiate the crime;
Or worse, if wit, on bloody vengeance bent,
A weapon more tormenting can invent.
O sister! I've prepar'd my stubborn heart
To act some hellish and unheard-of part;
Either the palace to surround with fire,
And see the villain in the flames expire;
Or with a knife dig out his cursed eyes,
Or his false tongue with racking engines seize;

Or cut away the part that injur'd you,
And through a thousand wounds his guilty soul pursue.
Tortures enough my passion has design'd,
But the variety distracts my mind.'
Awhile, thus wavering, stood the furious dame,
When Itys fondling to his mother came;
From him the cruel fatal hint she took,
She view'd him with a stern remorseless look:
'Ah! but too like thy wicked sire!' she said,
Forming the direful purpose in her head.
At this a sullen grief her voice suppress'd,
While silent passions struggle in her breast.
Now, at her lap arriv'd, the flattering boy
Salutes his parent with a smiling joy:
About her neck his little arms are thrown,
And he accosts her in a prattling tone.
Then her tempestuous anger was allay'd,
And in its full career her vengeance stay'd;
While tender thoughts in spite of passion rise,
And melting tears disarm her threatening eyes.
But when she found the mother's easy heart
Too fondly swerving from the' intended part,
Her injur'd sister's face again she view'd,
And, as by turns surveying both she stood,
'While this fond boy,' she said, 'can thus express
The moving accents of his fond address,
Why stands my sister of her tongue bereft,
Forlorn and sad, in speechless silence left?
O Procnè, see the fortune of your house;
Such is your fate, when match'd to such a spouse!
Conjugal duty, if observ'd to him,
Would change from virtue, and become a crime;

For all respect to Tereus must debase
The noble blood of great Pandion's race.'
  Straight at these words, with big resentment fill'd,
Furious her look, she flew and seiz'd her child;
Like a fell tigress of the savage kind,
That drags the tender suckling of the hind
Through India's gloomy groves, where Ganges laves
The shady scene, and rolls his streamy waves.
  Now to a close apartment they were come,
Far off retir'd within the spacious dome;
When Procnè, on revengeful mischief bent,
Home to his heart a piercing poniard sent.
Itys, with rueful cries, but all too late,
Holds out his hands, and deprecates his fate;
Still at his mother's neck he fondly aims,
And strives to melt her with endearing names;
Yet still the cruel mother perseveres,
Nor with concern his bitter anguish hears.
This might suffice; but Philomela too
Across his throat a shining cutlass drew.
Then both with knives dissect each quiv'ring part,
And carve the butcher'd limbs with cruel art;
Which, whelm'd in boiling cauldrons o'er the fire,
Or turn'd on spits, in steamy smoke aspire:
While the long entries, with their slipp'ry floor,
Run down in purple streams of clotted gore.
  Ask'd by his wife to this inhuman feast,
Tereus unknowingly is made a guest:
While she her plot the better to disguise,
Stiles it some unknown mystic sacrifice;
And such the nature of the hallow'd rite,
The wife her husband only could invite,
The slaves must all withdraw, and be debar'd the sight.

Tereus, upon a throne of antique state
Loftily rais'd, before the banquet sate;
And, glutton like, luxuriously pleas'd,
With his own flesh his hungry maw appeas'd.
Nay, such a blindness o'er his senses falls,
That he for Itys to the table calls:
When Proc..è, now impatient to disclose
The joy that from her full revenge arose,
Cries out, in transports of a cruel mind,
'Within yourself your Itys you may find.'
Still at this puzzling answer, with surprise
Around the room he sends his curious eyes;
And, as he still inquir'd and call'd aloud,
Fierce Philomela, all besmear'd with blood,
Her hands with murder stain'd, her spreading hair
Hanging dishevell'd with a ghastly air,
Stepp'd forth, and flung full in the tyrant's face
The head of Itys, goary as it was:
Nor ever long'd so much to use her tongue,
And with a just reproach to vindicate her wrong.
The Thracian monarch from the table flings,
While with his cries the vaulted parlour rings;
His imprecations echo down to hell,
And rouse the snaky Furies from their Stygian cell.
One while he labours to disgorge his breast,
And free his stomach from the cursed feast;
Then, weeping o'er his lamentable doom,
He styles himself his son's sepulchral tomb.
Now, with drawn sabre and impetuous speed,
In close pursuit he drives Pandion's breed;
Whose nimble feet spring with so swift a force
Across the fields, they seem to wing their course.
And now on real wings themselves they raise,
And steer their airy flight by diff'rent ways;

One to the woodland's shady covert hies,
Around the smoky roof the other flies;
Whose feathers yet the marks of murder stain,
Where, stamp'd upon her breast, the crimson spots remain.
Tereus, through grief, and haste to be reveng'd,
Shares the like fate, and to a bird is chang'd:
Fix'd on his head the crested plumes appear,
Long is his beak, and sharpen'd like a spear;
Thus arm'd, his looks his inward mind display,
And, to a lapwing turn'd, he fans his way.
Exceeding trouble for his children's fate,
Shorten'd Pandion's days, and chang'd his date;
Down to the shades below, with sorrow spent,
An earlier unexpected ghost he went.

BOREAS IN LOVE.

Erectheus next the' Athenian sceptre sway'd,
Whose rule the state with joint consent obey'd:
So mix'd his justice with his valour flow'd,
His reign one scene of princely goodness show'd.
Four hopeful youths, as many females bright,
Sprung from his loins, and sooth'd him with delight.
Two of these sisters, of a lovelier air,
Excell'd the rest, though all the rest were fair.
Procris, to Cephalus in wedlock tied,
Bless'd the young sylvan with a blooming bride:
For Orithyia Boreas suffer'd pain,
For the coy maid sued long, but sued in vain;
Tereus his neighbour, and his Thracian blood,
Against the match a main objection stood;
Which made his vows and all his suppliant love,
Empty as air, and ineffectual prove.

But when he found his soothing flatteries fail,
Nor saw his soft addresses could avail;
Blustering with ire, he quickly has recourse
To rougher arts, and his own native force.
'Tis well,' he said, 'such usage is my due,
When thus disguis'd by foreign ways I sue;
When my stern airs and fierceness I disclaim,
And sigh for love, ridiculously tame;
When soft addresses foolishly I try,
Nor my own stronger remedies apply.
By force and violence I chiefly live,
By them the louring stormy tempests drive:
In foaming billows raise the hoary deep,
Writhe knotted oaks, and sandy deserts sweep;
Congeal the falling flakes of fleecy snow,
And bruise with rattling hail the plains below.
I and my brother winds, when join'd above,
Through the waste champaign of the skies we rove,
With such a boisterous full career engage,
That heaven's whole concave thunders at our rage.
While, struck from nitrous clouds, fierce lightnings play,
Dart through the storm, and gild the gloomy day:
Or when, in subterraneous caverns pent,
My breath against the hollow earth is bent;
The quaking world above, and ghosts below,
My mighty power by dear experience know,
Tremble with fear, and dread the fatal blow;
This is the only cure to be applied,
Thus to Erectheus I should be allied;
And thus the scornful virgin should be woo'd,
Not by entreaty, but by force subdued.'
Boreas in passion spoke these huffing things,
And as he spoke he shook his dreadful wings;

At which afar the shivering sea was fann'd,
And the wide surface of the distant land:
His dusty mantle o'er the hills he drew,
And swept the lowly valleys as he flew;
Then, with his yellow wings embrac'd the maid,
And, wrapp'd in dusty clouds, far off convey'd.
The sparkling blaze of love's prevailing fire
Shone brighter as he flew, and flam'd the higher.
And now the god, possess'd of his delight,
To northern Thrace pursued his airy flight,
Where the young ravish'd nymph became his bride,
And soon the luscious sweets of wedlock tried.
Two lovely twins, the' effect of this embrace,
Crown their soft labours, and their nuptials grace;
Who, like their mother, beautiful and fair,
Their father's strength and feather'd pinions share:
Yet these at first were wanting, as 'tis said,
And after, as they grew, their shoulders spread.
Zethes and Calaïs, the pretty twins,
Remain'd unfledg'd, while smooth their beardless chins:
But when, in time, the budding silver down
Shaded their face, and on their cheeks was grown;
Two sprouting wings upon their shoulders sprung,
Like those in birds that veil the callow young.
Then as their age advanc'd, and they began
From greener youth to ripen into man,
With Jason's Argonauts they cross'd the seas,
Embark'd in quest of the fam'd golden fleece:
There, with the rest, the first frail vessel tried,
And boldly ventur'd on the swelling tide.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK VII.

TRANSLATED BY TATE AND STONESTREET.

THE STORY OE MEDEA AND JASON.

The Argonauts now stem'd the foaming tide,
And to Arcadia's shore their course applied;
Where sightless Phineus spent his age in grief,
But Boreas' sons engage in his relief;
And those unwelcome guests, the odious race
Of Harpies, from the monarch's table chase.
With Jason then they greater toils sustain,
And Phasis' slimy banks at last they gain.
Here boldly they demand the golden prize
Of Scythia's king, who sternly thus replies:
'That mighty labours they must overcome,
Or sail their Argo thence unfreighted home.'
Meanwhile Medea, seiz'd with fierce desire,
By reason strives to quench the raging fire;
But strives in vain!—'Some god,' she said, 'withstands,
And reason's baffled counsel countermands.
What unseen power does this disorder move?
'Tis love—at least 'tis like what men call love.

Else wherefore should the king's commands appear
To me too hard?—But so indeed they are.
Why should I for a stranger fear, lest he
Should perish, whom I did but lately see?
His death or safety, what are they to me?
Wretch! from thy virgin breast this flame expel,
And soon—O could I, all would then be well!
But love, resistless love, my soul invades;
Discretion this, affection that, persuades.
I see the right, and I approve it too,
Condemn the wrong—and yet the wrong pursue.
Why, royal maid, shouldst thou desire to wed
A wanderer, and court a foreign bed?
Thy native land, though barb'rous, can present
A bridegroom worth a royal bride's consent:
And whether this adventurer lives, or dies,
In fate and fortune's fickle pleasure lies.
Yet may he live! for to the powers above,
A virgin, led by no impulse of love,
So just a suit may, for the guiltless, move.
Whom would not Jason's valour, youth, and blood
Invite? or could these merits be withstood,
At least his charming person must incline
The hardest heart—I'm sure 'tis so with mine!
Yet, if I he'p him not, the flaming breath
Of bulls and earth-born foes must be his death.
Or, should he through these dangers force his way,
At last he must be made the dragon's prey.
If no remorse for such distress I feel,
I am a tigress, and my breast is steel.
Why do I scruple then to see him slain,
And with the tragic scene my eyes profane?
My magic's art employ, not to assuage
The savages, but to inflame their rage?

His earth-born foes to fiercer fury move,
And accessary to his murder prove?
The gods forbid—but prayers are idle breath,
When action only can prevent his death.
Shall I betray my father, and the state,
To intercept a rambling hero's fate;
Who may sail off next hour, and, sav'd from harms
By my assistance, bless another's arms?
Whilst I, not only of my hopes bereft,
But to unpitied punishment am left.
If he is false, let the ingrateful bleed!
But no such symptom in his looks I read.
Nature would ne'er have lavish'd so much grace
Upon his person if his soul were base.
Besides, he first shall plight his faith, and swear
By all the gods!—What therefore canst thou fear?
Medea, haste! from danger set him free,
Jason shall thy eternal debtor be.
And thou, his queen, with sovereign state install'd,
By Grecian dames the 'Kind Preserver' call'd.
Hence idle dreams, by lovesick fancy bred!
Wilt thou, Medea, by vain wishes led,
To sister, brother, father, bid adieu,
Forsake thy country's gods and country too?
My father's harsh, my brother but a child,
My sister rivals me, my country's wild;
And for its gods, the greatest of 'em all
Inspires my breast, and I obey his call.
That great endearments I forsake is true,
But greater far the hopes that I pursue:
The pride of having sav'd the youths of Greece,
(Each life more precious than our golden fleece;)
A nobler soil by me shall be possess'd,
I shall see towns with arts and manners bless'd;

And, what I prize above the world beside,
Enjoy my Jason—and when once his bride,
Be more than mortal, and to gods allied.
They talk of hazards I must first sustain,
Of floating islands justling in the main;
Our tender bark expos'd to dreadful shocks
Of fierce Charybdis' gulf and Scylla's rocks,
Where breaking waves in whirling eddies roll,
And ravenous dogs that in deep caverns howl:
Amidst these terrors, while I lie possess'd
Of him I love, and lean on Jason's breast,
In tempests unconcern'd I will appear,
Or only for my husband's safety fear.
Didst thou say husband?—canst thou so deceive
Thyself, fond maid, and thy own cheat believe?
In vain thou striv'st to varnish o'er thy shame,
And grace thy guilt with wedlock's sacred name.
Pull off the cozening mask, and oh! in time
Discover and avoid the fatal crime.'
She ceas'd—the Graces now, with kind surprise,
And Virtue's lovely train, before her eyes
Present themselves, and vanquish'd Cupid flies.
She then retires to Hecate's shrine, that stood
Far in the covert of a shady wood:
She finds the fury of her flames assuag'd,
But, seeing Jason there, again they rag'd.
Blushes and paleness did by turns invade
Her tender cheeks, and secret grief betray'd.
As fire, that sleeping under ashes lies,
Fresh blown and rous'd, does up in blazes rise,
So flam'd the virgin's breast——
New kindled by her lover's sparkling eyes.
For chance, that day, had with uncommon grace
Adorn'd the lovely youth, and through his face

Display'd an air so pleasing as might charm
A goddess, and a vestal's bosom warm.
Her ravish'd eyes survey him o'er and o'er,
As some gay wonder never seen before;
Transported to the skies she seems to be,
And thinks she gazes on a deity.
But when he spoke, and press'd her trembling hand,
And did with tender words her aid demand,
With vows and oaths to make her soon his bride,
She wept a flood of tears, and thus reply'd:
'I see my error, yet to ruin move,
Nor owe my fate to ignorance, but love:
Your life I'll guard, and only crave of you
To swear once more—and to your oath be true.'
He swears by Hecate he would all fulfil,
And by her grandfather's prophetic skill,
By every thing that doubting love could press,
His present danger and desir'd success.
She credits him, and kindly does produce
Enchanted herbs, and teaches him their use:
Their mystic names and virtues he admires,
And with his booty joyfully retires.

THE DRAGON'S TEETH TRANSFORMED TO MEN.

Impatient for the wonders of the day,
Aurora drives the loitering stars away.
Now Mars's mount the pressing people fill,
The crowd below, the nobles crown the hill;
The king himself high-thron'd above the rest,
With ivory sceptre, and in purple dress'd.
Forthwith the brass-hoof'd bulls are set at large,
Whose furious notrils sulphurous flame discharge:
The blasted herbage by their breath expires;
As forges rumble with excessive fires,

And furnaces with fiercer fury glow,
When water on the panting mass ye throw!
With such a noise from their convulsive breast,
Through bellowing throats, the struggling vapour
press'd.
Yet Jason marches up without concern,
While on the' adventurous youth the monsters turn
Their glaring eyes, and, eager to engage,
Brandish their steel-tipt horns in threatening rage:
With brazen hoofs they beat the ground, and choke
The ambient air with clouds of dust and smoke.
Each gazing Grecian for his champion shakes,
While bold advances he securely makes
Through singeing blasts:—such wonders magic art
Can work, when love conspires, and plays his part.
The passive savages like statues stand,
While he their dewlaps strokes with soothing hand;
To unknown yokes their brawny necks they yield,
And like tame oxen plough the wondering field.
The Colchians stare; the Grecians shout, and raise
Their champion's courage with inspiring praise.
Embolden'd now on fresh attempts he goes,
With serpent's teeth the fertile furrows sows;
The glebe, fermenting with enchanted juice,
Makes the snake's teeth a human crop produce.
For as an infant, prisoner to the womb,
Contented sleeps till to perfection come;
Then does the cell's obscure confinement scorn,
He tosses, throbs, and presses to be born;
So from the labouring earth no single birth,
But a whole troop of lusty youths rush forth;
And what's more strange, with martial fury warm'd,
And for encounter all completely arm'd;

In rank and file, as they were sow'd, they stand,
Impatient for the signal of command.
No foe but the Æmonian youth appears;
At him they level their steel-pointed spears:
His frighted friends, who triumph'd just before,
With peals of sighs his desperate case deplore:
And where such hardy warriors are afraid,
What must the tender and enamour'd maid?
Her spirits sink, the blood her cheek forsook;
She fears, who for his safety undertook:
She knew the virtue of the spells she gave,
She knew the force, and knew her lover brave;
But what's a single champion to an host?
Yet scorning thus to see him tamely lost,
Her strong reserve of secret arts she brings,
And last, her never-failing song she sings.
Wonders ensue; among his gazing foes
The massy fragment of a rock he throws:
This charm in civil war engag'd 'em all;
By mutual wounds those earth-born brothers fall.
The Greeks, transported with the strange success,
Leap from their seats the conqueror to caress;
Commend, and kiss, and clasp him in their arms;
So would the kind contriver of the charms:
But her, who felt the tenderest concern,
Honour condemns in secret flames to burn;
Committed to a double guard of fame,
Aw'd by a virgin's and a princess' name.
But thoughts are free, and fancy unconfin'd,
She kisses, courts, and hugs him in her mind:
To favouring powers her silent thanks she gives,
By whose indulgence her lov'd hero lives.
One labour more remains, and, though the last,
In danger far surmounting all the past;

That enterprise by Fates in store was kept,
To make the dragon sleep that never slept,
Whose crest shoots dreadful lustre; from his jaws
A triple tire of forked stings he draws,
With fangs, and wings of a prodigious size:
Such was the guardian of the golden prize.
Yet him, besprinkled with Lethean dew,
The fair enchantress into slumber threw;
And then, to fix him, thrice she did repeat
The rhyme, that makes the raging winds retreat;
In stormy seas can halcyon seasons make,
Turn rapid streams into a standing lake;
While the soft guest his drowsy eye-lids seals,
The' unguarded golden fleece the stranger steals:
Proud to possess the purchase of the toil,
Proud of his royal bride, the richer spoil;
To sea both prize and patroness he bore,
And lands triumphant on his native shore.

OLD ÆSON RESTORED TO YOUTH.

Æmonian matrons, who their absence mourn'd,
Rejoice to see their prosperous sons return'd:
Rich curling fumes of incense feast the skies,
An hecatomb of voted victims dies,
With gilded horns, and garlands on their head,
And all the pomp of death, to the' altar led.
Congratulating bowls go briskly round,
Triumphant shouts in louder music drown'd.
Amidst these revels, why that cloud of care
On Jason's brow? (to whom the largest share
Of mirth was due)—His father was not there.
Æson was absent, once the young and brave,
Now crush'd with years, and bending to the grave.

At last, withdrawn and by the crowd unseen,
Pressing her hand, (with starting sighs between)
He supplicates his kind, and skilful queen.
'O patroness! preserver of my life!
(Dear when my mistress, and much dearer wife)
Your favours to so vast a sum amount,
'Tis past the power of numbers to recount;
Or could they be to computation brought,
The history would a romance be thought:
And yet, unless you add one favour more,
Greater than all that you confer'd before,
But not too hard for love and magic skill;
Your past are thrown away, and Jason's wretched still.
The morning of my life is just begun,
But my declining father's race is run;
From my large stock retrench the long arrears,
And add 'em to expiring Æson's years.'
Thus spake the generous youth, and wept the rest.
Mov'd with the piety of his request,
To his ag'd sire such filial duty shown,
So different from her treatment of her own,
But still endeavouring her remorse to hide,
She check'd her rising sighs, and thus replied:
'How could the thought of such inhuman wrong
Escape,' said she, 'from pious Jason's tongue?
Does the whole world another Jason bear,
Whose life Medea can to yours prefer?
Or could I with so dire a change dispense,
Hecate will never join in that offence.
Unjust is the request you make, and I
In kindness your petition shall deny:
Yet she that grants not what you do implore,
Shall yet essay to give her Jason more;

Find means to' increase the stock of Æson's years,
Without retrenchment of your life's arrears;
Provided that the triple goddess join
A strong confederate in my bold design.'
  Thus was her enterprise resolv'd; but still
Three tedious nights are wanting to fulfil
The circling crescents of the' increasing moon;
Then, in the height of her nocturnal noon,
Medea steals from court; her ancles bare,
Her garments closely girt, but loose her hair;
Thus sallied like a solitary sprite,
She traverses the terrors of the night.
  Men, beasts, and birds, in soft repose lay charm'd,
No boisterous wind the mountain-woods alarm'd;
Nor did those walks of love, the myrtle-trees,
Of amorous Zephyr hear the whispering breeze;
All elements chain'd in unactive rest,
No sense but what the twinkling stars express'd:
To them (that only wak'd) she rears her arms,
And thus commences her mysterious charms.
  She turn'd her thrice about; as oft she threw
On her pale tresses the nocturnal dew;
Then yelling thrice a most enormous sound,
Her bare knee bended on the flinty ground,
'O Night!' said she, 'thou confident and guide
Of secrets, such as darkness ought to hide;
Ye stars and moon! that when the sun retires,
Support his empire with succeeding fires;
And thou, great Hecate! friend to my design;
Songs, muttering spells, your magic forces join;
And thou, O earth! the magazine that yields
The midnight sorcerer drugs; skies, mountains,
fields;

Ye watery powers of fountain, stream, and lake;
Ye silvan gods, and gods of night, awake!
And generously your parts in my adventure take.
'Oft by your aid swift currents I have led,
Through wandering banks, back to their fountain head;
Transform'd the prospect of the briny deep,
Made sleeping billows rave, and raving billows sleep;
Made clouds or sunshine; tempests rise or fall;
And stubborn lawless winds obey my call:
With mutter'd words disarm'd the viper's jaw;
Up by the roots vast oaks and rocks could draw,
Make forests dance, and trembling mountains come,
Like malefactors, to receive their doom; [tomb.
Earth groan, and frighted ghosts forsake their
Thee, Cynthia, my resistless rhymes drew down,
When tinkling cymbals strove my voice to drown;
Nor stronger Titan could their force sustain,
In full career compell'd to stop his wain:
Nor could Aurora's virgin blush avail,
With poisonous herbs I turn'd her roses pale;
The fury of the fiery bulls I broke,
Their stubborn necks submitting to my yoke;
And when the sons of earth with fury burn'd,
Their hostile rage upon themselves I turn'd;
The brothers made with mutual wounds to bleed,
And by their fatal strife my lover freed;
And, while the dragon slept, to distant Greece,
Through cheated guards, convey'd the golden fleece.
But now to bolder action I proceed,
Of such prevailing juices now have need,
That wither'd years back to their bloom can bring,
And in dead winter raise a second spring,
And you'll perform 't——

You will; for lo! the stars, with sparkling fires,
Presage as bright success to my desires:
And now another happy omen see!
A chariot drawn by dragons waits for me.'
With these last words she leaps into the wain,
Strokes the snakes' necks, and shakes the golden rein;
That signal given, they mount up to the skies,
And now beneath her fruitful Tempè lies,
Whose stores she ransacks; then to Crete she flies;
There Ossa, Pelion, Othrys, Pindus, all
To the fair ravisher a booty fall;
The tribute of their verdure she collects,
Nor proud Olympus' height his plants protects.
Some by the roots she plucks; the tender tops
Of others with her culling sickle crops.
Nor could the plunder of the hills suffice;
Down to the humble vales and meads she flies;
Apidanus, Amphrysus, the next rape
Sustain, nor could Enipeus' bank escape; [rang'd;
Through Beebè's marsh, and through the border
Whose pasture Glaucus to a Triton chang'd.
Now the ninth day, and ninth successive night,
Had wonder'd at the restless rover's flight;
Meanwhile her dragons, fed with no repast,
But her exhaling simples' odorous blast, [cast.
Their tarnish'd scales, and wrinkled skins had
At last return'd before her palace-gate,
Quitting her chariot, on the ground she sate,
The sky her only canopy of state.
All conversation with her sex she fled,
Shun'd the caresses of the nuptial bed:
Two altars next of grassy turf she rears,
This Hecate's name, that Youth's inscription bears;

With forest boughs and vervain these she crown'd;
Then delves a double trench in lower ground,
And sticks a black-fleec'd ram, that ready stood,
And drench'd the ditches with devoted blood:
New wine she pours, and milk from the' udder warm,
With mystic murmurs to complete the charm,
And subterranean deities alarm.
To the stern king of ghosts she next applied,
And gentle Proserpine, his ravish'd bride,
That for old Æson with the laws of fate
They would dispense, and lengthen his short date;
Thus with repeated prayers she long assails
The' infernal tyrant, and at last prevails;
Then calls to have decrepit Æson brought,
And stupifies him with a sleeping draught;
On earth his body, like a corps, extends,
Then charges Jason and his waiting friends
To quit the place, that no unhallow'd eye
Into her art's forbidden secrets pry.
This done, the' enchantress, with her locks unbound,
About her altars trips a frantic round;
Piecemeal the consecrated wood she splits,
And dips the splinters in the bloody pits,
Then hurls 'em on the piles—the sleeping sire
She lustrates thrice, with sulphur, water, fire.
In a large cauldron now the med'cine boils,
Compounded of her late collected spoils,
Blending into the mesh the various pow'rs
Of wonder-working juices, roots, and flow'rs;
With gems i'the' eastern ocean's cell refin'd,
And such as ebbing tides had left behind:
To them the midnight's pearly dew she flings,
A screech-owl's carcase, and ill-boding wings;

Nor could the wizard wolf's warm entrails scape,
(That wolf who counterfeits a human shape)
Then, from the bottom of her conjuring bag,
Snakes-skins, and liver of a long-liv'd stag;
Last a crow's head, to such an age arriv'd,
That he had now nine centuries surviv'd:
These, and with these a thousand more that grew
In sundry soils, into her pot she threw;
Then with a wither'd olive bough she rakes
The bubbling broth; the bough fresh verdure takes;
Green leaves at first the perish'd plant surround,
Which the next minute with ripe fruit were crown'd.
The foaming juices now the brink o'er-swell:
The barren heath, where'er the liquor fell,
Sprang out with vernal grass, and all the pride
Of blooming May—When this Medea spied,
She cuts her patient's throat; the' exhausted blood
Recruiting with her new-enchanting flood;
While at his mouth, and through his opening wound,
A double inlet her infusion found:
His feeble frame resumes a youthful air,
A glossy brown his hoary beard and hair,
The meagre paleness from his aspect fled,
And in its room sprang up a florid red;
Through all his limbs a youthful vigour flies,
His emptied arteries swell with fresh supplies:
Gazing spectators scarce believe their eyes.
But Æson is the most surpris'd to find
A happy change in body and in mind;
In sense and constitution the same man,
As when his fortieth active year began.
Bacchus, who from the clouds this wonder view'd,
Medea's method instantly pursued,
And his indulgent nurse's youth renew'd.

THE DEATH OF PELIAS.

Thus far obliging love employ'd her art,
But now revenge must act a tragic part.
Medea feigns a mortal quarrel, bred
Betwixt her and the partner of her bed;
On this pretence to Pelias' court she flies,
Who languishing with age and sickness lies:
His guiltless daughters with inveigling wiles,
And well-dissembled friendship, she beguiles:
The strange achievements of her art she tells,
With Æson's cure, and long on that she dwells,
Till them to firm persuasion she has won,
The same for their old father may be done:
For him they court her to employ her skill,
And put upon the cure what price she will.
At first she's mute, and with a grave pretence
Of difficulty holds 'em in suspense;
Then promises, and bids 'em, from the fold
Choose out a ram, the most infirm and old;
That so by fact their doubts may be remov'd,
And first on him the operation prov'd.
A wreath-horn'd ram is brought, so far o'ergrown
With years, his age was to that age unknown;
Of sense too dull the piercing point to feel,
And scarce sufficient blood to stain the steel.
His carcase she into a cauldron threw,
With drugs whose vital qualities she knew;
His limbs grew less, he casts his horns and years,
And tender bleatings strike their wondering ears.
Then instantly leaps forth a frisking lamb,
That seeks (too young to graze) a suckling dam.
The sisters, thus confirm'd with the success,
Her promise with renew'd intreaty press;

To countenance the cheat, three nights and days
Before experiment the' enchantress stays;
Then into limpid water, from the springs,
Weeds and ingredients of no force she flings;
With antique ceremonies for pretence,
And ramblimg rhymes without a word of sense.
  Meanwhile, the king with all his guards lay bound
In magic sleep, scarce that of death so sound;
The daughters now are by the sorceress led
Into his chamber, and surround his bed.
'Your father's health's concern'd, and can ye stay?
Unnatural nymphs, why this unkind delay?
Unsheath your sword, dismiss his lifeless blood,
And I'll recruit it with a vital flood:
Your father's life and health is in your hand,
And can ye thus like idle gazers stand?
Unless you are of common sense bereft,
If yet one spark of piety is left,
Dispatch a father's cure; and disengage
The monarch from his toilsome load of age:
Come—drench your weapons in his putrid gore;
'Tis charity to wound, when wounding will restore.'
  Thus urg'd, the poor deluded maids proceed,
Betray'd by zeal to an inhuman deed;
And, in compassion, make a father bleed.
Yes, she who had the kindest, tenderest heart,
Is foremost to perform the bloody part.
  Yet, though to act the butchery betray'd,
They could not bear to see the wounds they made;
With looks averted backward they advance,
Then strike, and stab, and leave the blows to chance.
  Waking in consternation, he essays
(Weltering in blood) his feeble arms to raise,

Environ'd with so many swords—' From whence
This barbarous usage? what is my offence?
What fatal fury, what infernal charm,
'Gainst a kind father does his daughters arm?'
Hearing his voice, as thunder-struck they stop'd,
Their resolution and their weapons drop'd:
Medea then the mortal blow bestows,
And, that perform'd, the tragic scene to close,
His corps into the boiling cauldron throws.
Then dreading the revenge that must ensue,
High-mounting on her dragon-coach she flew;
And in her stately progress through the skies,
Beneath her shady Pelion first she spies,
With Othrys, that above the clouds did rise;
With skilful Chiron's cave and neighbouring ground,
For old Cerambus' strange escape renown'd,
By nymphs deliver'd when the world was drown'd;
Who him with unexpected wings supplied,
When delug'd hills a safe retreat denied,
Æolian Pitanè on her left hand
She saw, and there the statued dragon stand;
With Ida's grove, where Bacchus, to disguise
His son's bold theft, and to secure the prize,
Made the stol'n steer a stag to represent
Cocytus' father's sandy monument;
And fields that held the murder'd sire's remains,
Where howling Mæra frights the startled plains.
Euryphilus' high town, with towers defac'd
By Hercules, and matrons more disgrac'd
With sprouting horns, in signal punishment,
From Juno or resenting Venus sent.
Then Rhodes, which Phœbus did so dearly prize,
And Jove no less severely did chastise,

For he the wizard native's poisoning sight,
That us'd the farmer's hopeful crops to blight,
In rage o'erwhelm'd with everlasting night.
Cartheia's ancient walls come next in view,
Where once the sire almost a statue grew
With wonder, which a strange event did move,
His daughter turn'd into a turtle-dove.
Then Hyrie's lake, and Tempè's field o'erran,
Fam'd for the boy who there became a swan;
For there enamour'd Phillius, like a slave,
Perform'd what tasks his paramour would crave.
For presents he had mountain-vultures caught,
And from the desert a tame lion brought;
Then a wild bull commanded to subdue,
The conquer'd savage by the horns he drew;
But mock'd so oft, the treatment he disdains,
And from the craving boy this prize detains.
Then thus in choler the resenting lad;
'Won't you deliver him?—You'll wish you had:'
No sooner said, but in a peevish mood,
Leap'd from the precipice on which he stood:
The standers-by were struck with fresh surprise,
Instead of falling, to behold him rise
A snowy swan, and soaring to the skies.
But dearly the rash prank his mother cost,
Who ignorantly gave her son for lost;
For his misfortune wept, till she became
A lake, and still renown'd with Hyrie's name.
Thence to Latona's isle, where once were seen,
Transform'd to birds, a monarch and his queen.
Far off she saw how old Cephisus mourn'd
His son into a seal by Phœbus turn'd;
And where, astonish'd at a stranger sight,
Eumelus gaz'd on his wing'd daughter's flight,

Ætolian Pleuron she did next survey,
Where sons a mother's murder did essay,
But sudden plumes the matron bore away.
On her right hand, Cyllenè, a fair soil,
Fair, till Menephron there the beauteous hill
Attempted with foul incest to defile.
Her harness'd dragons now direct she drives
For Corinth, and at Corinth she arrives;
Where, if what old tradition tells be true,
In former ages men from mushrooms grew.
But here Medea finds her bed supplied,
During her absence, by another bride;
And, hopeless to recover her lost game,
She sets both bride and palace in a flame.
Nor could a rival's death her wrath assuage,
Nor stop'd at Creon's family her rage;
She murders her own infants, in despight
To faithless Jason, and in Jason's sight:
Yet ere his sword could reach her, up she springs,
Securely mounted on her dragon's wings.

THE STORY OF ÆGEUS.

From hence to Athens she directs her flight,
Where Phineus, so renown'd for doing right;
Where Periphas, and Polyphemon's niece,
Soaring with sudden plumes, amaz'd the towns of Greece.
Here Ægeus so engaging she address'd,
That first he treats her like a royal guest;
Then takes the sorceress for his wedded wife;
The only blemish of his prudent life.
Meanwhile his son, from actions of renown,
Arrives at court, but to his sire unknown.

Medea, to dispatch a dangerous heir,
(She knew him) did a poisonous draught prepare;
Drawn from a drug, was long reserv'd in store
For desperate uses from the Scythian shore;
That from the Echydnœan monster's jaws
Deriv'd its origin, and this the cause.
Through a dark cave a craggy passage lies,
To ours ascending from the nether skies;
Through which, by strength of hand, Alcides drew
Chain'd Cerberus, who lag'd, and restive grew,
With his blear'd eyes our brighter day to view.
Thrice he repeated his enormous yell,
With which he scares the ghosts, and startles hell;
At last outrageous (though compell'd to yield)
He sheds his foam in fury on the field;
Which, with its own, and rankness of the ground,
Produc'd a weed, by sorcerers renown'd,
The strongest constitution to confound,
Call'd aconite, because it can unlock
All bars, and force its passage through a rock.
The pious father, by her wheedles won,
Presents this deadly potion to his son;
Who with the same assurance takes the cup,
And to the monarch's health had drank it up,
But in the very instant he applied
The goblet to his lips, old Ægeus spied
The ivory-hilted sword that grac'd his side.
That certain signal of his son he knew,
And snatch'd the bowl away; the sword he drew,
Resolv'd, for such a son's endanger'd life,
To sacrifice the most perfidious wife.
Revenge is swift, but her more active charms
A whirlwind rais'd, that snatch'd her from his arms.

While conjur'd clouds their baffled sense surprise,
She vanishes from their deluded eyes,
And through the hurricane triumphant flies.
The generous king, although o'erjoy'd to find
His son was safe, yet bearing still in mind
The mischief by his treacherous queen design'd;
The horror of the deed, and then how near
The danger drew, he stands congeal'd with fear.
But soon that fear into devotion turns,
With grateful incense every altar burns;
Proud victims, and unconscious of their fate,
Stalk to the temple, there to die in state.
In Athens never had a day been found
For mirth, like that grand festival, renown'd.
Promiscuously the peers and people dine,
Promiscuously their thankful voices join,
In songs of wit, sublim'd by sprightly wine.
To listening spheres their joint applause they raise,
And thus resound their matchless Theseus' praise.
'Great Theseus! thee the Marathonian plain
Admires, and wears with pride the noble stain
Of the dire monster's blood, by valiant Theseus slain.
That now Cromyon's swains in safety sow,
And reap their fertile field, to thee they owe.
By thee the' infested Epidaurian coast
Was clear'd, and now can a free commerce boast.
The traveller his journey can pursue,
With pleasure the late dreadful valley view,
And cry, "Here Theseus the grand robber slew."
Cephisus' flood cries to his rescued shore,
The merciless Procrustes is no more.
In peace, Eleusis, Ceres' rites renew,
Since Theseus' sword the fierce Cercyon slew.

By him the torturer Sinis was destroy'd, [ploy'd)
Of strength (but strength to barbarous use em-
That tops of tallest pines to earth could bend,
And thus in pieces wretched captives rend.
Inhuman Scyron now has breath'd his last,
And now Alcathoe's road's securely pass'd;
By Theseus slain and thrown into the deep:
But earth nor sea his scatter'd bones would keep,
Which, after floating long, a rock became,
Still infamous with Scyron's hated name.
When fame to count thy acts and years proceeds,
Thy years appear but ciphers to thy deeds.
For thee, brave youth, as for our commonwealth,
We pray; and drink, in yours, the public health.
Your praise the senate and plebeians sing,
With your lov'd name the court and cottage ring.
You make our shepherds and our sailors glad,
And not a house in this vast city's sad.'

But mortal bliss will never come sincere,
Pleasure may lead, but grief brings up the rear;
While for his son's arrival, rev'ling joy
Ægeus and all his subjects does employ;
While they for only costly feasts prepare,
His neighbouring monarch, Minos, threatens war.
Weak in land-forces, nor by sea more strong,
But powerful in a deep-resented wrong
For a son's murder, arm'd with pious rage;
Yet prudently before he would engage,
To raise auxiliaries resolv'd to sail,
And with the powerful princes to prevail.

First Anaphè, then proud Astypalæa gains,
By presents that, and this by threats obtains:
Low Myconè, Cymolus, chalky soil,
Tall Cythnos, Scyros, flat Seriphos' isle;

Paros, with marble cliffs afar display'd;
Impregnable Sithonia; yet betray'd,
To a weak foe by a gold-admiring maid,
Who, chang'd into a daw of sable hue,
Still hoards up gold, and hides it from the view.
But as these islands cheerfully combine,
Others refuse to' embark in his design.
Now leftward with an easy sail he bore,
And prosperous passage to Œnopia's shore;
Œnopia once, but now Ægina call'd,
And with his royal mother's name install'd
By Æacus, under whose reign did spring
The Myrmidons, and now their reigning king.
Down to the port, amidst the rabble, run
The princes of the blood; with Telamon,
Peleus the next, and Phocus the third son:
Then Æacus, although oppress'd with years,
To ask the cause of their approach appears.
That question does the Gnossian's grief renew,
And sighs from his afflicted bosom drew;
Yet after a short solemn respite made,
The ruler of the hundred cities said:
'Assist our arms, rais'd for a murder'd son,
In this religious war no risk you'll run:
Revenge the dead——for who refuse to give
Rest to their urns, unworthy are to live.'
'What you request,' thus Æacus replies,
'Not I, but truth and common faith denies;
Athens and we have long been sworn allies;
Our leagues are fix'd, confederate are our pow'rs,
And who declare themselves their foes, are ours.'
Minos rejoins, 'Your league shall dearly cost!'
(Yet, mindful how much safer 'twas to boast,

Than there to waste his forces and his fame,
Before in field with his grand foe he came)
Parts without blows—nor long had left the shore,
Ere into port another navy bore,
With Cephalus and all his jolly crew;
The' Æacides their old acquaintance knew:
The princes bid him welcome, and in state
Conduct the hero to their palace gate;
Who, entering, seem'd the charming mien to wear,
As when in youth he paid his visit there.
In his right hand an olive-branch he holds,
And, salutation pass'd, the chief unfolds
His embassy from the Athenian state,
Their mutual friendship, leagues of ancient date;
Their common danger, every thing could wake
Concern, and his address successful make:
Strengthening his plea with all the charms of sense,
And those with all the charms of eloquence.
Then thus the king: 'Like suitors do you stand,
For that assistance which you may command?
Athenians, all our listed forces use,
(They're such as no bold service will refuse);
And when you've drawn them off, the gods be prais'd,
Fresh legions can within our isle be rais'd:
So stock'd with people, that we can prepare
Both for domestic and for distant war;
Ours, or our friends' insulters to chastise.'
'Long may ye flourish thus!' the prince replies,
'Strange transport seiz'd me as I pass'd along,
To meet so many troops and all so young,
As if your army did of twins consist;
Yet amongst them my late acquaintance miss'd;
Ev'n all that to your palace did resort,
When first you entertain'd me at your court,

And cannot guess the cause from whence could spring
So vast a change.'—Then thus the sighing king:
'Illustrious guests! to my strange tale attend,
Of sad beginning, but a joyful end;
The whole to a vast history would swell,
I shall but half, and that confus'dly, tell.
That race, who so deservedly you admir'd,
Are all into their silent tombs retir'd;
They fell; and, falling, how they shook my state,
Thought may conceive, but words can ne'er relate.'

THE STORY OF ANTS CHANGED TO MEN.

BY STONESTREET.

A dreadful plague from angry Juno came,
To scourge the land that bore her rival's name;
Before her fatal anger was reveal'd,
And teeming malice lay as yet conceal'd,
All remedies we try, all med'cines use,
Which nature could supply, or art produce;
The' unconquer'd foe derides the vain design,
And art and nature, foil'd, declare the cause divine.
At first we only felt the' oppressive weight
Of gloomy clouds, then teeming with our fate,
And labouring to discharge unactive heat;
But ere four moons alternate changes knew,
With deadly blasts the fatal south-wind blew,
Infected all the air, and poison'd as it flew.
Our fountains too a dire infection yield,
For crowds of vipers creep along the field,
And with polluted gore, and baneful steams,
Taint all the lakes, and venom all the streams.
The young disease with milder force began,
And rag'd on birds and beasts, excusing man.

The labouring oxen fall before the plough,
The' unhappy ploughmen stare, and wonder how:
The tabid sheep, with sickly bleatings, pines;
Its wool decreasing, as its strength declines;
The warlike steed, by inward foes compell'd,
Neglects his honours, and deserts the field;
Unnerv'd, and languid, seeks a base retreat,
And at the manger groans, but wish'd a nobler fate:
The stags forget their speed, the boars their rage,
Nor can the bears the stronger herds engage;
A general faintness does invade 'em all,
And in the woods and fields promiscuously they fall.
The air receives the stench, and (strange to say)
The ravenous birds and beasts avoid the prey:
The' offensive bodies rot upon the ground,
And spread the dire contagion all around.
  But now the plague, grown to a larger size,
Riots on man, and scorns a meaner prize.
Intestine heats begin the civil war,
And flushings first the latent flame declare,
And breath inspir'd, which seem'd like fiery air.
Their black dry tongues are swell'd, and scarce can move,
And short thick sighs from panting lungs are drove.
They gape for air, with flattering hopes t' abate
Their raging flames, but that augments their heat.
No bed, no covering can the wretches bear,
But on the ground, expos'd to open air,
They lie, and hope to find a pleasing coolness there.
The suffering earth, with that oppression curs'd,
Returns the heat which they imparted first.
  In vain physicians would bestow their aid,
Vain all their art, and useless all their trade;

And they, ev'n they, who fleeting life recal,
Feel the same powers, and undistinguish'd fall.
If any proves so daring to attend
His sick companion or his darling friend,
The' officious wretch sucks in contagious breath,
And with his friend does sympathize in death.
  And now the care and hopes of life are past,
They please their fancies, and indulge their taste;
At brooks and streams, regardless of their shame,
Each sex, promiscuous, strives to quench their flame;
Nor do they strive in vain to quench it there,
For thirst, and life, at once extinguish'd are.
Thus in the brooks the dying bodies sink,
But heedless still the rash survivors drink.
  So much uneasy down the wretches hate,
They fly their beds to struggle with their fate;
But if decaying strength forbids to rise, [lies.
The victim crawls and rolls, till on the ground he
Each shuns his bed as each would shun his tomb,
And thinks the' infection only lodg'd at home.
  Here one with fainting steps does slowly creep
O'er heaps of dead, and straight augments the heap;
Another, while his strength and tongue prevail'd,
Bewails his friend, and falls himself bewail'd;
This with imploring looks surveys the skies,
The last dear office of his closing eyes,
But finds the heavens implacable, and dies.
  What now, ah! what employ'd my troubled mind,
But only hopes my subjects' fate to find?
What place soe'er my weeping eyes survey,
There in lamented heaps the vulgar lay;
As acorns scatter when the winds prevail,
Or mellow fruit from shaken branches fall.

You see that dome which rears its front so high:
'Tis sacred to the monarch of the sky:
How many there with unregarded tears,
And fruitless vows, sent up successless pray'rs!
There fathers for expiring sons implor'd,
And there the wife bewail'd her gasping lord;
With pious offerings they appease the skies,
But they, ere yet the' atoning vapours rise,
Before the altars fall, themselves a sacrifice;
They fall, while yet their hands the gums contain,
Their gums surviving, but their offerers slain.
The destin'd ox, with holy garlands crown'd,
Prevents the blow, and feels an unexpected wound:
When I myself invok'd the powers divine,
To drive the fatal pest from me and mine;
When now the priest with hands uplifted stood,
Prepar'd to strike and shed the sacred blood,
The gods themselves the mortal stroke bestow,
The victim falls, but they impart the blow;
Scarce was the knife with the pale purple stain'd,
And no presages could be then obtain'd,
From putrid entrails, where the' infection reign'd.
Death stalk'd around with such resistless sway,
The temples of the gods his force obey,
And suppliants feel his stroke, while yet they pray.
'Go now,' said he, 'your deities implore
For fruitless aid, for I defy their pow'r.'
Then with a curs'd malicious joy survey'd
The very altars stain'd with trophies of the dead.
The rest grown mad, and frantic with despair,
Urge their own fate, and so prevent the fear.
Strange madness that, when death pursued so fast,
To' anticipate the blow with impious haste.

No decent honours to their urns are paid,
Nor could the graves receive the numerous dead;
For, or they lay unburied on the ground,
Or unadorn'd, a needy funeral found;
All reverence past, the fainting wretches fight
For funeral piles, which were another's right.
Unmourn'd they fall; for, who surviv'd to mourn?
And sires and mothers unlamented burn:
Parents and sons sustain an equal fate,
And wandering ghosts their kindred shadows meet.
The dead a larger space of ground require,
Nor are the trees sufficient for the fire.
Despairing under grief's oppressive weight,
And sunk by these tempestuous blasts of fate,
'O Jove!' said I, 'if common fame says true,
If e'er Ægina gave those joys to you;
If e'er you lay inclos'd in her embrace,
Fond of her charms, and eager to possess;
O father! if you do not yet disclaim
Paternal care, nor yet disown the name;
Grant my petitions, and with speed restore
My subjects numerous as they were before;
Or make me partner of the fate they bore.'
I spoke, and glorious lightning shone around,
And rattling thunder gave a prosperous sound;
'So let it be, and may these omens prove
A pledge,' said I, 'of your returning love!'
By chance a reverend oak was near the place,
Sacred to Jove, and of Dodona's race;
Where frugal ants laid up their winter meat,
Whose little bodies bear a mighty weight;
We saw them march along and hide their store,
And much admir'd their number and their pow'r;
Admir'd at first, but after envied more.

Full of amazement, thus to Jove I pray'd,
'O grant, since thus my subjects are decay'd,
As many subjects to supply the dead!'
I pray'd, and strange convulsions mov'd the oak,
Which murmur'd, though by ambient winds unshook:
My trembling hands, and stiff-erected hair,
Express'd all tokens of uncommon fear;
Yet both the earth and sacred oak I kiss'd,
And scarce could hope, yet still I hop'd the best;
For wretches, whatsoe'er the fates divine,
Expound all omens to their own design.
But now 'twas night, when ev'n distraction wears
A pleasing look, and dreams beguile our cares.
Lo! the same oak appears before my eyes,
Nor alter'd in his shape, nor former size;
As many ants the numerous branches bear,
The same their labour, and their frugal care;
The branches too alike commotion found,
And shook the' industrious creatures on the ground,
Who, by degrees, (what's scarce to be believ'd)
A nobler form, and larger bulk receiv'd;
And on the earth walk'd an unusual pace,
With manly strides and an erected face;
Their numerous legs and former colour lost,
The insects could a human figure boast.
I wake, and waking find my cares again,
And to the unperforming gods complain;
And call their promise and pretences vain.
Yet in my court I heard the murmuring voice
Of strangers, and a mix'd uncommon noise;
But I suspected all was still a dream,
Till Telamon to my apartment came,

Opening the door with an impetuous haste,
'O come,' said he, 'and see your faith and hopes surpass'd.'
I follow, and, confus'd with wonder, view
Those shapes which my presaging slumbers drew:
I saw, and own'd, and call'd them subjects; they
Confess'd my power, submissive to my sway.
To Jove, restorer of my race decay'd,
My vows were first with due oblations paid.
I then divide with an impartial hand
My empty city, and my ruin'd land,
To give the new-born youth an equal share,
And call them Myrmidons, from what they were.
You saw their persons, and they still retain
The thrift of ants, though now transform'd to men.
A frugal people, and inur'd to sweat,
Labouring to gain, and keeping what they get.
These, equal both in strength and years, shall join
Their willing aid, and follow your design,
With the first southern gale that shall present
To fill your sails, and favour your intent.

CONTINUED BY TATE.

With such discourse they entertain the day;
The evening pass'd in banquets, sport, and play:
Then, having crown'd the night with sweet repose,
Aurora (with the wind at east) arose.
Now Pallas' sons to Cephalus resort,
And Cephalus with Pallas' sons to court,
To the king's levee; him, sleep's silken chain,
And pleasing dreams, beyond his hour detain;
But then the princes of the blood in state
Expect, and meet 'em at the palace-gate.

THE STORY OF CEPHALUS AND PROCRIS.

To the' inmost courts the Grecian youths were led,
And plac'd by Phocus on a Tyrian bed;
Who, soon observing Cephalus to hold
A dart of unknown wood, but arm'd with gold;
'None better loves,' said he, 'the huntsman's sport,
Or does more often to the woods resort;
Yet I that javelin's stem with wonder view,
Too brown for box, too smooth a grain for yew.
I cannot guess the tree; but never art
Did form, or eyes behold, so fair a dart!'
The guest then interrupts him—''Twould produce
Still greater wonder, if you knew its use.
It never fails to strike the game, and then
Comes bloody back into your hand again.'
Then Phocus each particular desires,
And the' author of the wondrous gift inquires.
To which the owner thus, with weeping eyes,
And sorrow for his wife's sad fate, replies:
'This weapon here, O prince! can you believe
This dart the cause for which so much I grieve,
And shall continue to grieve on, till fate
Afford such wretched life no longer date?
Would I this fatal gift had ne'er enjoy'd!
This fatal gift my tender wife destroy'd:
Procris her name, allied in charms and blood
To fair Orythia, courted by a god.
Her father seal'd my hopes with rites divine,
But firmer love before had made her mine.
Men call'd me bless'd, and bless'd I was indeed:
The second month our nuptials did succeed;
When (as upon Hymettus' dewy head
For mountain stags my net betimes I spread)

Aurora spied, and ravish'd me away,
With reverence to the goddess, I must say,
Against my will; for Procris had my heart,
Nor would her image from my thoughts depart.
At last, in rage she cried, "Ingrateful boy,
Go to your Procris, take your fatal joy;"
And so dismiss'd me.—Musing as I went,
What those expressions of the goddess meant,
A thousand jealous fears possess me now,
Lest Procris had profan'd her nuptial vow:
Her youth and charms did to my fancy paint
A lewd adultress, but her life a saint.
Yet I was absent long, the goddess too
Taught me how far a woman could be true.
Aurora's treatment much suspicion bred;
Besides, who truly love, ev'n shadows dread.
I straight impatient for the trial grew,
What courtship back'd with richest gifts could do.
Aurora's envy aided my design,
And lent me features far unlike to mine.
In this disguise to my own house I came,
But all was chaste, no conscious sign of blame:
With thousand arts I scarce admittance found,
And then beheld her weeping on the ground
For her lost husband; hardly I retain'd
My purpose, scarce the wish'd embrace refrain'd.
How charming was her grief! then, Phocus, guess
What killing beauties waited on her dress.
Her constant answer, when my suit I press'd,
"Forbear, my lord's dear image guards this breast;
Where'er he is, whatever cause detains,
Whoe'er has his, my heart unmov'd remains."
What greater proofs of truth than these could be?
Yet I persist, and urge my destiny.

At length she found, when my own form return'd,
Her jealous lover there, whose loss she mourn'd.
Enrag'd with my suspicion, swift as wind
She fled at once from me and all mankind;
And so became, her purpose to retain,
A nymph and huntress in Diana's train:
Forsaken thus, I found my flames increase,
I own'd my folly, and I sued for peace.
It was a fault, but not of guilt to move
Such punishment—a fault of too much love.
Thus I retriev'd her to my longing arms,
And many happy days possess'd her charms.
But with herself she kindly did confer
What gifts the goddess had bestow'd on her;
The fleetest grey-hound, with this lovely dart,
And I of both have wonders to impart.
Near Thebes a savage beast, of race unknown,
Laid waste the field, and bore the vineyards down;
The swains fled from him, and with one consent
Our Grecian youth to chase the monster went;
More swift than lightning he the toils surpass'd,
And in his course, spears, men, and trees o'ercast.
We slip'd our dogs, and last my Lelaps too,
When none of all the mortal race would do:
He long before was struggling from my hands,
And, ere we could unloose him, broke his bands.
That minute where he was we could not find,
And only saw the dust he left behind.
I climb'd a neighbouring hill to view the chase,
While in the plain they held an equal race;
The savage now seems caught, and now by force
To quit himself, nor holds the same straight course;
But running counter from the foe withdraws,
And with short turning cheats his gaping jaws;

Which he retrieves, and still, so closely press'd,
You'd fear at every stretch he were possess'd:
Yet for the gripe his fangs in vain prepare;
The game shoots from him, and he chops the air.
To cast my javelin then I took my stand;
But as the thongs were fitting to my hand,
While to the valley I o'erlook'd the wood,
Before my eyes two marble statues stood;
That as pursued appearing at full stretch,
This, barking after, and at point to catch:
Some god their course did with this wonder grace,
That neither might be conquer'd in the chase.'
A sudden silence here his tongue suppress'd,
He here stops short, and fain would wave the rest.
The eager prince then urg'd him to impart
The fortune that attended on the dart.
'First then,' said he, 'past joys let me relate,
For bliss was the foundation of my fate.
No language can those happy hours express,
Did from our nuptials me and Procris bless:
The kindest pair! what more could heav'n confer?
For she was all to me, and I to her.
Had Jove made love, great Jove had been despis'd;
And I my Procris more than Venus priz'd.
Thus while no other joy we did aspire,
We grew at last one soul and one desire.
Forth to the woods I went at break of day,
(The constant practice of my youth) for prey:
Nor yet for servant, horse, or dog did call,
I found this single dart to serve for all.
With slaughter tir'd, I sought the cooler shade,
And winds that from the mountains pierc'd the glade:
"Come, gentle air, (so was I wont to say)
Come, gentle air, sweet Aura come away;

(This always was the burden of my song),
Come 'swage my flames, sweet Aura come along.
Thou always art most welcome to my breast;
I faint; approach, thou dearest, kindest guest!"
These blandishments, and more than these, I said,
(By fate to unsuspected ruin led)
'Thou art my joy, for thy dear sake I love
Each desert hill, and solitary grove;
When (faint with labour) I refreshment need,
For cordials on thy fragrant breath I feed."
At last a wandering swain in hearing came,
And, cheated with the sound of Aura's name,
He thought I had some assignation made;
And to my Procris' ear the news convey'd.
Great love is soonest with suspicion fir'd;
She swoon'd, and with the tale almost expir'd.
"Ah! wretched heart!" she cried, "ah! faithless man!"
And then to curse the' imagin'd nymph began;
Yet oft she doubts, oft hopes she is deceiv'd,
And chides herself, that ever she believ'd
Her lord to such injustice could proceed,
Till she herself were witness of the deed.
Next morn I to the woods again repair,
And, weary with the chase, invoke the air:
"Approach, dear Aura, and my bosom cheer:"
At which a mournful sound did strike my ear;
Yet I proceeded, till the thicket by,
With rustling noise and motion drew my eye;
I thought some beast of prey was shelter'd there,
And to the covert threw my certain spear;
From whence a tender sight my soul did wound,
"Ah me!" it cried, and did like Procris sound.

Procris was there; too well the voice I knew,
And to the place with headlong horror flew;
Where I beheld her gasping on the ground,
In vain attempting from the deadly wound
To draw the dart, her love's dear fatal gift!
My guilty arms had scarce the strength to lift
The beauteous load; my silks and hair I tore
(If possible) to stanch the pressing gore;
For pity beg'd her keep her flitting breath,
And not to leave me guilty of her death.
While I intreat she fainted fast away,
And these few words had only strength to say:
"By all the sacred bonds of plighted love,
By all your reverence to the powers above,
By all that made me charming once appear,
By all the truth for which you held me dear,
And last by love, the cause through which I bleed,
Let Aura never to my bed succeed!"
I then perceiv'd the error of our fate,
And told it her, but found and told too late!
I felt her lower to my bosom fall,
And while her eyes had any sight at all,
On mine she fix'd them; in her pangs still press'd
My hand, and sigh'd her soul into my breast;
Yet, being undeceiv'd, resign'd her breath
Methought more cheerfully, and smil'd in death.'

With such concern the weeping hero told
This tale, that none who heard him could withhold
From melting into sympathising tears;
Till Æacus with his two sons appears;
Whom he commits, with their new-levied bands,
To fortune's and so brave a general's hands.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK VIII.

TRANSLATED BY DRYDEN AND OTHERS.

THE STORY OF NISUS AND SCYLLA.

BY CROXALL.

Now shone the morning-star in bright array,
To vanquish night, and usher in the day;
The wind veers southward, and moist clouds arise,
That blot with shades the blue meridian skies.
Cephalus feels with joy the kindly gales,
His new allies unfurl the swelling sails;
Steady their course, they cleave the yielding main,
And with a wish the' intended harbour gain.
Meanwhile king Minos, on the Attic strand,
Displays his martial skill, and wastes the land.
His army lies encamp'd upon the plains,
Before Alcathöe's walls where Nisus reigns;
On whose grey head a lock of purple hue,
The strength and fortune of his kingdom, grew.
Six moons were gone and pass'd, when still from [far
Victoria hover'd o'er the doubtful war.
So long, to both inclin'd, the' impartial maid
Between 'em both her equal wings display'd.
High on the walls, by Phœbus vocal made,
A turret of the palace rais'd its head;

And where the god his tuneful harp resign'd,
The sound within the stones still lay enshrin'd:
Hither the daughter of the purple king
Ascended oft, to hear its music ring;
And, striking with a pebble, would release
The' enchanted notes, in times of happy peace.
But now, from thence, the curious maid beheld
Rough feats of arms, and combats of the field:
And, since the siege was long, had learn'd the name
Of every chief, his character, and fame;
Their arms, their horse, and quiver she descried,
Nor could the dress of war the warrior hide.
Europa's son she knew above the rest,
And more than well became a virgin breast:
In vain the crested Morion veils his face,
She thinks it adds a more peculiar grace:
His ample shield, emboss'd with burnish'd gold,
Still makes the bearer lovelier to behold:
When the tough javelin, with a whirl, he sends,
His strength and skill the sighing maid commends;
Or, when he strains to draw the circling bow,
And his fine limbs a manly posture show;
Compar'd with Phœbus, he performs so well,
Let her be judge, and Minos shall excel.
But when the helm, put off, display'd to sight,
And set his features in an open light;
When, vaulting to his seat, his steed he press'd,
Caparison'd in gold, and richly dress'd;
Himself in scarlet sumptuously array'd,
New passions rise, and fire the frantic maid.
'O happy spear!' she cries, 'that feels his touch;
Nay, ev'n the reins he holds are bless'd too much.'
Oh! were it lawful, she could wing her way
Through the stern hostile troops without dismay;

Or throw her body to the distant ground,
And in the Cretan's happy camp be found.
Would Minos but desire it! she'd expose
Her native country to her country's foes;
Unbar the gates, the town with flames infest,
Or any thing that Minos should request.
And as she sate, and pleas'd her longing sight,
Viewing the king's pavilion veil'd with white;
'Should joy, or grief,' she said, 'possess my breast,
To see my country by a war oppress'd?
I'm in suspense! for, though 'tis grief to know
I love a man that is declar'd my foe;
Yet, in my own despite, I must approve
That lucky war, which brought the man I love.
Yet, were I tender'd as a pledge of peace,
The cruelties of war might quickly cease.
Oh! with what joy I'd wear the chains he gave!
A patient hostage, and a willing slave.
Thou lovely object! if the nymph that bare
Thy charming person, were but half so fair,
Well might a god her virgin bloom desire,
And with a rape indulge his amorous fire.
Oh! had I wings to glide along the air,
To his dear tent I'd fly, and settle there:
There tell my quality, confess my flame,
And grant him any dowry that he'd name.
All, all I'd give; only my native land,
My dearest country, should excepted stand;
For, perish love, and all expected joys,
Ere with so base a thought my soul complies!
Yet, oft the vanquish'd some advantage find,
When conquer'd by a noble, generous mind.
Brave Minos justly has the war begun,
Fir'd with resentment for his murder'd son:

The righteous gods a righteous cause regard,
And will, with victory, his arms reward:
We must be conquer'd; and the captive's fate
Will surely seize us, though it seize us late.
Why then should love be idle; and neglect
What Mars, by arms and perils, will effect?
Oh! prince, I die, with anxious fear oppress'd,
Lest some rash hand should wound my charmer's breast:
For, if they saw, no barbarous mind could dare
Against that lovely form to raise a spear.
'But I'm resolv'd, and fix'd in this decree,
My father's country shall my dowry be:
Thus I prevent the loss of life and blood;
And, in effect, the action must be good.
Vain resolution! for, at every gate
The trusty centinels, successive, wait:
The keys my father keeps: ah! there's my grief;
'Tis he obstructs all hopes of my relief.
Gods! that this hated light I'd never seen!
Or, all my life, without a father been!
But gods we all may be; for those that dare
Are gods, and fortune's chiefest favours share.
The ruling powers a lazy prayer detest,
The bold adventurer succeeds the best.
What other maid, inspir'd with such a flame,
But would take courage, and abandon shame?
But would, though ruin should ensue, remove
Whate'er oppos'd, and clear the way to love!
This shall another's feeble passion dare,
While I sit tame, and languish in despair?
No; for though fire and sword before me lay,
Impatient love through both should force its way.

Yet I have no such enemies to fear,
My sole obstruction is my father's hair;
His purple lock my sanguine hope destroys,
And clouds the prospect of my rising joys.'
Whilst thus she spoke, amid the thickening air
Night supervenes, the greatest nurse of care:
And, as the goddess spreads her sable wings,
The virgin's fears decay, and courage springs.
The hour was come, when man's o'er-labour'd breast
Surceas'd its care, by downy sleep possess'd.
All things now hush'd, Scylla with silent tread
Urg'd her approach to Nisus' royal bed:
There, of the fatal lock (accursed theft!)
She her unwitting father's head bereft.
In safe possession of her impious prey,
Out at a postern gate she takes her way.
Embolden'd by the merit of the deed,
She traverses the adverse camp with speed,
Till Minos' tent she reach'd: the righteous king
She thus bespoke, who shiver'd at the thing.
'Behold the' effect of love's resistless sway!
I, Nisus' royal seed, to thee betray
My country and my gods. For this strange task,
Minos, no other boon but thee I ask.
This purple lock, a pledge of love, receive;
No worthless present, since in it I give
My father's head.'—Mov'd at a crime so new,
And with abhorrence fill'd, back Minos drew,
Nor touch'd the' unhallow'd gift; but thus exclaim'd,
(With mien indignant, and with eyes inflam'd)
'Perdition seize thee; thou, thy kind's disgrace!
May thy devoted carcase find no place
In earth, on air, or sea, by all out-cast!
Shall Minos, with so foul a monster, blast

His Cretan world, where cradled Jove was nurs'd?
Forbid it Heav'n!—away, thou most accurs'd!'
And now Alcathoë, its lord exchang'd,
Was under Minos' domination rang'd:
While the most equal king his care applies
To curb the conquer'd, and new laws devise.
The fleet, by his command, with hoisted sails,
And ready oars, invites the murmuring gales.
At length the Cretan hero anchor weigh'd,
Repaying, with neglect, the' abandon'd maid.
Deaf to her cries, he furrows up the main;
In vain she prays, solicits him in vain.
And now she furious grows in wild despair,
She wrings her hands, and throws aloft her hair.
'Where run'st thou?' thus she vents her deep distress,
'Why shun'st thou her that crown'd thee with suc-
Her, whose fond love to thee could sacrifice [cess?
Her country, and her parent, sacred ties!
Can nor my love, nor proffer'd presents, find
A passage to thy heart, and make thee kind?
Can nothing move thy pity? O ingrate!
Can'st thou behold my lost, forlorn estate,
And not be soften'd? Can'st thou throw off one
Who has no refuge left but thee alone?
Where shall I seek for comfort? whither fly?
My native country does in ashes lie:
Or were't not so, my treason bars me there,
And bids me wander. Shall I next repair
To a wrong'd father, by my guilt undone?—
Me all mankind deservedly will shun.
I, out of all the world, myself have thrown,
To purchase an access to Crete alone;
Which, since refus'd, ungenerous man, give o'er
To boast thy race; Europa never bare

A thing so savage: thee some tigress bred,
On the bleak Syrt's inhospitable bed;
Or where Charybdis pours its rapid tide
Tempestuous. Thou art not to Jove allied;
Nor did the king of gods thy mother meet
Beneath a bull's forg'd shape, and bear to Crete.
That fable of thy glorious birth is feign'd;
Some wild outrageous bull thy dam sustain'd.
O father Nisus! now my death behold;
Exult, O city! by my baseness sold:
Minos, obdurate, has aveng'd ye all,
But 'twere more just by those I wrong'd to fall:
For why should'st thou, who only didst subdue
By my offending, my offence pursue?
Well art thou match'd to one, whose amorous flame
Too fiercely rag'd for human kind to tame;
One who, within a wooden heifer thrust,
Courted a lowering bull's mistaken lust;
And, from whose monster-teeming womb, the earth
Receiv'd, what much it mourn'd, a bi-form birth.
But what avails my plaints? the whistling wind,
Which bears him far away, leaves them behind.
Well weigh'd Pasiphaè, when she prefer'd
A bull to thee, more brutish than the herd.
But ah! time presses, and the labour'd oars
To distance drives the fleet, and lose the lessening shores.
Think not, ungrateful man, the liquid way
And threatening billows shall enforce my stay.
I'll follow thee in spite: my arms I'll throw
Around thy oars, or grasp thy crooked prow,
And drag through drenching seas.' Her eager tongue
Had hardly clos'd the speech, when forth she sprung,

And prov'd the deep. Cupid with added force
Recruits each nerve, and aids her watery course.
Soon she the ship attains, unwelcome guest!
And, as with close embrace its sides she press'd,
A hawk from upper air came pouring down,
('Twas Nisus cleft the sky with wings new-grown.)
At Scylla's head his horny bill he aims:
She, fearful of the blow, the ship disclaims,
Quitting her hold: and yet she fell not far,
But, wondering, finds herself sustain'd in air.
Chang'd to a lark, she mottled pinions shook,
And from the ravish'd lock the name of Ciris took.

THE LABYRINTH.

Now Minos, landed on the Cretan shore,
Performs his vows to Jove's protecting pow'r;
A hundred bullocks of the largest breed,
With flowerets crown'd, before his altar bleed:
While trophies of the vanquish'd, brought from far,
Adorn the palace with the spoils of war.
Meanwhile, the monster of a human beast,
His family's reproach and stain, increas'd:
His double kind the rumour swiftly spread,
And evidenc'd the mother's beastly deed.
When Minos, willing to conceal the shame
That sprung from the reports of tattling fame,
Resolves a dark inclosure to provide,
And, far from sight, the two-form'd creature hide.
Great Dædalus of Athens was the man [plan;
That made the draught, and form'd the wondrous
Where rooms, within themselves encircled lie,
With various windings to deceive the eye.
As soft Mæander's wanton current plays,
When through the Phrygian fields he loosely strays:

Backward and forward rolls the dimpled tide,
Seeming, at once, two different ways to glide;
While circling streams their former banks survey,
And waters past succeeding waters see:
Now floating to the sea with downward course,
Now pointing upward to its ancient source.
Such was the work, so intricate the place,
That scarce the workman all its turns could trace:
And Dædalus was puzzled how to find
The secret ways of what himself design'd.
These private walls the Minotaur include,
Who twice was glutted with Athenian blood:
But the third tribute more successful prov'd,
Slew the foul monster, and the plague remov'd.
When Theseus, aided by the virgin's art,
Had trac'd the guiding thread through every part,
He took the gentle maid that set him free,
And, bound for Dias, cut the briny sea.
There, quickly cloy'd, ungrateful and unkind,
Left his fair consort in the isle behind.
Whom Bacchus saw, and straining in his arms
Her rifled bloom, and violated charms,
Resolves, for this, the dear engaging dame
Should shine for ever in the rolls of fame;
And bids her crown among the stars be plac'd,
With an eternal constellation grac'd.
The golden circlet mounts; and, as it flies,
Its diamonds twinkle in the distant skies:
There, in their pristine form, the gemmy rays
Between Alcides and the Dragon blaze.

THE STORY OF DÆDALUS AND ICARUS.

In tedious exile now too long detain'd,
Dædalus languish'd for his native land;

The sea foreclos'd his flight: yet thus he said;
'Though earth and water in subjection laid,
O cruel Minos! thy dominion be,
We'll go through air; for sure the air is free.'
Then to new arts his cunning thought applies,
And to improve the work of nature tries.
A row of quills, in gradual order plac'd,
Rise by degrees in length from first to last;
As on a cliff the' ascending thicket grows,
Or different reeds the rural pipe compose:
Along the middle runs a twine of flax,
The bottom stems are join'd by pliant wax;
Thus, well compact, a hollow bending brings
The fine composure into real wings.
His boy, young Icarus, that near him stood,
Unthinking of his fate, with smiles pursued
The floating feathers, which the moving air [there:
Bore loosely from the ground, and wafted here and
Or with the wax impertinently play'd,
And with his childish tricks the great design delay'd.
The final master-stroke at last impos'd,
And now, the neat machine completely clos'd,
Fitting his pinions on, a flight he tries,
And hung self-balanc'd in the beaten skies.
Then thus instructs his child: 'My boy, take care
To wing your course along the middle air:
If low, the surges wet your flagging plumes;
If high, the sun the melting wax consumes:
Steer between both: nor to the northern skies,
Nor South Orion, turn your giddy eyes;
But follow me. Let me before you lay
Rules for the flight, and mark the pathless way.'
Then teaching, with a fond concern, his son,
He took the untried wings, and fix'd 'em on:

But fix'd with trembling hands; and, as he speaks,
The tears roll gently down his aged cheeks;
Then kiss'd, and in his arms embrac'd him fast,
But knew not this embrace must be the last:
And mounting upward, as he wings his flight,
Back on his charge he turns his aching sight;
As parent birds, when first their callow care
Leave the high nest to tempt the liquid air;
Then cheers him on, and oft, with fatal art,
Reminds the strippling to perform his part.
These, as the angler at the silent brook,
Or mountain-shepherd leaning on his crook,
Or gaping ploughman, from the vale descries,
They stare, and view 'em with religious eyes,
And straight conclude 'em gods: since none, but they,
Through their own azure skies could find a way.
Now Delos, Paros, on the left are seen,
And Samos, favour'd by Jove's haughty queen;
Upon the right, the isle Lebynthos nam'd,
And fair Calymnè for its honey fam'd.
When now the boy, whose childish thoughts aspire
To loftier aims, and make him ramble higher;
Grown wild and wanton, more embolden'd flies
Far from his guide, and soars among the skies:
The softening wax, that felt a nearer sun,
Dissolv'd apace, and soon began to run:
The youth in vain his melting pinions shakes,
His feathers gone, no longer air he takes.
'Oh! father, father!' as he strove to cry,
Down to the sea he tumbled from on high,
And found his fate: yet still subsists by Fame,
Among those waters that retain his name.
The father, now no more a father, cries,
'Ho, Icarus! where are you?' as he flies:

'Where shall I seek my boy?' he cries again,
And saw his feathers scatter'd on the main:
Then curs'd his art; and funeral rites confer'd,
Naming the country from the youth inter'd.
A partridge from a neighbouring stump beheld
The sire his monumental marble build;
Who, with peculiar call, and fluttering wing,
Chirp'd joyful, and malicious seem'd to sing:
The only bird of all its kind, and late
Transform'd in pity to a feather'd state;
From whence, O Dædalus! thy guilt we date.
His sister's son, when now twelve years were past,
Was with his uncle as a scholar plac'd;
The unsuspecting mother saw his parts,
And genius fitted for the finest arts:
This soon appear'd; for when the spiny bone
In fishes' backs was by the stripling known,
A rare invention thence he learn'd to draw,
Fil'd teeth in iron, and made the grating saw.
He was the first, that from a knob of brass
Made two straight arms with widening stretch to pass;
That while one stood upon the centre's place,
The other round it drew a circling space.
Dædalus envied this; and from the top
Of fair Minerva's temple let him drop;
Feigning, that as he lean'd upon the tow'r,
Careless he stoop'd too much, and tumbled o'er.
The goddess, who the' ingenious still befriends,
On this occasion her assistance lends;
His arms with feathers, as he fell, she veils,
And in the air a new-made bird he sails.
The quickness of his genius, once so fleet,
Still in his wings remains, and in his feet:

Still, though transform'd, his ancient name he keeps,
And with low flight the new-shorn stubble sweeps;
Declines the lofty trees, and thinks it best
To brood in hedgerows o'er its humble nest;
And, in remembrance of the former ill,
Avoids the heights and precipices still.

At length, fatigu'd with long laborious flights,
On fair Sicilia's plains the artist lights;
Where Cocalus the king, that gave him aid,
Was, for his kindness, with esteem repaid.
Athens no more her doleful tribute sent,
That hardship gallant Theseus did prevent;
Their temples hung with garlands, they adore
Each friendly god, but most Minerva's pow'r;
To her, to Jove, to all, their altars smoke,
They each with victims and perfumes invoke.

Now talking fame, through every Grecian town,
Had spread, immortal Theseus! thy renown:
From him the neighbouring nations, in distress,
In suppliant terms implore a kind redress.

THE STORY OF MELEAGER AND ATALANTA.

BY DRYDEN.

From him the Caledonians sought relief;
Though valiant Meleagrus was their chief.
The cause a boar, who ravag'd far and near:
Of Cynthia's wrath the' avenging minister.
For Œneus, with autumnal plenty bless'd,
By gifts to heaven his gratitude express'd:
Cull'd sheafs to Ceres; to Lyæus wine;
To Pan and Pales, offer'd sheep and kine;
And fat of olives, to Minerva's shrine.
Beginning from the rural gods, his hand
Was liberal to the powers of high command:

Each deity in every kind was bless'd,
Till at Diana's fane the' invidious honour ceas'd.
Wrath touches ev'n the gods; the queen of night,
Fir'd with disdain, and jealous of her right;
'Unhonour'd though I am; at least,' said she,
'Not unreveng'd that impious act shall be.'
Swift as the word, she sped the boar away,
With charge on those devoted fields to prey.
No larger bulls the' Egyptian pastures feed,
And none so large Sicilian meadows breed:
His eye-balls glare with fire suffus'd with blood;
His neck shoots up a thickset thorny wood;
His bristled back a trench impal'd appears,
And stands erected, like a field of spears;
Froth fills his chaps, he sends a grunting sound,
And part he churns, and part befoams the ground.
For tusks with Indian elephants he strove,
And Jove's own thunder from his mouth he drove.
He burns the leaves; the scorching blast invades
The tender corn, and shrivels up the blades:
Or, suffering not their yellow beards to rear,
He tramples down the spikes, and intercepts the year.
In vain the barns expect their promis'd load,
Nor barns at home, nor ricks are heap'd abroad:
In vain the hinds the threshing floor prepare,
And exercise their flails in empty air.
With olives evergreen the ground is strow'd,
And grapes, ungather'd, shed their generous blood.
Amid the fold he rages, nor the sheep
Their shepherds, nor the grooms their bulls can keep.
From fields to walls the frighted rabble run,
Nor think themselves secure within the town;
Till Meleagros and his chosen crew
Contemn the danger, and the praise pursue,

Fair Leda's twins (in time to stars decreed)
One fought on foot, one curb'd the fiery steed:
Then issued forth fam'd Jason after these,
Who man'd the foremost ship that sail'd the seas:
Then Theseus join'd with bold Pirithous came;
A single concord in a double name;
The Thestian sons, Idas who swiftly ran,
And Ceneus, once a woman, now a man:
Lynceus, with eagle's eyes, and lion's heart;
Leucippus, with his never-erring dart:
Acastus, Phileus, Phœnix, Telamon,
Echion, Lelex, and Eurytion,
Achilles' father, and great Phocus' son;
Dryas the fierce, and Hippasus the strong:
With twice old Iolas, and Nestor then but young.
Laërtes active, and Ancæus bold;
Mopsus the sage, who future things foretold;
And t'other seer, yet by his wife [1] unsold.
A thousand others of immortal fame;
Among the rest fair Atalanta came,
Grace of the woods; a diamond buckle bound
Her vest behind, that else had flow'd upon the ground,
And show'd her buskin'd legs; her head was bare,
But for her native ornament of hair;
Which in a simple knot was tied above,
Sweet negligence! unheeded bait of love!
Her sounding quiver, on her shoulder tied,
One hand a dart, and one a bow supplied.
Such was her face, as in a nymph display'd
A fair fierce boy, or in a boy betray'd
The blushing beauties of a modest maid.

[1] Amphiaraus.

The Caledonian chief at once the dame
Beheld, at once his heart receiv'd the flame,
With heavens averse. 'O happy youth,' he cried,
'For whom thy fates reserve so fair a bride!'
He sigh'd, and had no leisure more to say;
His honour call'd his eyes another way,
And forc'd him to pursue the now-neglected prey.
There stood a forest on a mountain's brow,
Which overlook'd the shaded plains below:
No sounding axe presum'd those trees to bite;
Coëval with the world, a venerable sight!
The heroes there arriv'd; some spread around
The toil, some search the footsteps on the ground;
Some from the chains the faithful dogs unbound.
Of action eager, and intent in thought,
The chiefs their honourable danger sought.
A valley stood below; the common drain
Of waters from above, and falling rain:
The bottom was a moist and marshy ground,
Whose edges were with bending osiers crown'd:
The knotty bulrush next in order stood,
And all within of reeds a trembling wood.
From hence the boar was rous'd, and sprung amain,
Like lightning sudden, on the warrior-train,
Beats down the trees before him, shakes the ground;
The forest echoes to the crackling sound;
Shout the fierce youth, and clamours ring around.
All stood with their protended spears prepar'd,
With broad steel heads the brandish'd weapons glar'd.
The beast, impetuous, with his tusks aside
Deals glancing wounds; the fearful dogs divide:
All spend their mouths aloof, but none abide.

Echion threw the first, but miss'd his mark,
And stuck his boar-spear on a maple's bark:
Then Jason; and his javelin seem'd to take,
But fail'd with over-force, and whiz'd above his back.
Mopsus was next; but, ere he threw, address'd
To Phœbus thus: 'O patron, help thy priest!
If I adore, and ever have ador'd
Thy power divine, thy present aid afford;
That I may reach the beast.'—The god allow'd
His prayer; and, smiling, gave him what he cou'd:
He reach'd the savage, but no blood he drew;
Dian unarm'd the javelin as it flew.
This chaf'd the boar, his nostrils' flames expire,
And his red eye-balls roll with living fire.
Whirl'd from a sling, or from an engine thrown,
Amid the foes, so flies a mighty stone,
As flew the beast. The left wing put to flight,
The chiefs o'er-borne, he rushes on the right,
Empalamos and Pelagon he laid
In dust, and next to death, but for their fellows' aid.
Onesimus far'd worst; prepar'd to fly,
The fatal fang drove deep within his thigh,
And cut the nerves: the nerves no more sustain
The bulk; the bulk unprop'd, falls headlong on the plain.
Nestor had fail'd the fall of Troy to see,
But, leaning on his lance, he vaulted on a tree;
Then gathering up his feet, look'd down with fear,
And thought his monstrous foe was still too near.
Against a stump his tusk the monster grinds,
And in the sharpen'd edge new vigour finds;
Then, trusting to his arms, young Othrys found,
And ranch'd his hips with one continued wound.

Now Leda's twins, the future stars, appear;
White were their habits, white their horses were;
Conspicuous both, and both in act to throw
Their trembling lances brandish'd at the foe:
Nor had they miss'd; but he to thickets fled,
Conceal'd from aiming spears, not pervious to the steed.
But Telamon rush'd in, and hap'd to meet
A rising root, that held his fasten'd feet;
So down he fell, whom, sprawling on the ground,
His brother from the wooden gyves unbound.
Meantime the virgin-huntress was not slow
To' expel the shaft from her contracted bow:
Beneath his ear the fasten'd arrow stood,
And from the wound appear'd the trickling blood.
She blush'd for joy: but Meleagros rais'd
His voice with loud applause, and the fair archer prais'd.
He was the first to see, and first to show
His friends the mark of the successful blow.
'Nor shall thy valour want the praises due,'
He said: a virtuous envy seiz'd the crew.
They shout; the shouting animates their hearts,
And all at once employ their thronging darts:
But out of order thrown, in air they join,
And multitude makes frustrate the design.
With both his hands the proud Ancæus takes,
And flourishes, his double-biting axe:
Then, forward to his fate, he took a stride
Before the rest, and to his fellows cried,
'Give place, and mark the difference, if you can,
Between a woman-warrior, and a man.
The boar is doom'd; nor though Diana lend
Her aid, Diana can her beast defend.'
Thus boasted he; then stretch'd, on tiptoe stood,
Secure to make his empty promise good.

But the more wary beast prevents the blow,
And upward rips the groin of his audacious foe.
Ancæus falls; his bowels from the wound
Rush out, and clotted blood distains the ground.
  Pirithous, no small portion of the war,
Press'd on, and shook his lance: to whom from far
Thus Theseus cried: 'O stay, my better part,
My more than mistress; of my heart, the heart.
The strong may fight aloof; Ancæus tried
His force too near, and by presuming died:'
He said, and while he spake his javelin threw;
Hissing in air the' unerring weapon flew;
But on an arm of oak, that stood betwixt
The marksman and the mark, his lance he fix'd.
  Once more bold Jason threw, but fail'd to wound
The boar, and slew an undeserving hound,
And through the dog the dart was nail'd to ground.
  Two spears from Meleager's hand were sent,
With equal force, but various in the' event:
The first was fix'd in earth; the second stood
On the boar's bristled back, and deeply drank his blood.
Now while the tortur'd savage turns around,
And flings about his foam, impatient of the wound,
The wound's great author close at hand provokes
His rage, and plies him with redoubled strokes;
Wheels as he wheels; and with his pointed dart
Explores the nearest passage to his heart.
Quick, and more quick, he spins his giddy gyres,
Then falls, and in much foam his soul expires.
This act with shouts, heaven-high, the friendly band
Applaud; and strain in theirs the victor's hand.
Then all approach the slain with vast surprise,
Admire on what a breadth of earth he lies;

And, scarce secure, reach out their spears afar,
And blood their points to prove their partnership
of war.
But he, the conquering chief, his foot impress'd
On the strong neck of that destructive beast;
And, gazing on the nymph with ardent eyes,
'Accept,' said he, 'fair Nonacrine! my prize;
And, though inferior, suffer me to join
My labours, and my part of praise, with thine.'
At this, presents her with the tusky head,
And chine, with rising bristles roughly spread.
Glad she receiv'd the gift; and seem'd to take
With double pleasure, for the giver's sake.
The rest were seiz'd with sullen discontent,
And a deaf murmur through the squadron went:
All envied; but the Thestyan brethren show'd
The least respect, and thus they vent their spleen
aloud:
'Lay down those honour'd spoils, nor think to share,
Weak woman as thou art, the prize of war:
Ours is the title, thine a foreign claim,
Since Meleagros from our lineage came.
Trust not thy beauty; but restore the prize,
Which he, besotted on that face and eyes,
Would rend from us.' At this, inflam'd with spite,
From her they snatch the gift, from him the giver's
right.
But soon the' impatient prince his falchion drew,
And cried, 'Ye robbers of another's due,
Now learn the difference, at your proper cost,
Betwixt true valour and an empty boast.
At this advanc'd, and sudden as the word,
In proud Plexippus' bosom plung'd the sword:

Toxeus amaz'd, and with amazement slow,
Or to revenge or ward the coming blow
Stood doubting; and, while doubting thus he stood,
Receiv'd the steel bath'd in his brother's blood.
Pleas'd with the first, unknown the second news,
Althæa to the temples pays their dues
For her son's conquest; when at length appear
Her grisly brethren stretch'd upon the bier;
Pale at the sudden sight, she chang'd her cheer,
And with her cheer her robes; but hearing tell
The cause, the manner, and by whom they fell,
'Twas grief no more, or grief and rage were one
Within her soul; at last 'twas rage alone;
Which, burning upwards in succession, dries
The tears that stood considering in her eyes.
There lay a log unlighted on the hearth,
When she was labouring in the throws of birth
For the' unborn chief: the fatal Sisters came,
And rais'd it up, and toss'd it on the flame:
Then on the rock a scanty measure place
Of vital flax, and turn'd the wheel apace;
And turning sung, 'to this red brand and thee,
O new-born babe! we give an equal destiny;'
So vanish'd out of view. The frighted dame
Sprung hasty from her bed, and quench'd the flame.
The log in secret lock'd, she kept with care;
And that, while thus preserv'd, preserv'd her heir.
This branch she now produc'd; and first she strows
The hearth with heaps of chips, and after blows;
Thrice heav'd her hand; and heav'd, she thrice repress'd:
The sister and the mother long contest,
Two doubtful titles, in one tender breast.

And now her eyes and cheeks with fury glow,
Now pale her cheeks, her eyes with pity flow;
Now louring looks presage approaching storms,
And now prevailing love her face reforms.
Resolv'd she doubts again; the tears she dried
With burning rage, are by new tears supplied;
And as a ship, which winds and waves assail,
Now with the current drives, now with the gale,
Both opposite, and neither long prevail;
She feels a double force, by turns obeys
The' imperious tempest, and the' impetuous seas:
So fares Althæa's mind, she first relents
With pity, of that pity then repents;
Sister and mother long the scales divide,
But the beam nodded on the sister's side.
Sometimes she softly sigh'd, then roar'd aloud;
But sighs were stifled in the cries of blood.
The pious, impious wretch, at length decreed—
To please her brother's ghost, her son should bleed:
And when the funeral flames began to rise,
'Receive,' she said, 'a sister's sacrifice;
A mother's bowels burn.' High in her hand,
Thus while she spoke, she held the fatal brand;
Then thrice before the kindled pile she bow'd,
And the three Furies thrice invok'd aloud:
'Come, come, revenging Sisters, come, and view
A sister paying her dead brother's due:
A crime I punish, and a crime commit;
But blood for blood, and death for death is fit:
Great crimes must be with greater crimes repaid,
And second funerals on the former laid.
Let the whole household in one ruin fall,
And may Diana's curse o'ertake us all.

Shall fate to happy Œneus still allow
One son, while Thestius stands depriv'd of two?
Better three lost than one unpunish'd go.
Take then, dear ghosts, (while yet admitted new
In hell you wait my duty) take your due:
A costly offering on your tomb is laid,
When with my blood the price of yours is paid.
'Ah! whither am I hurried? Ah! forgive,
Ye shades, and let your sister's issue live:
A mother cannot give him death; though he
Deserves it, he deserves it not from me.
'Then shall the' unpunish'd wretch insult the slain,
Triumphant live, nor only live, but reign;
While you, thin shades, the sport of winds, are toss'd
O'er dreary plains, or tread the burning coast.
I cannot, cannot bear! 'tis past, 'tis done;
Perish this impious, this detested son:
Perish his sire, and perish I withal!
And let the house's heir and the hop'd kingdom fall!
'Where is the mother fled, her pious love,
And where the pains with which ten months I strove!
Ah! hadst thou died, my son, in infant years,
Thy little hearse had been bedew'd with tears.
'Thou liv'st by me; to me thy breath resign;
Mine is the merit, the demerit thine.
Thy life by double title I require;
Once given at birth, and once preserv'd from fire:
One murder pay, or add one murder more,
And me to them, who fell by thee, restore.
'I would but cannot: my son's image stands
Before my sight; and now their angry hands
My brothers hold, and vengeance these exact;
This pleads compassion, and repents the fact.

'He pleads in vain, and I pronounce his doom;
My brothers, though unjustly, shall o'ercome.
But, having paid their injur'd ghosts their due,
My son requires my death, and mine shall his pursue.

At this, for the last time, she lifts her hand,
Averts her eyes, and, half unwilling, drops the brand.
The brand, amid the flaming fuel thrown,
Or drew, or seem'd to draw, a dying groan;
The fires themselves but faintly lick'd their prey,
Then loath'd their impious food, and would have shrunk away.

Just then the hero cast a doleful cry,
And in those absent flames began to fry:
The blind contagion rag'd within his veins;
But he with manly patience bore his pains:
He fear'd not fate, but only griev'd to die
Without an honest wound, and by a death so dry.
'Happy Ancæus! (thrice aloud he cried)
With what becoming fate in arms he died!'
Then call'd his brothers, sisters, sire, around,
And her to whom his nuptial vows were bound,
Perhaps his mother; a long sigh he drew,
And his voice failing, took his last adieu!
For as the flames augment, and as they stay
At their full height, then languish to decay,
They rise and sink by fits; at last they soar
In one bright blaze, and then descend no more:
Just so his inward heats, at height impair, [air.
Till the last burning breath shoots out the soul in

Now lofty Calidon in ruins lies;
All ages, all degrees, unsluice their eyes,
And heaven and earth resound with murmurs, groans, and cries.

Matrons and maidens beat their breasts and tear
Their habits, and root up their scatter'd hair:
The wretched father, father now no more,
With sorrow sunk, lies prostrate on the floor;
Deforms his hoary locks with dust obscene,
And curses age, and loaths a life prolong'd with pain.
By steel her stubborn soul his mother freed,
And punish'd on herself her impious deed.
Had I a hundred tongues, a wit so large
As could their hundred offices discharge;
Had Phœbus all his Helicon bestow'd
In all the streams, inspiring all the god; vain
Those tongues, that wit, those streams, that god, in
Would offer to describe his sisters' pain:
They beat their breasts with many a bruising blow,
Till they turn livid and corrupt the snow:
The corps they cherish, while the corps remains,
And exercise and rub with fruitless pains;
And when to funeral flames 'tis borne away,
They kiss the bed on which the body lay:
And when those funeral flames no longer burn,
(The dust compos'd within a pious urn)
Ev'n in that urn their brother they confess,
And hug it in their arms, and to their bosoms press.
His tomb is rais'd; then, stretch'd along the ground,
Those living monuments his tomb surround:
Ev'n to his name, inscrib'd, their tears they pay,
Till tears and kisses wear his name away.
But Cynthia now had all her fury spent,
Not with less ruin than a race content;
Excepting Gorgè, perish'd all the seed,
And her [1] whom Heaven for Hercules decreed.

[1] Dejanira.

Satiate at last, no longer she pursued
The weeping sisters; but with wings endued,
And horny beaks, and sent to flit in air, [pair.
They yearly round the tomb in feather'd flocks re-

THE TRANSFORMATION OF THE NAIADS.

BY VERNON.

Theseus, meanwhile, acquitting well his share
In the bold chase, confederate like a war,
To Athens' lofty towers his march ordain'd,
By Pallas lov'd, and where Erectheus reign'd.
But Acheloüs stop'd him on the way,
By rains a deluge, and constrain'd his stay.
'O fam'd for glorious deeds, and great by blood,
Rest here,' says he, 'nor trust the rapid flood:
It solid oaks has from its margin tore,
And rocky fragments down its current bore;
The murmur hoarse, and terrible the roar.
Oft have I seen herds with their sheltering fold
Forc'd from the banks, and in the torrent roll'd;
Nor strength the bulky steer from ruin freed,
Nor matchless swiftness sav'd the racing steed.
In cataracts when the dissolving snow
Falls from the hills, and floods the plains below;
Toss'd by the eddies with a giddy round,
Strong youths are in the sucking whirlpools drown'd.
'Tis best with me in safety to abide,
Till usual bounds restrain the ebbing tide,
And the low waters in their channel glide.
Theseus, persuaded, in compliance bow'd;
'So kind an offer, and advice so good,
O Acheloüs! cannot be refus'd;
I'll use them both,' said he;—and both he us'd.

The grot he enter'd, pumice built the hall,
And tophi made the rustic of the wall;
The floor, soft moss, an humid carpet spread,
And various shells the chequer'd roof inlaid.
'Twas now the hour when the declining sun
Two thirds had of his daily journey run;
At the spread table Theseus took his place,
Next his companions in the daring chase;
Pirithous here, there elder Lelex lay,
His locks betraying age with sprinkled grey.
Acharnia's river-god dispos'd the rest,
Grac'd with the equal honour of the feast,
Elate with joy, and proud of such a guest.
The nymphs were waiters, and with naked feet
In order serv'd the courses of the meat.
The banquet done, delicious wine they brought;
Of one transparent gem the cup was wrought.
Then the great hero of this gallant train,
Surveying far the prospect of the main;
'What is that land,' says he, 'the waves embrace?
(And with his finger pointed at the place;)
Is it one parted isle which stands alone?
How nam'd? and yet methinks it seems not one.'
To whom the watery god made this reply:
''Tis not one isle, but five; distinct they lie;
'Tis distance which deceives the cheated eye.
But, that Diana's act may seem less strange,
These once proud naiads were, before their change.
'Twas on a day more solemn than the rest,
Ten bullocks slain, a sacrificial feast:
The rural gods of all the region near
They bid to dance, and taste the hallow'd cheer.
Me they forgot: affronted with the slight,
My rage and stream swell'd to the greatest height;

And with the torrent of my flooding store,
Large woods from woods, and fields from fields I tore.
The guilty nymphs, oh! then, remembering me,
I, with their country, wash'd into the sea;
And joining waters with the social main,
Rent the gross land, and split the firm champaign.
Since, the Echinades, remote from shore,
Are view'd as many isles, as nymphs before.'

PERIMELE TURNED INTO AN ISLAND.

'But yonder far, lo! yonder does appear
An isle, a part to me for ever dear;
From that (it sailors Perimele name)
I, doting, forc'd by rape a virgin's fame.
Hippodamas's passion grew so strong,
Gall'd with the' abuse, and fretted at the wrong,
He cast his pregnant daughter from a rock;
I spread my waves beneath, and broke the shock:
And as her swimming weight my stream convey'd,
I sued for help divine, and thus I pray'd:
"O powerful Thou! whose trident does command
The realm of waters which surround the land;
We sacred rivers, wheresoe'er begun,
End in thy lot, and to thy empire run.
With favour hear, and help with present aid;
Her whom I bear 'twas guilty I betray'd.
Yet if her father had been just or mild,
He would have been less impious to his child;
In her, have pitied force in the abuse;
In me, admitted love for my excuse.
O let relief for her hard case be found,
Her, whom paternal rage expell'd from ground,
Her, whom paternal rage relentless drown'd.

Grant her some place, or change her to a place
Which I may ever clasp with my embrace."
'His nodding head the sea's great ruler bent,
And all his waters shook with his assent. [tress'd,
The nymph still swam, though with the fright dis-
I felt her heart leap trembling in her breast;
But hardening soon, whilst I her pulse explore,
A crusting earth cas'd her stiff body o'er;
And as accretions of new-cleaving soil
Enlarg'd the mass, the nymph became an isle.'

THE STORY OF BAUCIS AND PHILEMON.

BY DRYDEN.

Thus Acheloüs ends:—his audience hear
With admiration, and admiring fear
The powers of heav'n; except Ixion's son,
Who laugh'd at all the gods, believ'd in none:
He shook his impious head, and thus replies;—
'These legends are no more than pious lies:
You attribute too much to heavenly sway,
To think they give us forms, and take away.'
The rest, of better minds, their sense declar'd
Against this doctrine, and with horror heard.
Then Lelex rose, an old experienc'd man,
And thus with sober gravity began:
'Heaven's pow'r is infinite: earth, air, and sea,
The manufacture mass, the making power obey:
By proof to clear your doubt: in Phrygian ground
Two neighbouring trees, with walls encompass'd round,
Stand on a moderate rise, with wonder shown,
One a hard oak, a softer linden one:
I saw the place, and them, by Pittheus sent
To Phrygian realms, my grandsire's government.

Not far from thence is seen a lake, the haunt
Of coots, and of the fishing cormorant:
Here Jove with Hermes came; but in disguise
Of mortal men conceal'd their deities:
One laid aside his thunder, one his rod;
And many toilsome steps together trod;
For harbour at a thousand doors they knock'd,
Not one of all the thousand but was lock'd.
At last an hospitable house they found,
A homely shed; the roof, not far from ground,
Was thatch'd with reeds and straw, together bound.
There Baucis and Philemon liv'd, and there
Had liv'd long married, and a happy pair:
Now old in love, though little was their store,
Inur'd to want, their poverty they bore,
Nor aim'd at wealth, professing to be poor.
For master or for servant here to call,
Was all alike, where only two were all.
Command was none, where equal love was paid;
Or rather, both commanded, both obey'd.
'From lofty roofs the gods repuls'd before,
Now stooping, enter'd through the little door:
The man (their hearty welcome first express'd)
A common settle drew for either guest,
Inviting each his weary limbs to rest.
But ere they sat, officious Baucis lays
Two cushions stuff'd with straw, the seat to raise;
Coarse, but the best she had; then rakes the load
Of ashes from the hearth, and spreads abroad
The living coals; and, lest they should expire,
With leaves and bark she feeds her infant fire:
It smokes; and then with trembling breath she
Till in a cheerful blaze the flames arose. [blows,

With brushwood and with chips she strengthens these;
And adds, at last, the boughs of rotten trees.
The fire thus form'd, she sets the kettle on,
(Like burnish'd gold the little seether shone)
Next took the coleworts which her husband got
From his own ground, a small well-water'd spot;
She stripp'd the stalks of all their leaves; the best
She cull'd, and them with handy care she dress'd.
High o'er the hearth a chine of bacon hung;
Good old Philemon seiz'd it with a prong,
And from the sooty rafter drew it down,
Then cut a slice, but scarce enough for one;
Yet a large portion of a little store,
Which for their sakes alone he wish'd were more.
This in the pot he plung'd without delay,
To tame the flesh, and drain the salt away.
The time between, before the fire they sat,
And shorten'd the delay by pleasing chat.
'A beam there was, on which a beechen pail
Hung by the handle, on a driven nail:
This fill'd with water, gently warm'd, they set
Before their guests; in this they bath'd their feet,
And after with clean towels dried their sweat.
This done, the host produc'd the genial bed,
Sallow the feet, the borders, and the sted,
Which with no costly coverlet they spread,
But coarse old garments; yet such robes as these
They laid alone at feasts on holidays.
The good old housewife, tucking up her gown,
The table sets; th' invited gods lie down.
The trivet-table of a foot was lame,
A blot which prudent Baucis overcame,

Who thrusts beneath the limping leg a sherd;
So was the mended board exactly rear'd:
Then rubb'd it o'er with newly-gather'd mint,
A wholesome herb, that breath'd a grateful scent.
Pallas began the feast, where first was seen
The party-colour'd olive, black and green:
Autumnal cornels next in order serv'd,
In lees of wine well pickled and preserv'd.
A garden salad was the third supply,
Of endive, radishes, and succory:
Then curds and cream, the flower of country fare,
And new-laid eggs, which Baucis' busy care
Turn'd by a gentle fire, and roasted rare.
All these in earthenware were serv'd to board;
And next in place, an earthen pitcher stor'd,
With liquor of the best the cottage could afford.
This was the table's ornament and pride;
With figures wrought; like pages at his side,
Stood beechen bowls; and these were shining clean,
Varnish'd with wax without, and lin'd within.
By this the boiling kettle had prepar'd,
And to the table sent, the smoking lard;
On which with eager appetite they dine,
A savory bit, that serv'd to relish wine:
The wine itself was suiting to the rest,
Still working in the must, and lately press'd.
The second course succeeds, like that before,
Plums, apples, nuts, and of their wintry store
Dry figs, and grapes, and wrinkled dates were set
In canisters, t' enlarge the little treat:
All these a milk-white honeycomb surround,
Which in the midst the country banquet crown'd:
But the kind hosts their entertainment grace
With hearty welcome, and an open face.

In all they did you might discern with ease
A willing mind, and a desire to please.
Meantime the beechen bowls went round, and still,
Though often emptied, were observ'd to fill;
Fill'd without hands, and of their own accord
Ran without feet, and danc'd about the board.
Devotion seiz'd the pair, to see the feast
With wine, and of no common grape, increas'd;
And up they held their hands, and fell to pray'r,
Excusing, as they could, their country fare.
One goose they had, ('twas all they could allow)
A wakeful sentry, and on duty now,
Whom to the gods for sacrifice they vow:
Her with malicious zeal the couple view'd;
She ran for life, and limping they pursued:
Full well the fowl perceiv'd their bad intent,
And would not make her master's compliment;
But, persecuted, to the powers she flies,
And close between the legs of Jove she lies:
He with a gracious ear the suppliant heard,
And sav'd her life; then what he was declar'd,
And own'd the god. "The neighbourhood," said he,
"Shall justly perish for impiety:
You stand alone exempted; but obey
With speed, and follow where we lead the way:
Leave these accurs'd; and to the mountain's height
Ascend, nor once look backward in your flight."
'They haste, and what their tardy feet denied,
The trusty staff (their better leg) supplied.
An arrow's flight they wanted to the top,
And there secure, but spent with travel, stop;
Then turn their now no more forbidden eyes;
Lost in a lake the floated level lies;

A watry desert covers all the plains,
Their cot alone, as in an isle, remains.
Wondering, with weeping eyes, while they deplore
Their neighbours' fate, and country now no more,
Their little shed, scarce large enough for two,
Seems, from the ground increas'd, in height and bulk to grow.
A stately temple shoots within the skies,
The crotches of their cot in columns rise;
The pavement polish'd marble they behold,
The gates with sculpture grac'd, the spires and tiles of gold.
'Then thus the sire of gods, with looks serene:
"Speak thy desire, thou only just of men!
And thou, O woman! only worthy found
To be with such a man in marriage bound."
'Awhile they whisper; then, to Jove address'd,
Philemon thus prefers their joint request:
"We crave to serve before your sacred shrine,
And offer at your altar rites divine:
And since not any action of our life
Has been polluted with domestic strife,
We beg one hour of death, that neither she
With widow's tears may live to bury me,
Nor weeping I, with wither'd arms, may bear
My breathless Baucis to the sepulchre." [race
'The godheads sign their suit. They run their
In the same tenour all the' appointed space:
Then, when their hour was come, while they relate
These past adventures at the temple gate,
Old Baucis is by old Philemon seen
Sprouting with sudden leaves of sprightly green:

Old Baucis look'd where old Philemon stood,
And saw his lengthen'd arms a sprouting wood:
New roots their fasten'd feet begin to bind,
Their bodies stiffen in a rising rind;
Then, ere the bark above their shoulders grew,
They give and take, at once their last adieu.
At once, "farewell, O faithful spouse!" they said;
At once the' incroaching rinds their closing lips
Ev'n yet, an ancient Tyanæan shows [invade.
A spreading oak, that near a linden grows;
The neighbourhood confirm the prodigy,
Grave men, not vain of tongue, or like to lie.
I saw myself the garlands on their boughs,
And tablets hung for gifts of granted vows;
And offering fresher up, with pious pray'r,
"The good," said I, "are God's peculiar care,
And such as honour heav'n, shall heavenly honour share".'

CONTINUED BY VERNON.

THE CHANGES OF PROTEUS.

He ceas'd in his relation to proceed,
Whilst all admir'd the author, and the deed;
But Theseus most, inquisitive to know
From gods what wondrous alterations grow.
Whom thus the Calydonian stream address'd,
Rais'd high to speak, the couch his elbow press'd:
'Some, when transform'd, fix in the lasting change;
Some, with more right, through various figures range.
Proteus, thus large thy privilege was found,
Thou inmate of the seas, which earth surround.
Sometimes a blooming youth you grac'd the shore;
Oft a fierce lion, or a furious boar:

With glistering spires now seem'd an hissing snake,
The bold would tremble in his hands to take:
With horns assum'd a bull; sometimes you prov'd
A tree by roots, a stone by weight unmov'd:
Sometimes two wavering contraries became,
Flow'd down in water, or aspir'd in flame.

THE STORY OF ERISICHTHON.

In various shapes thus to deceive the eyes,
Without a settled stint of her disguise,
Rash Erisichthon's daughter had the pow'r,
And brought it to Autolycus in dow'r.
Her atheist sire the slighted gods defied,
And ritual honours to their shrines denied.
As fame reports, his hand an ax sustain'd,
Which Ceres' consecrated grove profan'd;
Which durst the venerable gloom invade,
And violate with light the awful shade.
An ancient oak in the dark centre stood,
The covert's glory, and itself a wood:
Garlands embrac'd its shaft, and from the boughs
Hung tablets, monuments of prosperous vows.
In the cool dusk its unpierc'd verdure spread,
The Dryads oft their hallow'd dances led;
And oft, when round their guaging arms they cast,
Full fifteen ells it measur'd in the waist;
In height all under-standards did surpass,
As they aspir'd above the humbler grass.
These motives, which would gentler minds restrain,
Could not make Triope's bold son abstain:
He sternly charg'd his slaves, with strict decree,
To fell with gashing steel the sacred tree.
But whilst they, lingering, his commands delay'd,
He snatch'd an ax, and thus blaspheming said:

'Was this no oak, nor Ceres' favourite care,
But Ceres' self, this arm, unaw'd, should dare
Its leafy honours in the dust to spread,
And level with the earth its airy head.'
He spoke, and as he pois'd a slanting stroke,
Sighs heav'd, and tremblings shook the frighted oak;
Its leaves look'd sickly, pale its acorns grew,
And its long branches sweat a chilly dew:
But when his impious hand a wound bestow'd,
Blood from the mangled bark in currents flow'd.
When a devoted bull of mighty size,
A sinning nation's grand atonement dies;
With such a plenty from the spouting veins,
A crimson stream the turfy altars stains.
The wonder all amaz'd; yet one more bold,
The fact dissuading, strove his ax to hold.
But the Thessalian, obstinately bent,
Too proud to change, too harden'd to repent,
On his kind monitor his eyes, which burn'd
With rage, and with his eyes his weapon turn'd;
'Take the reward,' says he, 'of pious dread:'
Then with a blow lop'd off his parted head.
No longer check'd, the wretch his crime pursued,
Doubled his strokes, and sacrilege renew'd;
When from the groaning trunk a voice was heard—
'A Dryad I, by Ceres' love prefer'd,
Within the circle of this clasping rind
Coëval grew, and now in ruin join'd;
But instant vengeance shall thy sin pursue,
And death is cheer'd with this prophetic view.'
At last the oak with cords enforc'd to bow,
Strain'd from the top, and sap'd with wounds below,
The humbler wood, partaker of its fate,
Crush'd with its fall, and shiver'd with its weight.

The grove destroy'd, the sister Dryads moan,
Griev'd at its loss, and frighted at their own;
Straight, suppliants for revenge, to Ceres go,
In sable weeds, expressive of their woe.
The beauteous goddess with a graceful air
Bow'd in consent, and nodded to their pray'r.
The awful motion shook the fruitful ground,
And wav'd the fields with golden harvests crown'd.
Soon she contriv'd in her projecting mind
A plague severe, and piteous in its kind
(If plagues for crimes of such presumptuous height
Could pity in the softest breast create),
With pinching want, and hunger's keenest smart,
To tear his vitals, and corrode his heart.
But since her near approach by fate's denied
To Famine, and broad climes their powers divide,
A nymph, the mountain's ranger, she address'd,
And, thus resolv'd, her high commands express'd:

THE DESCRIPTION OF FAMINE.

'Where frozen Scythia's utmost bound is plac'd,
A desert lies, a melancholy waste:
In yellow crops there nature never smil'd,
No fruitful tree to shade the barren wild.
There sluggish cold its icy station makes,
There paleness, frights, and aguish trembling shakes.
Of pining Famine this the fated seat,
To whom my orders in these words repeat:
Bid her this miscreant with her sharpest pains
Chastise, and sheathe herself into his veins;
Be unsubdued by plenty's baffled store,
Reject my empire, and defeat my pow'r:
And lest the distance, and the tedious way,
Should with the toil and long fatigue dismay,

Ascend my chariot, and, convey'd on high,
Guide the rein'd dragons through the parting sky.'
The nymph, accepting of the granted car,
Sprung to the seat, and posted through the air;
Nor stop'd till she to a bleak mountain came
Of wondrous height, and Caucasus its name;
There in a stony field the fiend she found, [ground.
Herbs gnawing, and roots scratching from the
Her elf-lock hair in matted tresses grew,
Sunk were her eyes, and pale her ghastly hue,
Wan were her lips, and foul with clammy glue.
Her throat was fur'd, her guts appear'd within
With snaky crawlings through her parchment skin:
Her jutting hips seem'd starting from their place,
And for a belly was a belly's space.
Her dugs hung dangling from her craggy spine,
Loose to her breast, and fasten'd to her chine.
Her joints protuberant by leanness grown,
Consumption sunk the flesh, and rais'd the bone.
Her knees' large orbits bunch'd to monstrous size,
And ancles to undue proportion rise.
This plague the nymph, not daring to draw near,
At distance hail'd, and greeted from afar:
And though she told her charge without delay,
Though her arrival late, and short her stay,
She felt keen Famine, or she seem'd to feel,
Invade her blood, and on her vitals steal.
She turn'd from the infection to remove,
And back to Thessaly the serpents drove.
The fiend obey'd the goddess's command,
(Though their effects in opposition stand)
She cut her way, supported by the wind,
And reach'd the mansion by the nymph assign'd.

'Twas night, when entering Erisichthon's room,
Dissolv'd in sleep, and thoughtless of his doom,
She clasp'd his limbs, by impious labour tir'd,
With battish wings, but her whole self inspir'd;
Breath'd on his throat and chest a tainting blast,
And in his veins infus'd an endless fast.

The task dispatch'd, away the fury flies
From plenteous regions, and from ripening skies;
To her old barren north she wings her speed,
And cottages distress'd with pinching need.

Still slumbers Erisichthon's senses drown,
And soothe his fancy with their softest down.
He dreams of viands delicate to eat,
And revels on imaginary meat.
Chaws with his working mouth, but chaws in vain,
And tires his grinding teeth with fruitless pain;
Deludes his throat with visionary fare,
Feasts on the wind, and banquets on the air.

The morning came, the night and slumbers past,
But still the furious pangs of hunger last;
The cankerous rage still gnaws with griping pains,
Stings in his throat, and in his bowels reigns.

Straight he requires, impatient in demand,
Provisions from the air, the seas, the land.
But though the land, air, seas, provisions grant,
Starves at full tables, and complains of want.
What to a people might in dole be paid,
Or victual cities for a long blockade,
Could not one wolfish appetite assuage;
For glutting nourishment increas'd its rage.
As rivers pour'd from every distant shore
The sea insatiate drinks, and thirsts for more;
Or as the fire which all materials burns,
And wasted forests into ashes turns,

Grows more voracious, as the more it preys;
Recruits dilate the flame, and spread the blaze:
So impious Erisichthon's hunger raves,
Receives refreshments, and refreshments craves.
Food raises a desire for food, and meat
Is but a new provocative to eat.
He grows more empty, as the more supplied,
And endless cramming but extends the void.

THE TRANSFORMATIONS OF ERISICHTHON'S DAUGHTER.

Now riches hoarded by paternal care
Were sunk, the glutton swallowing up the heir;
Yet the devouring flame no stores abate,
Nor less the hunger grew with his estate.
One daughter left, as left his keen desire,
A daughter worthy of a better sire;
Her too he sold, spent nature to sustain;
She scorn'd a lord with generous disdain,
And, flying, spread her hands upon the main.
Then pray'd; 'Grant, thou! I bondage may escape,
And with my liberty reward thy rape:
Repay my virgin treasure with thy aid.' [maid).
('Twas Neptune who deflower'd the beauteous
The god was mov'd at what the fair had su'd;
When she so lately by her master view'd
In her known figure, on a sudden took
A fisher's habit, and a manly look:
To whom her owner hasted to inquire; [wire;
'O thou!' said he, 'whose baits hide treacherous
Whose art can manage and experienc'd skill
The taper angle, and the bobbing quill,
So may the sea be ruffled with no storm,
But smooth with calms, as you the truth inform

So your deceit may no shy fishes feel,
Till struck and fasten'd on the bearded steel,
Did not you standing view upon the strand
A wandering maid? I'm sure I saw her stand;
Her hair disorder'd, and her homely dress
Betray'd her want, and witness'd her distress.'
'Me heedless,' she replied, 'whoe'er you are,
Excuse, attentive to another care.
I settled on the deep my steady eye;
Fix'd on my float, and bent on my employ;
And that you may not doubt what I impart,
So may the ocean's god assist my art,
If on the beach since I my sport pursued,
Or man, or woman, but myself I view'd.'
Back o'er the sands, deluded, he withdrew;
Whilst she for her old form put off her new.
Her sire her shifting power to change perceiv'd,
And various chapmen by her sale deceiv'd:
A fowl with spangled plumes, a brinded steer,
Sometimes a crested mare, or antler'd deer.
Sold for a price, she parted, to maintain
Her starving parent with dishonest gain.
At last all means, as all provisions, fail'd:
For the disease by remedies prevail'd;
His muscles with a furious bite he tore,
Gorg'd his own tatter'd flesh, and gulp'd his gore.
Wounds were his feast, his life to life a prey,
Supporting nature by its own decay.
But foreign stories why should I relate?
I too myself can to new forms translate,
Though the variety's not unconfin'd,
But fix'd in number, and restrain'd in kind;
For often I this present shape retain,
Oft curl a snake the volumes of my train.

Sometimes, my strength into my horns transfer'd,
A bull I march, the captain of the herd.
But whilst I once those goring weapons wore,
Vast wresting force one from my forehead tore.
Lo, my maim'd brows the injury still own!'
He ceas'd; his words concluding with a groan.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK IX.

TRANSLATED BY DRYDEN AND OTHERS.

THE STORY OF ACHELOÜS AND HERCULES.

BY GAY.

Theseus requests the god to tell his woes,
Whence his maim'd brow, and whence his groans arose:
When thus the Calydonian stream replied,
With twining reeds his careless tresses tied:
'Ungrateful is the tale; for who can bear,
When conquer'd, to rehearse the shameful war?
Yet I'll the melancholy story trace;
So great a conqueror softens the disgrace:
Nor was it still so mean the prize to yield,
As great and glorious to dispute the field.
'Perhaps you've heard of Deïanira's name,
For all the country spoke her beauty's fame.
Long was the nymph by numerous suitors woo'd,
Each with address his envied hopes pursued:
I join'd the loving band: to gain the fair,
Reveal'd my passion to her father's ear.
Their vain pretensions all the rest resign,
Alcides only strove to equal mine;
He boasts his birth from Jove, recounts his spoils,
His step-dame's hate-subdued, and finish'd toils.

'"Can mortals then," said I, "with gods com-
Behold a god; mine is the watry care: [pare?
Through your wide realms I take my mazy way,
Branch into streams, and o'er the region stray;
No foreign guest your daughter's charms adores,
But one who rises in your native shores.
Let not his punishment your pity move:
Is Juno's hate an argument for love?
Though you your life from fair Alcmena drew,
Jove's a feign'd father, or by fraud a true.
Choose then, confess thy mother's honour lost,
Or thy descent from Jove no longer boast."
'While thus I spoke, he look'd with stern disdain,
Nor could the sallies of his wrath restrain,
Which thus break forth:—"This arm decides our
right;
Vanquish in words, be mine the prize in fight."
'Bold he rush'd on. My honour to maintain,
I fling my verdant garments on the plain;
My arms stretch forth, my pliant limbs prepare,
And with bent hands expect the furious war.
O'er my sleek skin now gather'd dust he throws,
And yellow sand his mighty muscles strows.
Oft he my neck and nimble legs assails,
He seems to grasp me, but as often fails.
Each part he now invades with eager hand;
Safe in my bulk, immoveable I stand.
So when loud storms break high, and foam and roar
Against some mole that stretches from the shore;
The firm foundation lasting tempests braves,
Defies the warring winds, and driving waves.
'Awhile we breathe, then forward rush amain,
Renew the combat, and our ground maintain;

Foot strove with foot, I prone extend my breast,
Hands war with hands, and forehead forehead press'd.
Thus have I seen two furious bulls engage,
Inflam'd with equal love, and equal rage;
Each claims the fairest heifer of the grove,
And conquest only can decide their love:
The trembling herds survey the fight from far,
Till victory decides the' important war.
Three times in vain he strove my joints to wrest;
To force my hold, and throw me from his breast;
The fourth he broke my gripe, that clasp'd him round,
Then with new force he stretch'd me on the ground,
Close to my back the mighty burden clung,
As if a mountain o'er my limbs were flung.
Believe my tale; nor do I, boastful, aim
By feign'd narration to extol my fame.
No sooner from his grasp I freedom get,
Unlock my arms that flow'd with trickling sweat,
But quick he seiz'd me, and renew'd the strife,
As my exhausted bosom pants for life:
My neck he gripes, my knee to earth he strains;
I fall, and bite the sand with shame and pains.
'O'ermatch'd in strength, to wiles and arts I take,
And slip his hold in form of speckled snake;
Who, when I wreath'd in spires my body round,
Or show'd my forky tongue with hissing sound,
Smiles at my threats: "Such foes my cradle knew,"
He cries, "dire snakes my infant hand o'erthrew;
A dragon's form might other conquests gain,
To war with me you take that shape in vain.
Art thou proportion'd to the Hydra's length,
Who by his wounds receiv'd augmented strength?

He rais'd a hundred hissing heads in air;
When one I lop'd, up-sprung a dreadful pair:
By his wounds fertile, and with slaughter strong,
Singly I quell'd him, and stretch'd dead along.
What canst thou do, a form precarious, prone,
To rouse my rage with terrors not thy own?"
He said; and round my neck his hands he cast,
And with his straining fingers wrung me fast;
My throat he tortur'd, close as pincers clasp,
In vain I strove to loose the forceful grasp.

'Thus vanquish'd too, a third form still remains,
Chang'd to a bull, my lowing fills the plains.
Straight on the left his nervous arms were thrown
Upon my brindled neck, and tugg'd it down;
Then deep he struck my horn into the sand,
And fell'd my bulk along the dusty land.
Nor yet his fury cool'd; 'twixt rage and scorn,
From my maim'd front he tore the stubborn horn;
'This, heap'd with flowers and fruits, the Naiads
Sacred to plenty, and the bounteous year.' [bear,

He spoke; when lo, a beauteous nymph appears,
Girt like Diana's train, with flowing hairs;
The horn she brings in which all autumn's stor'd,
And ruddy apples for the second board.

Now morn begins to dawn; the sun's bright fire
Gilds the high mountains, and the youths retire;
Nor stay'd they, till the troubled stream subsides,
And in its bounds with peaceful current glides.
But Acheloüs in his oozy bed
Deep hides his brow deform'd, and rustic head:
No real wound the victor's triumph show'd,
But his lost honours griev'd the watry god;
Yet ev'n that loss the willow's leaves o'erspread,
And verdant reeds, in garlands, bind his head.

THE DEATH OF NESSUS THE CENTAUR.

This virgin too, thy love, O Nessus! found,
To her alone you owe the fatal wound.
As the strong son of Jove his bride conveys,
Where his paternal lands their bulwarks raise;
Where from her slopy urn Evenus pours
Her rapid current, swell'd by wintry show'rs,
He came. The frequent eddies whirl'd the tide,
And the deep rolling waves all pass denied.
As for himself, he stood unmov'd by fears;
For now his bridal charge employ'd his cares.
The strong limb'd Nessus thus officious cried,
(For he the shallows of the stream had tried)
'Swim thou, Alcides, all thy strength prepare,
On yonder bank I'll lodge thy nuptial care.'
The' Aonian chief to Nessus trusts his wife,
All pale, and trembling for her hero's life;
Cloth'd as he stood in the fierce lion's hide,
The laden quiver o'er his shoulder tied,
(For cross the stream his bow and club were cast)
Swift he plung'd in: 'These billows shall be pass'd,'
He said: nor sought where smoother waters glide,
But stem'd the rapid dangers of the tide.
The bank he reach'd; again the bow he bears;
When, hark! his bride's known voice alarms his ears.
'Nessus, to thee I call,' aloud he cries,
'Vain is thy trust in flight, be timely wise:
Thou monster double-shap'd, my right set free;
If thou no reverence owe my fame and me,
Yet kindred should thy lawless lust deny.
Think not, perfidious wretch, from me to fly,
Though wing'd with horse's speed; wounds shall
Swift as his words the fatal arrow flew: [pursue.'

The Centaur's back admits the feather'd wood,
And through his breast the barbed weapon stood;
Which when, in anguish, through the flesh he tore,
From both the wounds gush'd forth the spumy gore,
Mix'd with Lernæan venom; this he took,
Nor dire revenge his dying breast forsook.
His garment in the reeking purple dy'd,
To rouse love's passion, he presents the bride.

THE DEATH OF HERCULES.

Now a long interval of time succeeds,
When the great son of Jove's immortal deeds,
And step-dame's hate, had fill'd earth's utmost round;
He from Œchalia, with new laurels crown'd,
In triumph was return'd. He rites prepares,
And to the king of gods directs his pray'rs;
When fame (who falsehood clothes in truth's disguise,
And swells her little bulk with growing lies)
Thy tender ear, O Deianira, mov'd,
That Hercules the fair Iole lov'd.
Her love believes the tale; the truth she fears
Of his new passion, and gives way to tears.
The flowing tears diffus'd her wretched grief;
'Why seek I thus from streaming eyes relief?'
She cries, 'indulge not thus these fruitless cares,
The harlot will but triumph in thy tears:
Let something be resolv'd while yet there's time;
My bed not conscious of a rival's crime.
In silence shall I mourn, or loud complain?
Shall I seek Calydon, or here remain?
What though, allied to Meleager's fame,
I boast the honours of a sister's name?
My wrongs, perhaps, now urge me to pursue
Some desperate deed, by which the world shall view

How far revenge and woman's rage can rise,
When weltering in her blood the harlot dies.'
  Thus various passions rul'd by turns her breast;
She now resolves to send the fatal vest,
Dy'd with Lernæan gore, whose pow'r might move
His soul anew, and rouse declining love.
Nor knew she what her sudden rage bestows,
When she to Lychas trusts her future woes;
With soft endearments she the boy commands
To bear the garment to her husband's hands.
  The' unwitting hero takes the gift in haste,
And o'er his shoulders Lerna's poison cast.
As first the fire with frankincense he strows,
And utters to the gods his holy vows;
And on the marble altar's polish'd frame
Pours forth the grapy stream; the rising flame
Sudden dissolves the subtle poisonous juice,
Which taints his blood, and all his nerves bedews.
With wonted fortitude he bore the smart,
And not a groan confess'd his burning heart.
At length his patience was subdued by pain,
He rends the sacred altar from the plain;
Œte's wide forests echo with his cries!
Now to rip off the deathful robe he tries;
Where'er he plucks the vest, the skin he tears,
The mangled muscles and huge bones he bares,
(A ghastful sight!) or, raging with his pain,
To rend the sticking plague he tugs in vain.
  As the red iron hisses in the flood,
So boils the venom in his curdling blood.
Now with the greedy flame his entrails glow,
And livid sweats down all his body flow;
The cracking nerves burnt up are burst in twain,
The lurking venom melts his swimming brain.

Then, lifting both his hands aloft, he cries,
'Glut thy revenge, dread empress of the skies!
Sate with my death the rancour of thy heart;
Look down with pleasure, and enjoy my smart.
Or, if ere pity mov'd a hostile breast,
(For here I stand thy enemy profess'd)
Take hence this hateful life, with tortures torn,
Inur'd to trouble, and to labours born.
Death is the gift most welcome to my woe,
And such a gift a stepdame may bestow.
Was it for this Busiris was subdued, [blood?
Whose barbarous temples reek'd with strangers'
Press'd in these arms his fate Antæus found,
Nor gain'd recruited vigour from the ground.
Did I not triple-form'd Geryon fell?
Or did I fear the triple dog of hell?
Did not these hands the bull's arm'd forehead hold?
Are not our mighty toils in Elis told?
Do not Stymphalian lakes proclaim thy fame?
And fair Parthenian woods resound thy name?
Who seiz'd the golden belt of Thermodon?
And who the dragon-guarded apples won? [stand,
Could the fierce Centaur's strength my force with-
Or the fell boar that spoil'd the' Arcadian land?
Did not these arms the Hydra's rage subdue,
Who from his wounds to double fury grew?
What if the Thracian horses, fat with gore,
Who human bodies in their mangers tore,
I saw, and with their barb'rous lord o'erthrew?
What if these hands Nemæa's lion slew?
Did not this neck the heavenly globe sustain?
The female partner of the Thunderer's reign,
Fatigu'd, at length suspends her harsh commands,
Yet no fatigue hath slack'd these valiant hands.

But now new plagues pursue me; neither force,
Nor arms, nor darts, can stop their raging course.
Devouring flame through my rack'd entrails strays,
And on my lungs and shrivel'd muscles preys;
Yet still Eurystheus breathes the vital air.
What mortal now shall seek the gods with pray'r?'

THE TRANSFORMATION OF LYCHAS INTO A ROCK.

The hero said; and with the torture stung,
Furious o'er Œte's lofty hills he sprung;
Stuck with the shaft, thus scours the tiger round,
And seeks the flying author of his wound.
Now might you see him trembling, now he vents
His anguish'd soul in groans, and loud laments;
He strives to tear the clinging vest in vain,
And with up-rooted forests strows the plain;
Now kindling into rage, his hands he rears,
And to his kindred gods directs his pray'rs.
When Lychas, lo! he spies; who trembling flew,
And in a hollow rock, conceal'd from view,
Had shun'd his wrath. Now grief renew'd his pain,
His madness chaf'd, and thus he raves again:
'Lychas! to thee alone my fate I owe,
Who bore the gift, the cause of all my woe.'
The youth all pale with shivering fear was stung,
And vain excuses falter'd on his tongue.
Alcides snatch'd him, as with suppliant face
He strove to clasp his knees, and beg for grace:
He toss'd him o'er his head with airy course,
And hurl'd with more than with an engine's force;
Far o'er the' Eubœan main aloof he flies,
And hardens by degrees amid the skies.

So showery drops, when chilly tempests blow,
Thicken at first, then whiten into snow;
In balls congeal'd the rolling fleeces bound,
In solid hail result upon the ground.
Thus, whirl'd with nervous force through distant air,
The purple tide forsook his veins with fear;
All moisture left his limbs. Transform'd to stone,
In ancient days the craggy flint was known:
Still in the' Eubœan waves his front he rears,
Still the small rock in human form appears,
And still the name of hapless Lychas bears.

THE APOTHEOSIS OF HERCULES.

But now the hero of immortal birth
Fells Œte's forests on the groaning earth:
A pile he builds; to Philoctetes' care
He leaves his deathful instruments of war;
To him commits those arrows, which again
Shall see the bulwarks of the Trojan reign.
The son of Pœan lights the lofty pyre,
High round the structure climbs the greedy fire;
Plac'd on the top, thy nervous shoulders spread
With the Nemæan spoils, thy careless head
Rais'd on the knotty club, with look divine,
Here thou, dread hero, of celestial line,
Wert stretch'd at ease; as when a cheerful guest,
Wine crown'd thy bowls, and flowers thy temples dress'd.

Now on all sides the potent flames aspire,
And crackle round those limbs that mock the fire.
A sudden terror seiz'd the' immortal host,
Who thought the world's profess'd defender lost.
This when the Thunderer saw, with smiles he cries,
'' 'Tis from your fears, ye gods! my pleasures rise;

Joy swells my breast, that my all-ruling hand
O'er such a grateful people boasts command,
That you my suffering progeny would aid;
Though to his deeds this just respect be paid,
Me you've oblig'd. Be all your fears forborne,
The' Œtean fires do thou, great hero! scorn.
Who vanquish'd all things, shall subdue the flame:
That part alone of gross maternal frame
Fire shall devour; while what from me he drew
Shall live immortal, and its force subdue;
That, when he's dead, I'll raise to realms above;
May all the powers the righteous act approve!
If any god dissent, and judge too great
The sacred honours of the heavenly seat,
Ev'n he shall own his deeds deserve the sky,
Ev'n he reluctant shall at length comply.'
The' assembled pow'rs assent. No frown till now
Had mark'd with passion vengeful Juno's brow.
Meanwhile whate'er was in the power of flame
Was all consum'd, his body's nervous frame
No more was known, of human form bereft,
The' eternal part of Jove alone was left.
As an only serpent casts his scaly vest,
Wreathes in the sun, in youthful glory dress'd;
So when Alcides mortal mould resign'd,
His better part enlarg'd, and grew refin'd;
August his visage shone: almighty Jove
In his swift car his honour'd offspring drove;
High o'er the hollow clouds the coursers fly,
And lodge the hero in the starry sky.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF GALANTHIS.

Atlas perceiv'd the load of heaven's new guest.
Revenge still rancour'd in Eurystheus' breast

Against Alcides' race. Alcmena goes
To Iöle, to vent maternal woes:
Here she pours forth her grief, recounts the spoils
Her son had bravely reap'd in glorious toils.
This Iöle, by Hercules' commands,
Hyllus had lov'd, and join'd in nuptial bands.
Her swelling womb the teeming birth confess'd,
To whom Alcmena thus her speech address'd:
'O, may the gods protect thee in that hour, [pow'r!
When, midst thy throes, thou call'st the' Ilithyian
May no delays prolong thy racking pain,
As when I su'd for Juno's aid in vain.
'When now Alcides' mighty birth drew nigh,
And the tenth sign roll'd forward on the sky,
My womb extends with such a mighty load,
As Jove the parent of the burden show'd.
I could no more the' increasing smart sustain,
My horror kindles to recount the pain;
Cold chills my limbs while I the tale pursue,
And now methinks I feel my pangs anew.
Seven days and nights amidst incessant throes,
Fatigu'd with ills I lay, nor knew repose;
When lifting high my hands, in shrieks I pray'd,
Implor'd the gods, and call'd Lucina's aid.
She came, but prejudic'd, to give my fate
A sacrifice to vengeful Juno's hate.
She hears the groaning anguish of my fits,
And on the altar at my door she sits,
O'er her left knee her crossing leg she cast,
Then knits her fingers close, and wrings them fast:
This stay'd the birth; in muttering verse she pray'd,
The muttering verse the' unfinish'd birth delay'd.
Now with fierce struggles, raging with my pain,
At Jove's ingratitude I rave in vain.

How did I wish for death! such groans I sent,
As might have made the flinty heart relent.
'Now the Cadmeian matrons round me press,
Offer their vows, and seek to bring redress;
Among the Theban dames Galanthis stands,
Strong-limb'd, red-hair'd, and just to my commands:
She first perceiv'd that all these racking woes
From the persisting hate of Juno rose.
As here and there she pass'd, by chance she sees
The seated goddess; on her close-press'd knees
Her fast-knit hands she leans; with cheerful voice
Galanthis cries, 'Whoe'er thou art, rejoice!
Congratulate the dame, she lies at rest;
At length the gods Alcmena's womb have bless'd.'
Swift from her seat the startled goddess springs,
No more conceal'd, her hands abroad she flings;
The charm unloos'd, the birth my pangs reliev'd;
Galanthis' laughter vex'd the power deceiv'd.
Fame says, the goddess drag'd the laughing maid
Fast by the hair; in vain her force essay'd
Her groveling body from the ground to rear:
Chang'd to fore-feet her shrinking arms appear:
Her hairy back her former hue retains,
The form alone is lost; her strength remains;
Who, since the lie did from her mouth proceed,
Shall from her pregnant mouth bring forth her breed:
Nor shall she quit her long-frequented home,
But haunt those houses where she lov'd to roam.'

THE FABLE OF DRYOPE.

BY POPE.

She said, and for her lost Galanthis sighs;
When the fair consort of her son replies:

'Since you a servant's ravish'd form bemoan,
And kindly sigh for sorrows not your own,
Let me (if tears and griefs permit) relate
A nearer woe, a sister's stranger fate.
No nymph of all Œchalia could compare
For beauteous form with Dryopè the fair;
Her tender mother's only hope and pride,
(Myself the offspring of a second bride.)
This nymph, compress'd by him who rules the day,
Whom Delphi and the Delian isle obey,
Andræmon lov'd; and bless'd in all those charms
That pleas'd a god, succeeded to her arms.
'A lake there was, with shelving banks around,
Whose verdant summit fragrant myrtles crown'd.
Those shades, unknowing of the Fates, she sought;
And to the Naiads flowery garlands brought;
Her smiling babe (a pleasing charge) she press'd
Between her arms, and nourish'd at her breast.
Not distant far a watry Lotos grows;
The spring was new, and all the verdant boughs,
Adorn'd with blossoms, promis'd fruits that vie
In glowing colours with the Tyrian dye.
Of these she crop'd, to please her infant son,
And I myself the same rash act had done.
But, lo! I saw (as near her side I stood)
The violated blossoms drop with blood;
Upon the tree I cast a frightful look,
The trembling tree with sudden horror shook:
Lotis the nymph (if rural tales be true)
As from Priapus' lawless lust she flew,
Forsook her form; and, fixing here, became
A flowery plant, which still preserves her name.
'This change unknown, astonish'd at the sight,
My trembling sister strove to urge the flight;

Yet first the pardon of the nymphs implor'd,
And those offended sylvan powers ador'd:
But when she backward would have fled, she found
Her stiffening feet were rooted to the ground:
In vain to free her fasten'd feet she strove,
And as she struggles, only moves above;
She feels the' encroaching bark around her grow,
By slow degrees, and cover all below.
Surpris'd at this, her trembling hand she heaves
To rend her hair; her hand is fill'd with leaves:
Where late was hair, the shooting leaves are seen
To rise, and shade her with a sudden green.
The child Amphisus, to her bosom press'd,
Perceiv'd a colder and a harder breast,
And found the springs, that ne'er till then denied
Their milky moisture, on a sudden dried.
I saw, unhappy, what I now relate,
And stood the helpless witness of thy fate;
Embrac'd thy boughs, the rising bark delay'd,
There wish'd to grow, and mingle shade with shade.
'Behold Andræmon, and the' unhappy sire
Appear, and for their Dryopè inquire;
A springing tree for Dryopè they find,
And print warm kisses on the panting rind;
Prostrate, with tears their kindred plant bedew,
And close embrac'd as to the roots they grew:
The face was all that now remain'd of thee;
No more a woman, nor yet quite a tree:
Thy branches hung with humid pearls appear,
From every leaf distils a trickling tear;
And straight a voice, while yet a voice remains,
Thus through the trembling boughs in sighs complains.
'If to the wretched any faith be giv'n,
I swear by all the' unpitying powers of Heav'n,

No wilful crime this heavy vengeance bred,
In mutual innocence our lives we led.
If this be false, let these new greens decay,
Let sounding axes lop my limbs away,
And crackling flames on all my honours prey.
Now from my branching arms this infant bear,
Let some kind nurse supply a mother's care;
Yet to his mother let him oft be led,
Sport in her shades, and in her shades be fed;
Teach him, when first his infant voice shall frame
Imperfect words, and lisp his mother's name,
To hail this tree, and say with weeping eyes,
"Within this plant my hapless parent lies:"
And when in youth he seeks the shady woods,
Oh, let him fly the crystal lakes and floods,
Nor touch the fatal flowers; but, warn'd by me,
Believe a goddess shrin'd in every tree.
My sire, my sister, and my spouse, farewell!
If in your breasts or love or pity dwell,
Protect your plant, nor let my branches feel
The browsing cattle, or the piercing steel.
Farewell! and since I cannot bend to join
My lips to yours, advance at least to mine.
My son, thy mother's parting kiss receive,
While yet thy mother has a kiss to give.
I can no more, the creeping rind invades
My closing lips, and hides my head in shades:
Remove your hands; the bark shall soon suffice,
Without their aid, to seal these dying eyes.'
She ceas'd at once to speak, and ceas'd to be;
And all the nymph was lost within the tree:
Yet latent life through her new branches reign'd,
And long the plant a human heat retain'd.

CONTINUED BY GAY.

IÖLAUS RESTORED TO YOUTH.

While Iölè the fatal change declares,
Alcmena's pitying hand oft wip'd her tears.
Grief too stream'd down her cheeks; soon sorrow flies,
And rising joy the trickling moisture dries;
Lo, Iölaus stands before their eyes.
A youth he stood; and the soft down began
O'er his smooth chin to spread, and promise man.
Hebe submitted to her husband's pray'rs,
Instill'd new vigour, and restor'd his years.

THE PROPHECY OF THEMIS.

Now from her lips a solemn oath had pass'd,
That Iölaus this gift alone shou'd taste;
Had not just Themis thus maturely said: [maid.
(Which check'd her vow, and aw'd the blooming
'Thebes is embroil'd in war. Capaneus stands
Invincible, but by the Thunderer's hands
Ambition shall the guilty brothers [1] fire,
Both rush to mutual wounds, and both expire.
The reeling earth shall ope her gloomy womb,
Where the yet breathing bard [2] shall find his tomb.
The son [3] shall bathe his hands in parents' blood,
And in one act be both unjust and good.
Of home and sense depriv'd, where'er he flies,
The furies, and his mother's ghost he spies.
His wife the fatal bracelet shall implore,
And Phegeus stain his sword in kindred gore.
Callirhöe shall then with suppliant pray'r
Prevail on Jupiter's relenting ear.

[1] Eteocles and Polynices. [2] Amphiaraus. [3] Alcmæon.

Jove shall with youth her infant sons inspire,
And bid their bosoms glow with manly fire.'

THE DEBATE OF THE GODS.

When Themis thus with prescient voice had spoke,
Among the gods a various murmur broke;
Dissension rose in each immortal breast,
That one should grant what was denied the rest.
Aurora for her aged spouse complains,
And Ceres grieves for Jason's freezing veins;
Vulcan would Erichthonius' years renew;
Her future race the care of Venus drew;
She would Anchises' blooming age restore;
A different care employ'd each heavenly pow'r:
Thus various interests did their jars increase,
Till Jove arose; he spoke, their tumults cease.
'Is any reverence to our presence giv'n?
Then why this discord 'mong the powers of heav'n?
Who can the settled will of fate subdue?
'Twas by the Fates that Iölaus knew
A second youth. The Fates determin'd doom
Shall give Callirhöe's race a youthful bloom.
Arms nor ambition can this power obtain:
Quell your desires; ev'n me the Fates restrain.
Could I their will control, no rolling years
Had Æacus bent down with silver hairs:
Then Rhadamanthus still had youth possess'd,
And Minos with eternal bloom been bless'd.'
Jove's words the Synod mov'd; the powers give o'er,
And urge, in vain, unjust complaint no more.
Since Rhadamanthus' veins now slowly flow'd,
And Æacus and Minos bore the load;

Minos, who, in the flower of youth and fame,
Made mighty nations tremble at his name,
Infirm with age, the proud Miletus fears,
Vain of his birth, and in the strength of years;
And now regarding all his realms as lost,
He durst not force him from his native coast.
But you by choice, Miletus, fled his reign,
And thy swift vessel plough'd the' Ægean main:
On Asiatic shores a town you frame,
Which still is honour'd with the founder's name.
Here you Cyanëe knew, the beauteous maid,
As on her father's [4] winding banks she stray'd:
Caunus and Byblis hence their lineage trace,
The double offspring of your warm embrace.

THE PASSION OF BYBLIS.

BY HARVEY.

Let the sad fate of wretched Byblis prove
A dismal warning to unlawful love.
One birth gave being to the hapless pair,
But more was Caunus than a sister's care;
Unknown she lov'd, for yet the gentle fire
Rose not in flames, nor kindled to desire;
'Twas thought no sin to wonder at his charms,
Hang on his neck, and languish in his arms:
Thus wing'd with joy fled the soft hours away,
And all the fatal guilt on harmless nature lay.
But love (too soon from piety declin'd)
Insensibly deprav'd her yielding mind.
Dress'd she appears, with nicest art adorn'd,
And every youth, but her lov'd brother scorn'd;

[4] Mæander.

For him alone she labour'd to be fair,
And curs'd all charms that might with her's compare.
'Twas she, and only she, must Caunus please,
Sick at her heart, yet knew not her disease:
She call'd him lord! for brother was a name
Too cold and dull for her aspiring flame;
And when he spoke, if sister he replied,
'For Byblis change that frozen word;' she cried.
Yet waking still she watch'd her struggling breast,
And love's approaches were in vain address'd,
Till gentle sleep an easy conquest made,
And in her soft embrace the conqueror was laid.
But oh, too soon the pleasing vision fled,
And left her blushing on the conscious bed:
'Ah me!' she cried, 'how monstrous do I seem!
Why these wild thoughts? and this incestuous dream?
Envy herself ('tis true) must own his charms;
But what is beauty in a sister's arms?
Oh, were I not that despicable she,
How bless'd, how pleas'd, how happy should I be!
But unregarded now must bear my pain,
And but in dreams my wishes can obtain.
'O sea-born goddess! with thy wanton boy!
Was ever such a charming scene of joy?
Such perfect bliss! such ravishing delight!
Ne'er hid before in the kind shades of night.
How pleas'd my heart! in what sweet raptures tost;
Ev'n life itself in the soft combat lost,
While breathless he on my heav'd bosom lay,
And snatch'd the treasures of my soul away.
'If the bare fancy so affects my mind;
How should I rave, if to the substance join'd?

Oh, gentle Caunus! quit thy hated line,
Or let thy parents be no longer mine!
Oh, that in common all things were enjoy'd,
But those alone who have our hopes destroy'd.
Were I a princess, thou an humble swain,
The proudest kings should rival thee in vain.
It cannot be, alas! the dreadful ill
Is fix'd by fate, and he's my brother still.
Hear me, ye gods! I must have friends in heav'n,
For Jove himself was to a sister giv'n:
But what are their prerogatives above,
To the short liberties of human love?
Fantastic thoughts! down, down, forbidden fires;
Or instant death extinquish my desires,
Strict virtue, then, with thy malicious leave,
Without a crime I may a kiss receive:
But say should I in spite of laws comply,
Yet cruel Caunus might himself deny,
No pity take of an afflicted maid,
(For love's sweet game must be by couples play'd).
Yet why should youth, and charms like mine despair?
Such fears ne'er startled the Æolian pair;
To ties of blood could their full hopes destroy,
They broke through all, for the prevailing joy;
And who can tell but Caunus too may be
Rack'd and tormented in his breast for me?
Like me, to the extremest anguish drove,
Like me, just waking from a dream of love?
But stay! Oh whither would my fury run!
What arguments I urge to be undone!
Away, fond Byblis, quench these guilty flames;
Caunus thy love but as a brother claims;
Yet had he first been touch'd with love of me,
The charming youth could I despairing see?

Oppress'd with grief, and dying with disdain?
Ah, no! too sure I should have eas'd his pain.
Since then, if Caunus ask'd me, it were done;
Asking myself, what dangers can I run?
But canst thou ask? and see that right betray'd,
From Pyrrha down to thy whole sex convey'd?
That self-denying gift we all enjoy,
Of wishing to be won, yet seeming to be coy.
Well then, for once, let a fond mistress woo;
The force of love no custom can subdue;
This frantic passion he by words shall know,
Soft as the melting heart from whence they flow.'
The pencil then in her fair hand she held,
By fear discourag'd, but by love compell'd;
She writes, then blots, writes on, and blots again,
Likes it as fit, then raises is as vain:
Shame and assurance in her face appear,
And a faint hope just yielding to despair;
'Sister,' was wrote and blotted as a word,
Which she, and Caunus too, (she hop'd) abhorr'd;
But now resolv'd to be no more control'd
By scrupulous virtue, thus her grief she told.
'Thy lover (gentle Caunus) wishes thee
That health, which thou alone canst give to me.
O charming youth! the gift I ask bestow,
Ere thou the name of the fond writer know;
To thee without a name I would be known,
Since, knowing that, my frailty I must own.
Yet why should I my wretched name conceal?
When thousand instances my flames reveal;
Wan looks and weeping eyes have spoke my pain,
And sighs discharg'd from my heav'd heart in vain;
Had I not wish'd my passion might be seen,
What could such fondness and embraces mean?

Such kisses too! (Oh heedless, lovely boy),
Without a crime no sister could enjoy:
Yet (though extremest rage has rack'd my soul,
And raging fires in my parch'd bosom roll)
Be witness, gods! how piously I strove
To rid my thoughts of this enchanting love.
But who could 'scape so fierce and sure a dart,
Aim'd at a tender, a defenceless heart?
Alas! what maid could suffer, I have borne,
Ere the dire secret from my breast was torn;
To thee a helpless vanquish'd wretch I come,
'Tis you alone can save, or give my doom;
My life or death this moment you may choose;
Yet think, oh think, no hated stranger sues,
No foe! but one, alas! too near allied,
And wishing still much nearer to be tied.
The forms of decency let age debate,
And virtue's rules by their cold morals state;
Their ebbing joys give leisure to inquire,
And blame those noble flights our youth inspire:
Where nature kindly summons let us go,
Our sprightly years no bounds in love should know,
Should feel no check of guilt, and fear no ill;
Lovers and gods act all things at their will;
We gain one blessing from our hated kin,
Since our paternal freedom hides the sin:
Uncensur'd in each other's arms we lie,
Think then how easy to complete our joy.
Oh! pardon and oblige a blushing maid,
Whose rage the pride of her vain sex betray'd;
Nor let my tomb thus mournfully complain,
Here Byblis lies, by her lov'd Caunus slain.'

Forc'd here to end, she with a falling tear
Temper'd the pliant wax, which did the signet bear:

The curious cipher was impress'd by art,
But love had stamp'd one deeper in her heart.
Her page, a youth of confidence and skill,
(Secret as night) stood waiting on her will;
Sighing (she cried) 'Bear this, thou faithful boy,
To my sweet partner in eternal joy.'
Here a long pause her secret guilt confess'd;—
And when at length she would have spoke the rest,
Half the dear name lay buried in her breast.

Thus as he listned to her vain command,
Down fell the letter from her trembling hand.
The omen shock'd her soul. 'Yet go,' she cried,
'Can a request from Byblis be deny'd?'

To the Mæandrian youth this message borne,
The half-read lines by his fierce rage were torn;
'Hence, hence,' he cried, 'thou pander to her lust,
Bear hence the triumph of thy impious trust:
Thy instant death will but divulge her shame,
Or thy life's blood should quench the guilty flame.'
Frighted, from threatning Caunus he withdrew,
And with the dreadful news to his lost mistress flew.
The sad repulse so struck the wounded fair,
Her sense was buried in her wild despair:
Pale was her visage, as the ghastly dead;
And her scar'd soul from the sweet mansion fled.
Yet with her life renew'd, her love returns,
And faintly thus her cruel fate she mourns:
''Tis just, ye gods! was my false reason blind,
To write a secret of this tender kind?
With feeble craft I should at first have strove,
By dubious hints, to sound his distant love;
And tried those useful, though dissembled arts,
Which women practise on disdainful hearts:

I should have watch'd whence the black storm
Ere I had trusted the unfaithful skies. [might rise,
Now on the rolling billows I am tost,
And with extended sails on the blind shelves am lost.
Did not indulgent heaven my doom foretel,
When from my hand the fatal letter fell?
What madness seiz'd my soul, and urg'd me on
To take the only course to be undone?
I could myself have told the moving tale
With such alluring grace as must prevail;
Then had his eyes beheld my blushing fears,
My rising sighs, and my descending tears;
Round his dear neck these arms I then had spread,
And, if rejected, at his feet been dead;
If singly these had not his thoughts inclin'd,
Yet all united would have shock'd his mind.
Perhaps my careless page might be in fault,
And in a luckless hour the fatal message brought:
Business and worldly thoughts might fill his breast,
Sometimes ev'n love itself may be an irksome guest:
He could not else have treated me with scorn,
For Caunus was not of a tigress born;
Nor steel, nor adamant has fenc'd his heart;
Like mine, 'tis naked to the burning dart.
'Away false fears! he must, he shall be mine;
In death alone I will my claim resign;
'Tis vain to wish my written crime unknown,
And for my guilt much vainer to atone.'
Repuls'd and baffled, fiercer still she burns,
And Caunus with disdain her impious love returns.
He saw no end of her injurious flame,
And fled his country to avoid the shame.
Forsaken Byblis, who had hopes no more,
Burst out in rage, and her loose robes she tore;

With her fair hands she smote her tender breast,
And to the wondering world her love confess'd;
O'er hills and dales, o'er rocks and streams she flew,
But still in vain did her wild lust pursue:
Wearied at length, on the cold earth she fell,
And now in tears alone could her sad story tell.
Relenting gods in pity fix'd her there,
And to a fountain turn'd the weeping fair.

THE FABLE OF IPHIS AND IANTHE.

BY DRYDEN.

The fame of this, perhaps, through Crete had flown:
But Crete had newer wonders of her own,
In Iphis chang'd. For near the Gnossian bounds,
(As loud report the miracle resounds)
At Phæstus dwelt a man of honest blood,
But meanly born, and not so rich as good;
Esteem'd, and lov'd by all the neighbourhood;
Who to his wife, before the time assign'd
For child-birth came, thus bluntly spoke his mind.
'If heaven,' said Lygdus, 'will vouchsafe to hear,
I have but two petitions to prefer;
Short pains for thee, for me a son and heir.
Girls cost as many throes in bringing forth;
Beside, when born, the tits are little worth;
Weak puling things, unable to sustain
Their share of labour, and their bread to gain.
If, therefore, thou a creature shalt produce,
Of so great charges, and so little use,
(Bear witness, heaven, with what reluctancy)
Her hapless innocence I doom to die.'
He said; and tears the common grief display,
Of him who bade, and her who must obey.

Yet Telethusa still persists, to find
Fit arguments to move a father's mind;
To' extend his wishes to a larger scope,
And in one vessel not confine his hope.
Lygdus continues hard: her time drew near,
And she her heavy load could scarcely bear;
When slumbering, in the latter shades of night,
Before the' approaches of returning light,
She saw, or thought she saw, before her bed,
A glorious train, and Isis at their head:
Her moony horns were on her forehead plac'd,
And yellow sheaves her shining temples grac'd;
A mitre for a crown she wore on high;
The dog and dappled bull were waiting by:
Osiris, sought along the banks of Nile,
The silent god, the sacred crocodile;
And last, a long procession moving on,
With timbrels, that assist the labouring moon.
Her slumbers seem'd dispell'd; and, broad awake,
She heard a voice, that thus distinctly spake:
'My votary, thy babe from death defend,
Nor fear to save whate'er the gods will send.
Delude with art thy husband's dire decree:
When danger calls, repose thy trust on me;
And know thou hadst not serv'd a thankless deity.'
This promise made, with night the goddess fled:
With joy the woman wakes, and leaves her bed;
Devoutly lifts her spotless hands on high,
And prays the powers their gift to ratify.
Now grinding pains proceed to bearing throes,
Till its own weight the burden did disclose.
'Twas of the beauteous kind, and brought to light
With secresy, to shun the father's sight.

The' indulgent mother did her care employ,
And pass'd it on her husband for a boy.
The nurse was conscious of the fact alone;
The father paid his vows as for a son;
And call'd him Iphis, by a common name,
Which either sex with equal right may claim.
Iphis his grandsire was: the wife was pleas'd,
Of half the fraud by fortune's favour eas'd:
The doubtful name was us'd without deceit,
And truth was cover'd with a pious cheat.
The habit show'd a boy, the beauteous face
With manly fierceness mingled female grace.
Now thirteen years of age were swiftly run,
When the fond father thought the time drew on
Of settling in the world his only son;
Ianthe was his choice; so wondrous fair,
Her form alone with Iphis could compare;
A neighbour's daughter of his own degree,
And not more bless'd with fortune's goods than he.
They soon espous'd: for they with ease were join'd,
Who were before contracted in the mind,
Their age the same, their inclinations too;
And bred together, in one school they grew.
Thus, fatally dispos'd to mutual fires,
They felt, before they knew, the same desires.
Equal their flame, unequal was their care;
One lov'd with hope, one languish'd in despair.
The maid accus'd the lingering days alone:
For whom she thought a man, she thought her own.
But Iphis bends beneath a greater grief;
As fiercely burns, but hopes for no relief.
Ev'n her despair adds fuel to her fire;
A maid with madness does a maid desire.

And, scarce refraining tears, 'Alas!' said she,
'What issue of my love remains for me!
How wild a passion works within my breast!
With what prodigious flames am I possess'd!
Could I the care of providence deserve,
Heaven must destroy me, if it would preserve:
And that's my fate; or sure it would have sent
Some usual evil for my punishment:
Not this unkindly curse; to rage, and burn,
Where nature shows no prospect of return.
Nor cows for cows consume with fruitless fire;
Nor mares, when hot, their fellow-mares desire;
The father of the fold supplies his ewes;
The stag through secret woods his hind pursues;
And birds for mates the males of their own species choose.
Her females nature guards from female flame,
And joins two sexes to preserve the game:
Would I were nothing, or not what I am!
Crete, fam'd for monsters, wanted for her store,
Till my new love produc'd one monster more;
The daughter of the son a bull desir'd,
And yet ev'n then a male a female fir'd:
Her passion was extravagantly new,
But mine is much the madder of the two.
To things impossible she was not bent,
But found the means to compass her intent.
To cheat his eyes she took a different shape;
Yet still she gain'd a lover and a leap.
Should all the wit of all the world conspire,
Should Dædalus assist my wild desire,
What art can make me able to enjoy,
Or what can change Iänthe to a boy?

Extinguish then thy passion, hopeless maid!
And recollect thy reason for thy aid.
Know what thou art, and love as maidens ought,
And drive these golden wishes from thy thought.
Thou canst not hope thy fond desires to gain;
Where hope is wanting, wishes are in vain.
'And yet no guards against our joys conspire;
No jealous husband hinders our desire;
My parents are propitious to my wish,
And she herself consenting to the bliss.
All things concur to prosper our design;
All things to prosper any love but mine.
And yet I never can enjoy the fair;
'Tis past the power of heav'n to grant my pray'r
Heaven has been kind, as far as heaven can be;
Our parents with our own desires agree;
But nature, stronger than the gods above,
Refuses her assistance to my love:
She sets the bar that causes all my pain;
One gift refus'd, makes all their bounty vain.
And now the happy day is just at hand,
To bind our hearts in Hymen's holy band:
Our hearts, but not our bodies: thus accurs'd,
In midst of water I complain of thirst.
Why com'st thou, Juno, to these barren rites,
To bless a bed defrauded of delights?
But why should Hymen lift his torch on high
To see two brides in cold embraces lie?'
Thus lovesick Iphis her vain passion mourns;
With equal ardour fair Iänthe burns.
Invoking Hymen's name and Juno's pow'r,
To speed the work, and haste the happy hour.
She hopes, while Telethusa fears the day,
And strives to interpose some new delay:

Now feigns a sickness, now is in a fright
For this bad omen, or that boding sight.
But having done whate'er she could devise,
And emptied all her magazine of lies,
The time approach'd; the next ensuing day
The fatal secret must to light betray.
Then Telethusa had recourse to pray'r,
She, and her daughter with dishevell'd hair;
Trembling with fear, great Isis they ador'd,
Embrac'd her altar, and her aid implor'd.
'Fair queen! who dost on fruitful Egypt smile,
Who sway'st the sceptre of the Pharian isle,
And seven-fold falls of disemboguing Nile;
Relieve, in this our last distress,' she said,
'A suppliant mother and a mournful maid.
Thou, goddess, thou wert present to my sight;
Reveal'd I saw thee by thy own fair light:
I saw thee in my dream, as now I see,
With all thy marks of awful majesty;
The glorious train that compass'd thee around;
And heard the hollow timbrel's holy sound.
Thy words I noted, which I still retain;
Let not thy sacred oracles be vain.
That Iphis lives, that I myself am free,
From shame and punishment I owe to thee:
On thy protection all our hopes depend,
Thy counsel sav'd us, let thy power defend.'
Her tears pursued her words; and while she spoke
The goddess nodded and her altar shook:
The temple doors, as with a blast of wind,
Were heard to clap; the lunar horns that bind
The brows of Isis, cast a blaze around;
The trembling timbrel made a murmuring sound.

Some hopes these happy omens did impart;
Forth went the mother with a beating heart:
Not much in fear, nor fully satisfied;
But Iphis follow'd with a larger stride:
The whiteness of her skin forsook her face;
Her looks embolden'd with an awful grace;
Her features and her strength together grew,
And her long hair to curling locks withdrew.
Her sparkling eyes with manly vigour shone,
Big was her voice, audacious was her tone.
The latent parts, at length reveal'd, began
To shoot, and spread, and burnish into man.
The maid becomes a youth; no more delay
Your vows, but look, and confidently pay.
Their gifts the parents to the temple bear:
The votive tables this inscription wear:
'Iphis, the man, has to the goddess paid
The vows that Iphis offer'd when a maid.'
Now when the star of day had shown his face,
Venus and Juno with their presence grace
The nuptial rites, and Hymen from above
Descending to complete their happy love:
The gods of marriage lend their mutual aid,
And the warm youth enjoys the lovely maid.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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